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ΕΙΣ ΦΑΟΣ
George Bancroft

THE

WORKS

OF

Michael Drayton, Eſq;

VOL. III.

CONTAINING,

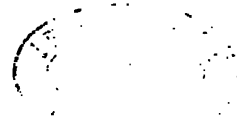
The remaining Twenty-two Songs of the

POLY-OLBION,

With the Annotations of the learned SELDEN,

LONDON:

Printed for W. REEVE at *Shakeſpear's* Head in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1753.



POLY-OLBION:

The NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The muſe here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chaunts.
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from deſcent:
The rivers for them ſhewing there
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon glorioufly proceeds
With Cambria's native princes deeds.
The muſe then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Angleſey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druides guiſe,
And manner of their ſacrifice.
Her rillets ſhe together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

OF all the Cambrian ſhires their heads that bear ſo high,
And farth'ſt ſurvey their ſoils with an ambitious eye,
Mervinia [a] for her hills, as for their matchleſs crowds,
The neareſt that are ſaid to kiſs the wand'ring clouds,
Eſpecial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That ſhe of all the reſt neglected was ſo long:
Alledging for herſelf; when through the Saxons pride,
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's ſetting ſide
Were cruelly inforc'd, her mountains did relieve
Thoſe, whom devouring war elſe every-where did grieve.
And

[a] Merionethſhire,

And when all Wales beſide (by fortune or by might)
Unto her ancient foe reſign'd her ancient right,
A conſtant maiden ſtill ſhe only did remain,
§. The laſt her genuine laws which ſtoutly did retain.
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things;
So only ſhe is rich, in mountains, meres, and ſprings,
And holds herſelf as great in her ſuperfluous waſte,
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their [b] lins,
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;

'Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbouring floods
'ſurmount
'(Whoſe courſe for hers alone Montgomery doth account)
'Hath [c] Angel for her own, and Keriog ſhe doth clear,
'With Towin, Gwedal then, and Dulas, all as dear,
'Thoſe tributary ſtreams ſhe is maintain'd withall:
'Yet, boldly may I ſay, her riſing and her fall
'My country calleth hers, with many another brook,
'That with their cryſtal eyes on the Vergivian look.
'To Dovy next, of which Deſunny ſea-ward drives,
'Lingorril goes alone: but plenteous Avon ſtrives
'The firſt to be at ſea; and faſter her to hie,
'Clear Keſſilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.
'So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth Cain,
'Which in one channel meet, in going to the main,
'As to their utmoſt power to lend her all their aids;
'So Arro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
'And Velenrid the like, obſerving th'other's law,
'Calls Cunnel; ſhe again, fair Druid forth doth draw,
'That from their mother earth, the rough Mervinia, pay
'Their mixed plenteous ſprings, unto the leſſer bay
'§. Of thoſe two noble arms into the land that bear,
'Which through [d] Gwinethia be ſo famous every where,
'On my Caernarvon ſide by nature made my mound,
'As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.

'The

[b] Meres or Pools, from whence rivers ſpring.
[c] The rivers as in order they fall into the Iriſh ſea.
[d] North-wales.

'The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
'Renowned rivers both, their riſing have in me:
'So, Lavern and the Lue, themſelves that headlong throw
'§ Into the ſpacious lake, where Dee unmixt doth flow.
'Trowerrin takes his ſtream, here from a native lin;
'Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himſelf doth win,
'Along with him his lord full courteouſly doth glide:
'So Rudock riſeth here, and Cletor that do guide
'Him in his rugged path, and make his greatneſs way,
'Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey.'

The lofty hills, this while attentively that ſtood,
As to ſurvey the courſe of every ſeveral flood,
Sent forth ſuch echoing ſhouts (which every way ſo ſhrill,
With the reverberate ſound the ſpacious air did fill)
That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivian main
To Neptune's inward court; and beating there, conſtrain
That mighty god of ſea t'awake: who full of dread,
Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his grieſly head,
And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to ſee
Amongſt the high-topt hills what tumult it ſhould be.
So that with very ſweat Cadoridric did drop,
And mighty Raran ſhook his proud ſky-kiſſing top,
Amongſt the furious rout whom madneſs did enrage;
Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to aſſwage,
Upon a modeſt ſign of ſilence to the throng,
Conſorting thus, in praiſe of their Mervinia, ſung;

'Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time ne'er ſhall
'prey,
'O Edgar! who compeldſt our Ludwal hence to pay
'Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee:
'And for that tribute paid, as famous may'ſt thou be,
'O conquer'd Britiſh king, by whom was firſt deſtroy'd
'§. The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd;
'Regardleſs of their rape, that now our harmleſs flocks;
'Securely here may ſit upon the aged rocks;
'Or wandring from their walks, and ſtraggling here and
'there
'Amongſt the ſcatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs never fear;

'But

'But from the threatning ſtorm to ſave itſelf may creep
'Into that darkſome cave where once his foe did keep:
'That now the clamb'ring goat all day which having fed,
'And climbing up to ſee the ſun go down to bed,
'Is not at all in doubt her little kid to loſe,
'Which grazing in the vale, ſecure and ſafe ſhe knows.
'Where, from theſe lofty hills which ſpacious heaven do threat,
'Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature ſet,
'We talk how we are ſtor'd, or what we greatly need,
'Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds do feed,
'When elſe the hanging rocks, and valleys dark and deep,
'The ſummer's longeſt day would us from meeting keep.
'Ye Cambrian ſhepherds then, whom theſe our moun-
'tains pleaſe,
'And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light [e] Oreades,
'§. Saint Hellen's wondrous way, and Herbert's let us go,
'And our divided rocks with admiration ſhow.'
Not meaning there to end, but ſpeaking as they were,
A ſuddain fearful noiſe ſurpriſed every ear.
The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that frequent,
With brows beſmear'd with ooze, their locks with dew beſprent,
Inhabiting the lake, in ſedgy bow'rs below,
Their inward grounded grief that only ſought to ſhow
Againſt the mountain kind, which much on them did take,
Above their watry brood, thus proudly them beſpake;
'Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus you threat
'Eſteeming us ſo mean, compar'd to you ſo great?
'To make you know your ſelves, you this muſt underſtand,
'That our great maker laid the ſurface of the land
'As level as the lake until the general flood,
'When over all ſo long the troubled waters ſtood:
'Which, hurried with the blaſts from angry heaven that blew,
'Up on huge maſſy heaps the looſened gravel threw:
'From hence we would ye know, your firſt beginning came;
'Which ſince, in tract of time, your ſelves did mountains name.
'So

[e] Nymphs of the mountains.

'So that the earth, by you (to check her mirthful chear)
'May always ſee (from heaven) thoſe plagues that poured
'were
'Upon the former world; as 'twere by ſcars to ſhow
'That ſtill ſhe muſt remain disfigur'd with the blow:
'And by th'infectious ſlime that doomful deluge left,
'Nature herſelf hath ſince of purity been reft;
'And by the ſeeds corrupt, the life of mortal man
'Was ſhortned. With theſe plagues ye mountains firſt began.
'But, ceaſing you to ſhame; what mountain is there found
'In all your monſtrous kind (ſeek ye the iſland round)
'That truly of himſelf ſuch [f] wonders can report,
'As can this ſpacious Lin, the place of our reſort?
'That when Dee in his courſe fain in her lap would ly,
'Commixtion with her ſtore, his ſtream ſhe doth deny,
'By his complexion prov'd, as he through her doth glide.
'Her wealth again from his, ſhe likewiſe doth divide:
'Thoſe white-fiſh that in her do wond'rouſly abound,
'Are never ſeen in him; nor are his ſalmons found
'At any time in her: but as ſhe him diſdains;
'So he again, from her, as wilfully abſtains.
'Down from the neighbouring hills, thoſe plenteous ſprings
'that fall,
'Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
'And as in ſummer's heat, ſo always is ſhe one,
'Reſembling that great lake which ſeems to care for none:
'§. And with ſtern Æolus' blaſts, like Thetis waxing rank,
'She only over-ſwells the ſurface of her bank.'

But, whilſt the nymphs report theſe wonders of their lake,
Their farther cauſe of ſpeech the mighty [g] Snowdon brake;
Leſt, if their watry kind ſhould ſuffer'd be too long,
The licence that they took, might do the mountains wrong.
For quickly he had found that ſtraitned point of land,
Into the Iriſh ſea which puts his powerful hand,
Puft with their watry praiſe, grew inſolently proud,
And needs would have his rills for rivers be allow'd:

Short

[f] The wonders of Linteged, or Pemblemere.

[g] The moſt famous mountain of all Wales, in Caernarvonſhire.

Short Darent, near'ſt unto the utmoſt point of all
That th'iſle of Gelin greets, and Bardſey in her fall;
And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the May,
Muſt rivers be at leaſt, ſhould all the world gainſay:
And thoſe, whereas the land lies eaſt-ward, amply wide,
That goodly Conway grace upon the other ſide,
Born near upon her banks, each from her proper lin,
Soon from their mothers out, ſoon with their miſtreſs in.
As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy; then
Goes Purloyd, Caſtel next, with Giffin, that agen
Obſerve fair Conway's courſe: and though their race be ſhort,
Yet they their ſovereign flood inrich with their reſort.
And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere did note
(§. Still Delos like, wherein a wandring iſle doth float)
Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground;
That pool, in which (beſides) the one-ey'd fiſh are found,
As of her wonder proud, did with the floods partake.
So, when great Snowdon ſaw, a faction they would make
Againſt his general kind; both parties to appeaſe,
He purpoſeth to ſing their native princes praiſe.
For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his ſeat,
Is from his mighty foot, unto his head ſo great,
That were his Wales diſtreſt, or of his help had need,
He all her flocks and herds for many months could feed.
Therefore to do ſomething were worthy of his name,
Both tending to his ſtrength, and to the Britons fame,
His country to content, a ſignal having made,
By this oration thinks both parties to perſwade:
'Whilſt here this general iſle the ancient Britons ow'd,
'Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been ſhow'd:
'But ſince our furious foe, theſe powerful Saxon ſwarms
'(As mercileſs in ſpoil, as well approv'd in arms)
'Here called to our aid, Loëgria us bereft,
'Thoſe poor and ſcatter'd few of Brute's high lineage left,
'For ſuccour hither came; where that unmixed race
'Remains unto this day, yet owners of this place:
'Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath ſong.
'Theſe, then, ſhall be my theme: leſt time too much
'ſhould wrong 'Such

'Such princes as were ours, ſince ſever'd we have been;
'And as themſelves, their fame be limited between
'The Severn and our ſea, long pent within this place,
'§. Till with the term of Welſh, the Engliſh now embaſe
'The nobler Britons name, that well-near was deſtroy'd
'With peſtilence and war, which this great iſle annoy'd;
'Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick ſhore:
'To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,
'His countrymen from hence auſpiciouſly convey'd:
'Whoſe noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
'Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
'Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,
'Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
'Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave
'The Celts out of their ſeats, and did their room ſupply
'§. With people ſtill from hence; which of our colony
'Was Little Britain call'd. Where that diſtreſſed king,
'Cadwallader, himſelf awhile recomforting
'With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him detain)
'§. Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons reign
'A ſempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
'A recluſe life in Rome injoining him to lead.
'The king reſigning all, his ſon young Edwal left
'With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince ſhould be bereft
'Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd fleet;
'And as the generals then, for ſuch an army meet,
'His nephew Ivor choſe, and Hiner for his pheer;
'Two moſt undaunted ſpirits. Theſe valiant Britons were
'The firſt who [h] Weſt-ſex won. But by the ling'ring war,
'When they thoſe Saxons found t'have ſuccour ſtill from far,
'They took them to their friends on Severn's ſetting ſhore:
'Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to reſtore
'His ſon young Rodorick, whom the Saxon pow'rs purſu'd:
'But he, who at his home here ſcorn'd to be ſubdu'd,
'With Aldred (that on Wales his ſtrong invaſion brought)
'Garthmalack, and Pencoyd (thoſe famous battels) fought,
'That

[h] The Weſt-ſaxons country, comprehending Devonſhire, Somerſet, Wiltſhire, and their adjacents.

'That North and South-wales ſing, on the Weſt-ſexians won.
'Scarce this victorious taſk his bloody'd ſword had done,
'But at Mount [i] Carno met the Mercians, and with wounds
'Made Ethelbald to feel his treſpaſs on our bounds;
'Prevail'd againſt the Pict, before our force that flew;
'And in a valiant fight their king Dalargan ſlew.
'Nor Conan's courage leſs, nor leſs prevail'd in ought
'Renowned Rodorick's heir, who with the Engliſh fought
'The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with gore:
'Who, to transfer the war from this his native ſhore,
'Marcht through the Mercian towns with his revengeful blade:
'And on the Engliſh there ſuch mighty havock made,
'That Offa (when he ſaw his countries go to wrack)
'From bick'ring with his folk, to keep us Britons back,
'Caſt up that mighty [k] mound of eighty miles in length
'Athwart from ſea to ſea. Which of the Mercians ſtrength
'A witneſs tho' it ſtand, and Offa's name does bear,
'Our courage was the cauſe why firſt he cut it there:
'As that moſt dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
'Where under either's ſword ſo many thouſands fell
'With intermixed blood, that neither knew their own;
'Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is known.
'Nor Kettle's conflict then, leſs martial courage ſhow'd,
'Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and beſtow'd
'His nobler Britiſh blood on Burthred's recreant flight.
'As Rodorick his great ſon, his father following right,
'Bare not the Saxons ſcorns, his Britons to out-brave;
'At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battel gave;
'Twice driving out the Dane when he invaſion brought.
'Whoſe no leſs valiant ſon, again at Conway fought
'With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their hateful head
'Down-ſhowr'd their dire revenge whom they had murthered.
'And, were't not that of us the Engliſh would report
'(Abuſing of our tongue in moſt malicious ſort

'As,

[i] A hill near Aber-gevenny in Monmouth.

[k] Offa's Ditch.

'As often-times they do) that more than any, we
'(The Welſh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
'Here could I elſe recount the ſlaughter'd Saxons gore,
'Our ſwords at Croſsford ſpilt on Severn's wandring ſhore;
'And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant ſon
'(May we believe our Bards) who five pitcht battels won;
'And to revenge the wrongs the envious Engliſh wrought,
'His well-train'd martial troops into the marches brought
'As far as Wor'ſter walls: nor thence did he retire,
'Till Powſe lay well-near ſpent in our revengeful fire;
'As Hereford laid waſte: and from their plenteous ſoils,
'Brought back with him to Wales his priſoners and his
'ſpoils.
'Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us ſteed:
'With thoſe ſo much that dar'd, we had them that decreed.
'For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
'More excellent than thoſe which our good Howel here
'Ordain'd to govern Wales? which ſtill with us remain.
'And when all-powerful fate had brought to paſs again,
'That as the Saxons erſt did from the Britons win;
'Upon them ſo (at laſt) the Normans coming in,
'Took from thoſe tyrants here, what treach'rouſly they got,
'(To the perfidious French which th'angry heavens allot)
'Ne'er could that conqueror's ſword (which roughly did
'decide
'His right in England here, and proſtrated her pride)
'Us to ſubjection ſtoop, or make us Britons bear
'Th'unwieldy Norman yoke: nor baſely could we fear
'His conqueſt, entring Wales; but (with ſtout courage)
'ours
'Defy'd him to his face, with all his Engliſh pow'rs.
'And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither came,
'With vows us to ſubvert; with ſlaughter and with ſhame,
'O'er Severn him we ſent, to gather ſtronger aid.
'So, when to England's power, Albania hers had lay'd,
'By Henry Beauclark brought (for all his dev'liſh wit,
'By which he raught the wreath) he not prevail'd awhit:

'And through our rugged ſtraits when he ſo rudely preſt,
'Had not his proved mail ſate ſurely to his breaſt,
'A ſkilful Britiſh hand his life had him bereft,
'As his ſtern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was cleft.
'And let the Engliſh thus, which vilify our name,
'If it their greatneſs pleaſe, report unto our ſhame
'The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's ſo deadly fight,
'To Maud the empreſs' ſon, that there he put to flight;
'§. And from the Engliſh power th'imperial enſign took:
'About his plumed head which valiant Owen ſhook.
'As when that king again, his fortune to advance
'Above his former foil, procur'd freſh pow'rs from France,
'A ſurely-level'd ſhaft if Sent-clear had not ſeen,
'And in the very looſe, not thruſt himſelf between
'His ſovereign and the ſhaft, he our revenge had try'd:
'Thus, to preſerve the king, the noble ſubject dy'd.
'As Madock his brave ſon, may come the reſt among;
'Who, like the God-like race from which his grandſires
'ſprong,
'Whilſt here his brothers tir'd in ſad domeſtick ſtrife,
'On their unnatural breaſts bent either's murtherous knife;
'This brave adventurous youth, in hot purſuit of fame,
'With ſuch as his great ſpirit did with high deeds inflame,
'Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to ſeek him foreign ground,
'And ſailed weſt ſo long, until that world he found
'To chriſtians then unknown (ſave this advent'rous crew)
'Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Veſpucius knew;
'And put the now-nam'd Welſh on India's parched face,
'Unto the endleſs praiſe of Brute's renowned race,
'Ere the Iberian powers had toucht her long-ſought bay,
'§. Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.
'§. And with that Croggen's name let th'Engliſh us diſ-
'grace;
'When there are to be ſeen, yet, in that ancient place
'From whence that name they fetch, their conquer'd grand-
'ſires graves:
'For which each ignorant ſot, unjuſtly us depraves.

'And

'And when that tyrant John had our ſubverſion vow'd,
'§. To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd:
'Nor to his mighty ſon; whoſe hoſt we did inforce
'(His ſuccours cutting off) to eat their war-like horſe.
'Until all-ruling heaven would have us to reſign:
'When that brave prince, the laſt of all the Britiſh line,
'Lewellin, Griffith's ſon, unluckily was ſlain,
'§. As fate had ſpar'd our fall till Edward Longſhank's reign.
'Yet to the ſtock of Brute ſo true we ever were,
'We would permit no prince, unleſs a native here.
'Which, that moſt prudent king perceiving, wiſely thought
'To ſatisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
'His queen being great with child, ev'n ready down to ly,
'Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.
'Through every part of Wales he to the nobles ſent,
'That they unto his court ſhould come incontinent,
'Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:
'But now behold the power of unavoided fate!
'When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
'At her expected hour the queen brought forth a ſon.
'And to this great deſign, all happ'ning as he would,
'He (his intended courſe that clerkly manage could)
'Thus queintly trains us on: ſince he perceiv'd us prone
'Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
'Our naturalneſs therein he greatly did approve;
'And publickly proteſts, that for the ancient love
'He ever bare to Wales, they all ſhould plainly ſee,
'That he had found out one, their ſoveraign lord to be;
'Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country born)
'Could not one Engliſh word: of which he durſt be ſworn.
'Beſides, his upright heart, and innocence was ſuch,
'As that (he was aſſur'd) black envy could not touch
'His ſpotleſs life in aught. Poor we (that not eſpy
'His ſubtilty herein) in plain ſimplicity,
'Soon bound ourſelves by oath, his choice not to refuſe:
'When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuſe,

'Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd:
'Thus by the Engliſh craft, we Britons were enthrall'd.
'Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare to ſay,
'Thou long as powerful wert as England every way.
'And if ſhe overmuch ſhould ſeek thee to imbaſe,
'Tell her, thou art the nurſe of all the Britiſh race
'And he that was by heaven appointed to unite
'(After that tedious war) the red roſe and the white;
'A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
'From whom deſcends that king now ſitting on her throne.'
This ſpeech, by Snowdon made, ſo lucky was to pleaſe
Both parties, and them both with ſuch content t'appeaſe;
That as before they ſtrove for ſovereignty and place,
They only now contend, which moſt ſhould other grace.
Into the Iriſh ſea then all thoſe rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praiſe to ſpeak immediately began;
Lewenny, Lynan next, than Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, ſoon told it all about:
So did their ſiſter nymphs, that into Mena ſtrain;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cambrian main.
It Gorway greatly prais'd and Seint it loudly ſong,
So, mighty Snowdon's ſpeech was through Caernarvon rong;
That ſcarcely ſuch a noiſe to Mon from Mena came,
When with his puiſſant troops for conqueſt of the ſame,
On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her ſought,
Or Edward to her ſack his Engliſh armies brought:
That Mona ſtrangely ſtirr'd great Snowdon's praiſe to hear,
Although the ſtock of Troy to her was ever dear;
Yet (from her proper worth) as ſhe before all other
§. Was call'd in former times) her country Cambria's mother,
Perſwaded was thereby her praiſes to purſue,
Or by neglect, to loſe what to her ſelf was due,
A ſign to Neptune ſent, his boiſt'rous rage to ſlake;
Which ſuddainly becalm'd, thus of her ſelf ſhe ſpake;
'What one of all the iſles to Cambria doth belong
'(To Britain, I might ſay, and yet not do her wrong)
'Doth equal me in ſoil, ſo good for graſs and grain? ['main
'As ſhould my Wales (where ſtill Brute's off-ſpring doth re-
'That)

'That mighty ſtore of men, yet more of beaſts doth breed,
'By famine or by war conſtrained be to need,
'And England's neighbouring ſhires their ſuccour would
'deny;
'My only ſelf her wants could plenteouſly ſupply.
'What iſland is there found upon the Iriſh coaſt,
'In which that kingdom ſeems to be delighted moſt,
'And ſeek you all along the rough Vergivian ſhore,
'Where the incountring tides outrageouſly do roar)
'That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
'The duty ſubjects ſhould unto their ſovereign ſhow;
'§. So that th'Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known,
'Which wiſely hath been rul'd by princes of her own,
'In my alliance joys, as in th'Albanian ſeas
'The [h] Arrans, and by them the ſcatter'd [h] Eubides
'Rejoyce even at my name; and put on mirthful chear,
'When of my good eſtate they by the ſea-nymphs hear.
'Sometimes within my ſhades, in many an ancient wood,
'Whoſe often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withſtood,
'§. The fearleſs Britiſh prieſts, under an aged oak,
'Taking a milk-white bull, unſtrained with the yóke,
'And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-ſacred tree
'The miſtleto cut down; then with a bended knee
'On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires:
'And whilſt in the ſharp flame the trembling fleſh expires,
'As their ſtrong fury mov'd (when all the reſt adore)
'Pronouncing their deſires the ſacrifice before,
'Up to th'eternal heaven their bloodied hands did rear:
'And, whilſt the murmuring woods even ſhuddred as with
'fear,
'Preacht to the beardleſs youth the ſoul's immortal ſtate;
'To other bodies ſtill how it ſhould tranſmigrate,
'That to contempt of death them ſtrongly might excite.
'To dwell in my black ſhades the wood-gods did delight,
'Untrodden with reſort that long ſo gloomy were,
'As when the Roman came, it ſtrook him ſad with fear

[h] Iſles upon the weſt of Scotland.

'To look upon my face, which then was call'd the Dark;
'Until in after-time, the Engliſh for a mark
'Gave me this hateful name, which I muſt ever bear,
'And Angleſey from them am called every where.
'My brooks (to whoſe ſweet brims the Sylvans did reſort,
'In gliding through my ſhades to mighty Neptune's court,
'Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven ſo open ly,
'That now there's not a root diſcern'd by any eye:
'My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's mouth,
'With thoſe her ſiſter rills that bear upon the ſouth,
'Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth draw;
'And next to them again, the fat and moory Fraw,
'§. Which with my prince's court I ſometime pleas'd to grace,
'As thoſe that to the weſt directly run their race.
'Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
'Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylroniad make,
'The ſea-calfs to behold that bleach them on her ſhore,
'Which Gweger to her gets, as to increaſe her ſtore.
'Then Dulas to the north that ſtraineth, as to ſee
'The iſle that breedeth mice: whoſe ſtore ſo lothſome be,
'That ſhe in Neptune's brack her bluiſh head doth hide.'

When now the wearied muſe her burthen having ply'd,
Her ſelf awhile betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
And quitting in her courſe the goodly Monian ground,
Aſſays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth throw
On Conway, tow'rds the eaſt, to England back to go:
Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of ſight,
Cries yet afreſh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient right.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORE weſtern are you carried into Merioneth, Caernarvon, Angleſey, and thoſe maritime coaſts of North-wales.

The laſt her genuine laws which ſtoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-Engliſh (animated by the good ſucceſs which Robert Fitz-hamon had firſt againſt Rees ap Tiddour, prince of South-wales, and afterward againſt Jeſtin, lord of Glamorgan) being

being very desirous of the Welsh territories; Hugh, [a] surnamed Wolf, Earl of Chester, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got also possession of Merioneth, from Gruffith ap Conan, prince of North-wales: but he soon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his posterity, until Lhewellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the first, lost it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and West-wales especially) had before subjected themselves to the English crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia (that is one of the old titles of this North-wales) by their names **Traeth Mawr** and **Traeth Bachan**, *i. e.* as it were, the great haven and the little haven; **Traeth** [b], in British, signifying a tract of sand whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

Into that spacious lake where Dee unmixt doth flow.

That is, Lhin-tegid (otherwise call'd by the English, Pemelsmere) through which, Dee rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish; as the author anon tells you. In the [c] ancients, is remembred specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Casaubon [d] hath delivered also of Arva, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of nature's most strange effects in waters.

The multitude of Wolves that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spred opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for encrease of his benefits towards the isle, joyned with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred Wolves a year, as the author shews; the king that paid it;

> Thre yer he hulh it termerent, ac the vorthe was behinde;
> Vor he sende the king wayd that he migte ne me vinde,

a *Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhancarv. & Gyrald.*

b *Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.*

c *Ammian. Marcel. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.*

d *Ad Strabon. lib. 4.*

As, according to the ſtory my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welſh hiſtory, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war againſt his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himſelf the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter deſtruction of them; for, ſince that [e] time, the mannor of Piddleſley in Leiceſter-ſhire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per ſerjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquiſition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way———

By Feſteneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; ſo call'd by the Britiſh, and ſuppoſed made by that Helen, mother to Conſtantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the laſt ſong before.

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of ſome divines [f], that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congeſtion of ſand, earth, and ſuch ſtuff as we now ſee hills ſtrangely fraughted with, in the waters they were firſt caſt up. But in that true ſecretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh [g] ſpeaking as in the perſon of Wiſdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed*, that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy [h] writ elſewhere, *the mountains aſcend, and the valleys deſcend to the place where thou didſt found them*; good authorities to juſtify mountains before the flood. The ſame queſtion hath been of iſles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

And with ſtern Eolus' blaſts, like Thetis waxing rank.

The ſouth-weſt wind conſtrained between two hills on both ſides of the lake, ſometimes ſo violently fills the river out of the lake's ſtore, that both have been affirmed (but ſomewhat againſt truth) never to be diſturbed, or overflow, but upon tempeſtuous blaſts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but moſt of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering iſle doth float.

Of this iſle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one ſide eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witneſs. Let him perform his word; I will not be his ſurety for it. The author alludes to

[e] *Itin. Leiceſt. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.*

[f] *His poſt alios refragatur B. Pererius ad Geneſ. 1. quæſt. 101.*

[g] *Prov. 8.*

[h] *Pſ. 104.*

to that ſtate of Delos, which is fained [i] before it was with pillars faſtened in the ſea for Latona's child-birth.

That with the term of Welſh the Engliſh now imbaſe.

For this name of Welſh is unknown to the Britiſh themſelves, and impoſed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walſh, *i. e.* ſtrangers. Others fabulouſly have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it ſhould be derived. But you ſhall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, cuſtoms, and original, twixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them call'd Walſh, as it were Gualſh (the W. oftentimes being inſtead of the Gu.) which expreſſes them to be Gauls rather than ſtrangers; although in the Saxon (which is [k] obſerved) it was uſed for the name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in ſuch kind as in this kingdom the name of [l] Frenchman, hath by incluſion comprehended all kind of aliens.

Was little Britain call'd———

See a touch of this in the paſſage of the virgins to the eighth ſong. Others affirm, that under [m] Conſtantine, of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from ſome of theſe the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be [n] alſo that will juſtify the Britiſh name to have been in that tract long before, and for proof cite Dionyſius [o] Afer, and [p] Pliny; but for the firſt, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, ſeeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne ſhould be any ſuch habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them [q], before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The ſurer opinion is to refer the name unto thoſe Britons, which (being expell'd the iſland at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beſide other authority an expreſs aſſertion is in an old fragment of a French hiſtory [r], which you may joyn with moſt worthy Camden's treatiſe on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I ſend you.

Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons reign.

Cadwallader driven to forſake this land, eſpecially by reaſon of plague and famine tyrannizing among his ſubjects, joined with continual irruptions

i *Pindar. op. Strabon. lib.* 10.
k *Buchanan. Scotic. Hiſt.* 2.
l *Bract. lib.* 3. *tract.* 2. *cap.* 15. *Leg. Gul. Conqueſt. & D. Coke in Caſ. Calvin.*
m *Malmeſb. de geſt. reg.* 1.
n *Paul Merul. Coſmog. part.* 2. *l.* 3. *c.* 31.
o *Vid. Euſtath. ad eundem.*
p *Hiſt. Nat. lib.* 4. *cap.* 17. *quem ſuper Ligerim Britannos eos ſitos dixiſſe, miror P. Merulam tam conſtanter affirmaſſe.*
q *Bed. lib.* 1. *cap.* 3. *quem ſecutus P. Merula.*
r *Ex Ms. Cænob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pithœum.*

tions of the Engliſh, retired himſelf into little Bretagne, to his cozen Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admoniſht by an angel (I juſtify it but by the ſtory) that a period of the Britiſh empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or poſterity ſhould have no reſtitution; and farther, that he ſhould take his journy to Rome, where, for a tranſitory he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this viſion, compares it with the Eagle's propheſies, the Sibyl's verſes, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concording in prædiction of this ceaſing of the Britiſh monarchy. Through his advice therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very ſhort time there died; his body very lately under pope Gregory the XIII. was found [s] buried by S. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Baſingſtoke ſays, he had a piece of his raiment of a cheſnut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romiſh pupil, no ſlight miracle. It was added among Britiſh traditions, that, when Cadwallader's [t] bones were brought into this iſle, then ſhould the poſterity of their princes have reſtitution: concerning that, you have enough to the ſecond ſong. Obſerving concurrence of time and difference of relation in the ſtory of this prince, I know not well how to give my ſelf or the reader ſatisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Gloceſter, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the ſon of Cadwallo king of the Britons before him, but ſo, that he deſcended alſo from Engliſh-ſaxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda king of Mercland. Our monks call him king of Weſt-ſaxons, ſucceſſor of Kentwine, and ſon to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (ſucceſſor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine muſt be dead above three years before. But howſoever theſe things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that [u] Cadwallader in the Britiſh, and Cedwalla king of Weſt-ſaxons in Bede, Malmeſbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other ſtories of the Engliſh, are not the ſame, as Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Cheſter, and others ſince erroneouſly have affirmed. But ſtrongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caſwallo, living about the year DC.XL. ſlain by Oſwald king of Northumberland, was the ſame with Bede's firſt Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by miſconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almoſt fifty years after, king of Weſt-ſaxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indiſtinct names, without obſervation of their ſeveral times, theſe diſcordant relations of them, which in ſtory are too palpable, had their firſt being. But to ſatisfy you in preſent, I keep my ſelf to the courſe of our ordinary ſtories, by reaſon of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome; thus: ſome will, that he was Chriſtian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had

[s] *Anton. Major. ap. Baſingſtoch. lib. 9. cap. 32.*
[t] *Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.*
[u] *Cedwalla Rex Britonum Bed. Hiſt. Eccleſ. 3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Ottadinis pag. 664 & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.*

had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized; and so also his Epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

x *Percipiénsque alacer redivivæ præmia vitæ,*
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde suum,
Conversus convertit ovans, Petrúmque vocari,
Sergius *antistes, jussit ut ipse pater*
Fonte renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans
Protinùs ablatum vexit in arce Poli.

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid first bishop of Selesey in Sussex; where the episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the conqueror) acknowledges in publick monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the first christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word בכרות which was for Abel's offerings, and מקשר for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less y calculation in *Cabalistique* concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning z Joseph Scaliger, affirming, tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an a old inscription at Delphos, and the common report of Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less among them and others together

x *Bed. eccles. hist. lib.* 5. *c.* 7. Englisht in substance, if you say, *He was baptized, and soon died, Anno Christi* DC.LXXX VIII. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the *West-Saxon Cedwal*, and not the *British*. See to the XI. Song.

y *Ratio Cabalistica Minor, secundum quam è Centenario quolibet & Denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovens. in Dog. Cabalisticis.*

z *Ad Festum. verb. Decuma.*

a *Clemens Alexand. Strom.* α. *& Steph.* περὶ πολ. *in* Ἀβορηγῖν. *tantundem: præter alios quamplurimos.*

together, was to Mars [b], Jupiter [c], Juno [d], and the number of Gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth [e] part of Leſbos. He which the author, after the Britiſh, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the ſame with Ine king of Weſt-ſex in our monkiſh chronicles, although there be ſcarce any congruity betwixt them in his deſcent. What follows is but hiſtorical and continued ſucceſſion of their princes.

More excellent than thoſe which our good Howel here.

For Howel Dha, firſt prince of South-wales and Powis, after upon death of his cozen Edwal Voel, of North-wales alſo, by mature advice in a full council of barons and biſhops, made divers univerſal conſtitutions. By theſe, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So ſome ſay; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it ſeems, from XXVIII. but eſpecially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the Engliſh king's writ did run there. For when Ed. I. ſent commiſſion to [f] Reginald of Grey, Thomas biſhop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to enquire of their cuſtoms, and by what laws they were ruled, divers caſes were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themſelves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's ſeiſing it into his hands, until diſcovery of the title in his court; but alſo that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welſh chronicle, you have ſome particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching thoſe other of Molmutius and Martia, ſomewhat to the ninth ſong.

Us to ſubjection ſtoop, or make us Britons bear
Th'unwieldy Norman yoak———

Snowdon properly ſpeaks all for the glory of his country, and follows ſuppoſitions of the Britiſh ſtory, diſcording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus under the year CIↃ. LXXVIII. I read that the Conqueror ſubdued Wales, and took homage and hoſtages of the princes; ſo of Hen. I. CIↃ. C. XIII. Hen. II. in CIↃ. C. LVII. and other times: Of this Hen. II. hath been underſtood that prophecy of *Merlin*, *When the freckle-fac'd Prince* (ſo was the King) *paſſes over* [g] **Rhyd Pencarn**, *then ſhould the* Welſh *forces be weakned*. For he in this expedition againſt Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his ſteed madded with ſudden ſound of trumpets, on the bank violently, out of the purpoſed way, carries him through the ford: which compar'd with that of Merlin, gave to the Britiſh army no ſmall diſcomfiture; as a [h] Cambro-Briton, then

b *Lucian.* περὶ Ὀρχήσεως. & *Varro ap. Macrob.* 3. *cap.* 1.
c *Herodot.* a.
d *Samij apud Herodot.* β.
e *Thucydid. hiſt.* γ.
f *Rot. Clauſ. de ann.* 9. *Ed.* 1. *in Archiv. Tur. Londin.*
g The Ford at the Rock's head.
h *Gerald. Itinerar.* 1. *cap.* 6.

then living, hath delivered. But, that their ſtories and ours are ſo different in theſe things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is uſed among [i] hiſtorians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the firſt note here for Rufus his time.

And from the Engliſh power the imperial ſtandard took.

Henry of Eſſex, at this time ſtandard-bearer to Henry II. in a ſtraight at Counſylth near Flint, caſt down the ſtandard, thereby animating the Welſh, and diſcomfiting the Engliſh, adding much danger to the diſhonour. He was afterward accuſed by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous deſign in the action. To clear himſelf, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal aſſent and judicial courſe by law of arms, enter the liſts; where Montfort had the victory, and Eſſex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting [k] all his ſubſtance, entred religion, and profeſt in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great [l] clerk of thoſe times ſays, that Montfort ſpent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (ſo I underſtand him, although his copy ſeem corrupted) which could make champions invincible; whereto he referrs the ſucceſs. That it was uſual for combatants to pray over night to ſeveral ſaints, is plain by [m] our law-annals.

Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.

About the year CIↃ. C. LXX. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this ſea voyage; and by probability, thoſe names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the Britiſh, were reliques of this diſcovery. So that the Welſh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the reſt of that kind.

And with that Crogen's name let th' Engliſh us diſgrace.

The firſt cauſe of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the ſecond's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp ſent to aſſay a paſſage over Offa's-dike, at Crogen caſtle were entertained with prevention by Britiſh forces, moſt of them there ſlain, and, to preſent view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this [n] word Crogen, the Engliſh uſed to the Welſh, but as remembring cauſe of revenge for ſuch a ſlaughter, although time hath made it uſual in ignorant mouths for a diſgraceful attribute.

To

i *De quo, ſi placet, videas compendiosè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom.* 1. *cap.* 1.
k *Guil. de Neve. Burgo lib.* 2. *c.* 5.
l *Joann. Sariſburienſ. Ep.* 159.
m 30 *Ed.* 3 *fol.* 20.
n *Gutyn Owen in* Llewelin ap Jorwerth.

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently juſtifiable is this of king John, although our Monks therein not much diſcording from Britiſh relation, deliver, that he ſubdued all Wales; eſpecially this northern [o] part unto Snowdon, and receiv'd XX. hoſtages for ſurety of future obedience. For, at firſt, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth Prince of North-Wales, had by force joyn'd with ſtratagem the better hand, and compelled the Engliſh camp to victual themſelves with horſe-fleſh; but afterward indeed upon a ſecond road made into Wales, king John had the conqueſt. This compared with thoſe changes enſuing upon the pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welſh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique ſtage. The ſtories may, but it fits not me to inform you of large particulars.

As fate had ſpar'd our fall till Edward Longſhank's reign.

But withall obſerve the truth of ſtory in the mean time. Of all our kings until John, ſomewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth; who (a moſt worthy prince) deſiring to bleſs his feebler days with ſuch compoſed quiet as inclining age affects, at laſt put himſelf into the king's protection. Within ſhort ſpace dying, left all to his ſons, David and Gruffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter [p] ſubmits himſelf and his principality to the Engliſh crown, acknowledges that he would ſtand to the judgment of the king's court, in controverſies betwixt his brother and himſelf, and that what portions ſoever were ſo allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himſelf and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and ſubjects of England. All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchaſt at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to perſwaſion of thoſe times, the more eaſily induced, becauſe gain of regal liberty was the conſequent) ſoon releaſed, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious ſwords; whereto they were the ſooner urged, for that the king had transferr'd the principality of Wales (by name of *unà cum Conqueſtu noſtro Walliæ*) to Pr. Edward Longſhanks (afterward Edward I.) ſince when our ſovereigns eldeſt ſons have born that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, ſucceeded in the Engliſh crown, ſoon came that fatal [r] converſion here ſpoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the iſle was ruled by; that is, Lhewelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune

o Note that *Northwales* was the chief Principality, and to it *South-wales* and *Powis* paid a tribute, as out of the laws of *Howel Dha* is noted by *Doctor Powel*.

p *Charta Davidis* 25. *Hen.* 3. *Senen* wife to *Griffith* then impriſoned, was with others a pledge for her huſband's part.

q *In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hiſt. Angl.* 16.

r Ann. 1282. cc. LXX.VII.

fortune of war, on both ſides, and revolting of South-wales) was conſtrained to enter a truce (or rather ſubjection) reſigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reſerving, for his life only, the iſle of Angleſey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer ſhould receive a yearly rent of CIↃ. marks, granting alſo that all the baronies in Wales ſhould be held of the king, excepting thoſe five reſerved, with divers other particulars in Walſingham, Matthew of Weſtminſter, Nicholas Trivet, and Humfrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this inſtrument were not long obſerved, but at length the death of Lhewelin, ſpending his laſt breath for maintenance of his anceſtors rights againſt his own covenant, freely caſt upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were inſtituted there. What enſued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and ſubject to England, ſtories and the ſtatute of [r] Ruthlan will largely ſhew you; and ſee what I have to the VII. ſong. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, obſerve this proper perſonating of Snowdon hill, whoſe limits and adjacent territories are beſt witneſſes, both of the Engliſh aſſaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was call'd in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the Welſh proverb [s] Mon mam Cymbry, in ſuch ſenſe as Sicily was ſtiled Italy's [u] ſtore-houſe, by reaſon of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly ſupplied. And [t] Girald tells me, that this little iſle was wont to be able to furniſh all Wales with ſuch proviſion, as Snowdon hills were for paſture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now call'd) Iſle of Man for this Mon (now Angleſea) learned Lhuyd in his Epiſtle to Ortelius hath ſufficient. Although it be divided as an iſle (but rather by a ſhallow ford, than a ſea: and in the Roman times, we ſee by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's ſoldiers ſwam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itſelf, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the reſt neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an iſle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Iriſh Down county, almoſt in the mid-ſea, as long ſince Julius Cæſar could affirm, calling it [w] Mona, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Angleſea, hath with impoſture blinded ſome knowing men. Nennius (the eldeſt hiſtorian amongſt us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia-Manay, like that here uſed by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may ſee in the chronicle of Ruſſin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the ſecond. After

r 12 Ed. I.
s *Mon* the mother of *Wales*.
t *Girald. Itinera.* 2. c. 7. & 9.
u *Strab. l.* 5.
w *Comment.* 5.

this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown [x] it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath [y] been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referr'd. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil [z] law, with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did [a], adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnish'd with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their NAME, PROFESSION, SACRIFICE, PLACES of Assembling, and lastly, SUBVERSION. The name of Druids hath been drawn from Δρῦς, *i. e.* an Oak, because of their continual [b] using that tree as superstitiously hallowed: according as they are call'd also Σαρωνίδαι or [c] Σαρωνίδες, which likewise, in Greek, is old Oaks. To this compare the British word Derw of the same signification, and, the original here sought for, will seem surely found. But one, [d] that derives all from Dutch, and prodigiously supposes that the first tongue spoken, makes them so stiled from Trow wis, *i. e.* truly wise, so expressing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reason of conjecture (if the ground were true) seeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were call'd (until Pythagoras his time) Wisemen [e], and afterward by him turn'd into the name of philosophers, *i. e.* Lovers of wisdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as some learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being somewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius [f], calling them Masters of wisdom. A late great [g] scholar draws it from Trutin, in an old Dutch copy of the gospel, signifying, as he says, God; which might be given them by hyperboly of superstitious reverence: nay, we see that it is justifiable by holy writ, so to call

x *Walsingh. in Ed.* II.

y *Camden. in Insulis.*

z *Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l.* 9. *& verb. sig. l.* 99.

a *Topograph. Hibern. dist.* 2. *cap.* 15.

b *Plin. hist. nat.* 16. *cap.* 44.

c *Dio. Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis fab.* 5.

d *Goropius Gallic.* 5.

e אשלו הכמים

i. e. docerunt Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabalistic. l. 3. *quod Hebræis in usu ut ἀντὶ ἔφη Pythagoræis, nec Druidûm discipulis refragari sententijs Magistror. fas erat.*

f *Geograph.* 3. *cap.* 2.

g *Paul. Merula Cosmog. part* 2. *l.* 3. *cap.* 11.

call great magiſtrates and judges, as they were among the people But that word *Trutin* or *Truchtin* in the old Angelical ſalutation, Zachary's ſong, and Simeon's, publiſhed by Vulcan, is always *Lord*; as this Giwihit ſi truchtin got Iſraelo, *i. e.* Bleſſed be the Lord God of Iſrael; and ſo in the Saxon ten commandments, [h] Ic eom Dn hren ðin God, *i. e.* I am the Lord thy God. Theſe are the etymologies which ſavour of any judgment. To ſpeak of king Druis or Sarron, which that [i] Dominican friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to doctor White of Baſingſtoke, were with him to ſuffer, and, at once, offer impoſture. Of them all, I incline to the firſt, ſeeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and Britiſh; and ſomewhat the rather too, becauſe antiquity did crown their infernal deities, (and from *Dis*, if you truſt Cæſar, the Gauls, and by conſequence our Britons, upon tradition of theſe prieſts, drew their deſcent) with oak; as [k] Sophocles hath it of Hecate, and [l] Catullus of the three Deſtinies. Neither will I deſire you to ſpend conceit upon examination of that ſuppoſition which makes the name [m] corrupted from Durtergliis, which in Scotiſh were ſuch as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale ſays St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and groſs abſurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, ſtuft himſelf withal. For their PROFESSION, it was both of learning profane and holy (I ſpeak in all, applying my words to their times:) They ſate as judges, and determined all cauſes emergent, civil and criminal, ſubjecting the diſobedient, and ſuch as made default, to interdicts and cenſures, prohibiting them from ſacred aſſemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and ſo diſabling them, that (as our now out-laws, excommunicates, and attainted perſons) they might not commence ſuit againſt any man. In a multitude of verſes they delivered what they taught, not ſuffering it to be committed to writing, ſo imitating both Cabaliſts, Pythagoreans, and ancient [n] Chriſtians; but uſed in other private and publick buſineſs Greek letters, as Cæſar's copies have: but hereof ſee more to the tenth Song. Their more private and ſacred learning conſiſted in Divinity and Philoſophy (ſee ſomewhat of that to the firſt Song,) which was ſuch, that although I think you may truly ſay with Origen [o], that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they ſhould have done, or rather nearer, than moſt of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their poſitions in Cæſar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like diſcourſing of them, you may be ſatisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worſhip'd among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation

h *Præfat. ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonic.*

i *Beroſus (ille Manianus ſubditicius) Chaldaic. Antiquit.* 5.

k *In* Πίζοτομ. *apud Scholiaſt. Apollonij, uti primum didici à Joſ. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.*

l *De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos.* —— §. His Corpus tremulum, &c. *ubi vulgatis aceſt iſta, quæ antiquorum codicum fide eſt vera lectio, uti Scaliger.*

m *Hector. Boeth. Scot. hiſt.* 2.

n *Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect.* 10. c. 1.

o *Ad Exech.* 4.

was to one [p] All-healing or All-saving power. In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels [q] often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual SACRIFICE (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they plac'd under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scithe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the [r] All-healing deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshiped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receiveable; seeing that Apollo [s] had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of [t] Ἀλεξίκακος Ἀϑμεύς, Medicus, and to him the invocation was [u] Ἰὴ Παιάν, all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscrib'd for this devotion, and used Greek letters (which to the next song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceiv'd.

[v] ΒΕΛΙΝΩι. ΤΩι. ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.
OR,
[x] ΒΕΛΙΝΩι. ΘΕΩι.

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

[y] DEO ABELLIONI.

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph [z] Scaliger is read; and perhaps some relicks or allusion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO——

yet remaining in [a] Cumberland. Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion 'twixt

p *Plin. Hist. Nat.* 16. *cap.* 44.
q *Strab. Geograph.* 4.
r *Omnia Sanantem.*
s *Macrob. Saturnal. cap.* 17.
t All three words as much as Physician.
u *Heal* Apollo.
w To All-healing *Apollo*: & Salutaris Apollo *in Numum. ap. Goltzium, in Thes.*
x To God *Belin.*
y To God *Abellio.*
z *Ausoniar. lect.* 1. *c.* 9.
a *Camd. ibid.*

'twixt theſe northern parts and the learned Gentiles, ſeeing that Cæſar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the [b] Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for [c] Apollo's prieſt among the utmoſt Scythians, being farther from Helleniſm than our Britiſh. But I return to the miſtle: Hereto hath ſome referred [d] that which the Sibyl counſell'd Æneas to carry with him to Proſerpine;

[e] ——— *latet arbore opacâ*
Aureus & *foliis* & *lento vimine* ramus
Junoni infernæ dictus ſacer: hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, & obſcuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.

Which may as well ſo be applied, as to [f] chymiſtry; ſeeing it agrees alſo with what I ſpake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expreſly compares it to the miſtle,

[g] ——— *quod non ſua ſeminat arbos.*

for it ſprings out of ſome particular nature of the oaken ſtem, whereupon it is called by an old poet [h] Δρυὸς ἰλρὸς: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preſerveth it for medicine, as the ancients uſed to make lime of it to catch birds: of which [i] Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that ſhe ſhould not ſing upon the oak, becauſe that

——— ἐπ' Ὀρνίθεσσι φέρει τὸν ἀνάρσιον Ἶξον,

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favorite of ſingers. Upon this Druidian cuſtom [m], ſome have grounded that unto this day uſed in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wiſh of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, [n] *Au guy l'an neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rablais is read all one word, for the ſame purpoſe. Whether this had any community with the inſtitution of that [o] temple Ἰξευτικῆς τύχης in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verſe, commonly cited out of him,

[p] *At* (ſome read *ad*) *viſcum Druidæ, viſcum clamare ſolebant;*

b *Hippoſtrat. ap. Suid. in* Aber.
c *Maximus Tyr. Platonic.*
d *Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hiſt. Poet. 6. cap. 10.*
e She directs him to ſeek a golden branch in the dark woods, conſecrate to *Proſerpine*.
f *Bracciol. in Ligno vitæ.*
g Which grows of itſelf.
h Sweat of the Oak, *Ion. apud Athenæum Dipnoſoph. 10.*
i *Anthelog. a. cap. ξ.*
l Bred Lime to catch her.
m *Jo. Goropius Gallic. 5. & alij.*
n To the Miſtle, this new year.
o *Plutarch. Probl. Rom. & Cælius Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 18. c. 14.*
p As if you ſhould ſay of *Miſtled Fortune* To the Miſtle, the Druids uſed to cry.

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty) the same in effect; I mean the yearly was-haile in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some [r] say, from that of Ronix (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words [s] Louerd king was-heil, he answering her by direction of an interpreter, Drinc-heile, [t] and then,

> Ruste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronk hire heil,
> And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail
> As in langage of Saxoyne that me might ever iwite,
> And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute.

Afterward it appears that was-haile and Drinc-heil were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in [u] Thomas de la Moore, and before him that old [x] Havillan, thus:

> *Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture* wass-heil
> *Ingeminant* wass-heil ——————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it wish-heil) which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends,

> *Benè* [x] *vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè nostram etiam Stephanium*

in [y] Plautus, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a Health, as [z] they did also in direct terms; which with an idol call'd *Heil*, anciently worshipt at Cerne in [z] Dorsetshire, by the English-Saxons, in name expresses both the ceremony of drinking, and the new-year's acclamation (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a [a] cup, ritually compos'd, deckt, and fill'd with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that All-healing Deity, or All-helping medicine did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new-year beginning, it was [b] usual among the Romans, as with us, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say I unfitly expatiate: I omit therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the PLACES of their ASSEMBLY: This was about Chartres in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux,

r *Galfred Monumeth. l. 3. cap. 1.*
s Lord King a health.
t Drink the health.
u *Rob. Glouc.*
x *Vita Edw. II.*
w *In Archit. lib. 2.*
x *Subintellige* ζῆσθαι, *aut quid simile.*
y *In Sticho.*
z *Propino tibi salutem plenis faucib. Plautus eâdem comœdiâ.*
a *Camdenus.* The *Wass-hail-boll.*
b *Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.*

Dreux, ſome eight miles on this ſide Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians publick council called [c] Drymenetum had hence original. The Britiſh Druids took this iſle of Angleſey (then well ſtored with thick woods, and religious groves, inſomuch that it was call'd [d] Inis Dromil) for their chief reſidence; as, in the Roman [e] ſtory of Paulinus and Agricola's adventuring on it, is delivered. For their SUBVERSION; under Auguſtus and Tiberius they were prohibited [f] Rome; and Claudius endeavoured it in [g] Gaul; yet in the ſucceeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopiſcus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long ſince that, Procopius [h] writing under Juſtinian above D. years after Chriſt, affirms that then the Gauls uſed ſacrifices of human fleſh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I ſhould upon teſtimony [i] of, I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Iriſh Cornill, tell you that ſome C.LX. years before Chriſt, Finnan King of Scotland firſt gave them the iſle, or that King Crathlint, in Diocleſian's perſecution, turned their religion into Chriſtianiſm, and made Amphibalus firſt biſhop of Sodor, I ſhould fabulouſly abuſe time, as they have ignorantly miſtook that iſle of Man for this. Or to ſpeak of the ſuppoſed Druttenfuſs. *i. e.* a pentagonal figure, ingraven with ΥΓΙΕΑ or Υγίεια, (it is the ſame, in faſhion, with the victorious ſeal of Antiochus Soter [k], being admoniſhed by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Germany they reckon for a preſervative againſt Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad [l] Celtes obſerves, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg hill, near Voitland, ſix ſtatues of ſtone, ſet in the church-wall, ſome ſeven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a ſtaff, a beard hanging to his middle, and ſpreading a muſtachio, an auſtere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon miſtaking of Strabo, and applying what he ſaith in general, and bracelets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

Which with my Princes Court *I ſometimes pleas'd to grace.*

For as in South-Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewſbury, and then Mathraval, ſo in North-Wales was Aberfraw in Angleſey, chief place of the princes [m] reſidence.

c *Strab. Geogr. 4.*
d The dark Iſle *Brit.*
e *Tacit. An.* 14. *& Vit. Agricolæ.*
f *Suet. l.* 5. *cap.* 24. *& Plin. Hiſt. Nat.* 30. *c.* 1.
g *Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi ſupra.*
h *De bell. Gothic. β.*
i *Hector. Boet. Scotor. Hiſt.* 2. *&* 6.
k *Lucian.* ὑγιείᾳ ἐν τῇ σφραγῖδι *ἣν παρὰ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔλαβε* 5 *Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in* 3. *de Occulta Philoſ. pl. cap.* 31. *atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Reuchlin. in* 3. *de arte Cabaliſticâ.*
l *Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.*
m *Priſ. in deſcrip. Wall.*

A CHRONOLOGY of the Kings and Princes of Wales, from * Arthur, until the end of the Britiſh blood in them.

Year of Chriſt.

516. Arthur ſucceeded his father Uther Pendragon: of his death, ſee to the III. ſong.

542. Conſtantine, ſon to Cador Duke of Cornwal (underſtand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant; for, neither in thoſe times, nor long after, was any ſuch title particularly honorary:) he lies buried at Stonehenge.

545. Aurelius Conan.

578. Vortipor.

581. Malgo.

586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverſe fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, moſt of all, made that ſeceſſion into Wales and Cornwal, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.

About 600. Cadwan.

About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallo: The Britons as in token of his powerful reſiſtance and dominion againſt the Saxons, put [m] him, being dead, into a brazen horſe, and ſet it on the top of the weſt gate of London; it ſeems he means Ludgate.

676. Cadwallader, ſon to Cadwallo; of him and his name, ſee before. Nor think I the Britiſh and Engliſh Chronicles concerning him, reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the Britiſh failed.

688. Ivor ſon to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine King of Weſt-Saxons in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderique Molwinoc ſon of Edwal [n] Ywrch.

755. Conan Tindaethwy, ſon of Roderique.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Eſylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, ſon to Mervin and Eſylht. Among his ſons was the tripartite diviſion of Wales (as to the VII. ſong) into Powiſe, North, and South-Wales.

877. Anarawd ſon to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, ſon of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, cozen german to Edwal, having before the principality of South-Wales and Powis. This is he whoſe laws are ſo famous and inquired of in Rot. Clauſ. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.

948.

* I will not juſtify the times of this *Arthur*, nor the reſt, before *Cadwallader*; ſo diſcording are our Chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath ſufficient means to rectify them.

m This report is, as the *Britiſh* ſtory tells, hardly juſtifiable, if examined.

n The *Roe*.

948. Jevaf and Jago, ſons of Edwal Voel.
982. Howel ap Jevaf.
984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.
986. Meredith ap Owen
902. Edwal ap Meyric.
1003. Ædan ap Blegored.
1015. Lhewelin ap Sitſylht.
1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.
1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.
1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.
1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.
1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reform'd the Welſh poets and minſtrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to inſtruct the Welſh, as to the IV. ſong.
1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.
1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother diſcovered part of the Weſt Indies.
1194. Lehwelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.
1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.
1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the laſt prince of Wales of the Britiſh blood.
1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewlin then ſlain; and ſince that (Henry III. before gave it alſo to his ſon prince Edward) it hath been in the eldeſt ſons, and heirs apparent of the Engliſh crown.

But note, that after the diviſion among Roderique Mawr's ſons, the principality was chiefly in North-Wales, and the reſt as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as ſupreme King of Wales, are all theſe deductions of time and perſons, until this laſt Lhewelin.

POLY-

POLY-OLBION:

The TENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſerious Muſe herſelf applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas-Emris; where he ſhow'd
How fate the Britons rule beſtow'd.
To Conway next ſhe turns her tale,
And ſings her Cluyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's hiſtory purſue:
At which, ſhe bids her Wales adieu.

AWhile thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,
The Muſe her former courſe doth ſeriouſly purſue.
From [a] Penmen's craggy height to try her ſaily wings,
Herſelf long having bath'd in the delicious ſprings
(That trembling from his top thro' long-worn crannies creep,
To ſpend their liquid ſtore on the inſatiate deep)
She meets with Conway firſt, which lyeth next at hand:
Whoſe precious orient pearl that breedeth in her ſand,
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Iriſh ſea which making out her race,
Supply'd by many a mere (through many ſeveral rills
Into her boſom pour'd) her plenteouſly ſhe fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy ſacred ſpring
§. Prophetic Merlin ſat, when to the Britiſh king
The changes long to come, auſpiciouſly he told.
Moſt happy were thy Nymphs, that wond'ring did behold
His

[a] Penmenmaur.

His graver wrinkled brow, amazed and did hear
The dreadful words he ſpake, that ſo ambiguous were.
Thrice happy brooks, I ſay, that (every way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, where-out
Into the ſea thou fall'ſt, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to regiſter thy fame.
For thou, clear Conway, heard'ſt wiſe Merlin firſt relate
The Deſtinies decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger ſhould loſe:
As, when him from his ſeat the Saxons ſhould depoſe;
The forces that ſhould here from [b] Armorick arrive,
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive:
And to that mighty king, which raſhly undertook
A ſtrong-wall'd tower to rear, thoſe earthly ſpirits that ſhook
The great foundation ſtill, in dragons horrid ſhape,
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain gape
With his moſt powerful charms, to view thoſe caverns deep;
And from the top of [c] Brith, ſo high and wondrous ſteep,
Where Dinas Emris ſtood, ſhew'd where the ſerpents fought,
The white that tore the red; from whence the Prophet wrought
The Britons ſad decay then ſhortly to enſue.
O! happy ye, that heard the man who all things knew
Until the general doom, through all the world admir'd:
By whoſe prophetic ſaws ye all became inſpir'd;
As well the forked Neage, that near'ſt her fountain ſprings,
With her beloved maid Melandidar, that brings
Her flow, where Conway forth into the ſea doth ſlide
(That to their miſtreſs make from the Denbighian ſide)
As thoſe that from the hills of proud Caernarvon fall.
This ſcarce the muſe had ſaid, but Cluyd doth quickly call
Her great recourſe, to come and guard her while ſhe glide
Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy pride
Much beautifies her banks; ſo naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is known)
With high-embattel'd hills that each way is enclos'd
But only on the north: and to the north diſpos'd,
Fierce

[b] Little Britain in France. | [c] Part of Snowdon.

Fierce Boreas finds acceſs to court the dainty vale:
Who, whiſp'ring in her ear with many a wanton tale,
Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himſelf much ſuff'reth for her ſake.
The [d]Orcades, and all thoſe [d]Eubides imbrac'd
In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune ſeeming chaſte,
Yet proſtitute themſelves to Boreas; who neglects
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all reſpects
The other in-land dales, abroad that ſcatter'd lie,
Some on the Engliſh earth, and ſome in Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth preſer,
Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with her,
[e]Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her took,
And in his ſaily plumes the trembling virgin ſhook:
But through the extream love he to this vale doth bear,
Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth fear
Great Neptune, whom he ſees to ſmug his horrid face:
And, fearing leſt the God ſhould ſo obtain her grace,
From the ſeptentrion cold, in the breem freezing air,
Where the bleak north-wind keeps ſtill domineering there,
From Shetland ſtradling wide, his foot on Thuly ſets:
Whence ſtorming, all the vaſt Deucalidon he threats,
And bears his boiſterous waves into the narrower mouth
Of the [f]Vergivian ſea; where meeting, from the ſouth,
Great Neptune's ſurlier tides, with their robuſtious ſhocks,
Each other ſhoulder up againſt the grieſly rocks;
As ſtrong men when they meet, contending for the path:
But, coming near the coaſt where Cluyd her dwelling hath,
The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to wreak,
§. And the delicious vale thus mildly doth beſpeak:
'Dear Cluyd, th' abundant ſweets that from thy boſom
'flow,
'When with my active wings into the air I throw,
'Thoſe hills whoſe hoary heads ſeem in the clouds to dwell,
'Of aged become young, enamor'd with the ſmell
'Of

[d] Iſles upon the North-eaſt and Weſt of Scotland.

[e] In the 6. book of Ovid's Metamorph.

[f] The tides out of the north and ſouth ſeas, meeting in St. George's channel.

'Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy moſt precious lap;
'Within whoſe velvet leaves, when I myſelf enwrap,
'They ſuffocate with ſcents; that (from my native kind)
'I ſeem ſome ſlow perfume, and not the ſwifteſt wind.
'With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I ſee thee bravely ſpread,
'Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
'Thy full and youthful breaſts, which in their meadowy pride
'Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like that glide.
'I farther note in thee, more excellent than theſe
'(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye might pleaſe)
'Thy plump and ſwelling womb, whoſe mellowy glebe
'doth bear
'The yellow ripened ſheaf, that bendeth with the ear.'
Whilſt in this ſort his ſuit he amorouſly prefer'd,
Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind over-heard:
And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breaſt had felt love's kindly heat,
As one whom cryſtal Cluyd had with her beauty caught,
Is for that river's ſake near of his wits diſtraught,
With inly rage to hear that valley ſo extol'd;
And yet that brook, whoſe courſe ſo batful makes her mould,
And one that lends that vale her moſt renowned name,
Should of her meaner far, be over-gone in fame.
Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herſelf to ſhow:
Who, from her native font, as proudly ſhe doth flow,
Her hand-maids [s]Manian hath, and [s]Heſpin, her to bring
To Ruthin. Whoſe fair ſeat firſt kindly viſiting,
To lead her thence in ſtate, [s]Lewenny lends her ſource:
That when Moylvennil ſees his river's great recourſe,
From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her ſupplies.
[s]Claweddock cometh in, and [s]Iſtrad liewiſe hies
Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as ſhe to Denbigh draws:
And on the other ſide, from whence the morning daws,
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her to bear
To ſacred Aſaph's ſee, his hallowed temple; where
Fair Elwy having won her ſiſter Aled's power,
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's bower:
Who

[s] Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintſhire.

Who likewiſe is ſuſtain'd by Senion, laſt that falls,
And from the virgin's well doth waſh old Ruthland's walls
Moylvennil with her ſight that never is ſuffic'd,
Now with exceſſive joy ſo ſtrongly is ſurpriz'd,
That thus he proudly ſpake; 'On the Gwynethian ground
'(And look from eaſt to weſt) what country is there crown'd
'As thou [h] Tegenia art? that, with a vale ſo rich
'(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whoſe graces me bewitch
'The fruitful'ſt of all Wales, ſo long haſt honor'd been:
'As alſo by thy ſpring, ſuch wonder who doſt win,
'§. That naturally remote ſix Britiſh miles from ſea,
'And riſing on the firm, yet in the natural day
'Twice falling, twice doth fill, in moſt admired wiſe.
'When Cynthia from the eaſt unto the ſouth doth riſe,
'That mighty Neptune flows, then ſtrangely ebbs thy well
'And when again he ſinks, as ſtrangely ſhe doth ſwell;
'§. Yet to the ſacred fount of Winifrid gives place;
'Of all the Cambrian ſprings of ſuch eſpecial grace,
'That oft the [i] Devian nymphs, as alſo thoſe that keep
'Amongſt the coral-groves in the Vergivian deep,
'Have left their watry bowers, their ſecret ſafe retire,
'To ſee her whom report ſo greatly ſhould admire
'(Whoſe waters to this day as perfect are and clear,
'As her delightful eyes in their full beauties were,
'A virgin while ſhe liv'd) chaſte Winifrid: who choſe
'Before her maiden-gem ſhe forcibly would loſe,
'To have her harmleſs life by the lewd raptor ſpilt:
'For which, ſtill more and more to aggravate his guilt,
'The lifeleſs tears ſhe ſhed, into a fountain turn.
'And that, for her alone the water ſhould not mourn,
'The pure vermillion blood, that iſſued from her veins,
'Unto this very day the pearly gravel ſtains;
'As erſt the white and red were mixed in her cheek.
'And, that one part of her might be the other like,
'Her hair was turn'd to moſs; whoſe ſweetneſs doth declare,
'In livelineſs of youth the natural ſweets ſhe bare:
'And

[h] Part of the Vale call'd Tegengle, i. e. Fair England.

[i] Of Dee.

'And of her holy life the innocence to ſhow,
'Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
'She ſtrongly bears it up, not ſuff'ring it to ſink.
'Beſides, the wholſome uſe in bathing, or in drink,
'Doth the diſeaſed cure, as thereto ſhe did leave
'Her virtue with her name, that time ſhould not bereave.'

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an end,
But that the higher [k] Yale, whoſe being doth aſcend
Into the pleaſant Eaſt, his loftier head advanc'd.
This region, as a man that long had been intranc'd
(Whilſt thus himſelf to pleaſe, the mighty mountain tells
Such [l] farlies of his Cluyd, and of his wondrous wells)
Stood thinking what to do: leſt fair Tegenia, plac'd
So admirably well, might hold herſelf diſgrac'd
By his ſo barren ſite, being mountainous and cold,
To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful mould;
And in reſpect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by Cluyd,
(And for his common want, to coin ſome poor excuſe)
Unto his proper praiſe, diſcreetly doth produce
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
In goodneſs, breadth, and length, though Dyffren far behind:
On this yet dare he ſtand, that for the natural frame,
§. That figure of the croſs, of which it takes the name,
Is equal with the beſt, which elſe excel it far:
And by the power of that moſt ſacred character,
Reſpect beyond the reſt unto herſelf doth win.

When now the ſterner Dee doth inſtantly begin
His ampler ſelf to ſhow that (down the verdant dale)
Strains in his nobler courſe along the rougher Yale,
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that ſpacious lin
Through which he comes unmixt, firſt [m] Alwin falleth in:
And going on along, ſtill gathering up his force,
Gets [n] Gerrow to his aid, to haſten on his courſe.

Where-

[k] A place mountainous, and ſomewhat inacceſſible.

[l] Strange things.

With [m] Chriſtioneth next, comes [m] Keriog in apace.
Out of the leaden mines, then with her ſullied face
[m] Claweddock caſts about where Gwenrow ſhe may greet,
Till like two loving friends they under Wrexam meet.
Then [m] Alen makes approach (to Dee moſt inly dear)
Taking [m] Tegiddog in; who earneſt to be there,
For haſte, twice under earth her cryſtal head doth run:
When inſtantly again Dee's holineſs begun,
By his contracted front and ſterner waves to ſhow,
That he had things to ſpeak, might profit them to know;
A brook that was ſuppos'd much buſineſs to have ſeen,
Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and England been,
And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told; of either's war or peace,
The ſickneſs, or the health, the dearth, or the increaſe:
And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boaſt
His ſtream in former times to have been honour'd moſt,
When as at Cheſter once king Edgar held his court,
§. To whom eight leſſer kings with homage did reſort:
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge beſtow'd,
And was by all thoſe kings about the river row'd.
For which, the hallowed Dee ſo much upon him took,
And now the time was come, that this imperious brook,
The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britains right thus boldly to them ſpake;
'O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,
'§. And thou, the queen of iſles, Great-Britain; why do ye
'Your grandſire's God-like name (with a neglectful ear)
'In ſo reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
'By every one of late contemptuouſly diſgrac'd;
'That he, whom time ſo long and ſtrongly hath embrac'd,
'Should be rejected quite? The reaſon urged why,
'Is by the general foe thus anſwer'd by and by:
'That Brutus, as you ſay, by ſea who hither came,
'From whom you would ſuppoſe this iſle firſt took the name,
'Merely

[m] The rivers in the Eaſt of Denbigh, falling into Dee.

'Meerly fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
'(Moſt ſtudious of the truth, and near'ſt thoſe times that were)
'Of any ſuch as he: nay, they who moſt do ſtrive,
'From that great ſtock of Troy their lineage to derive,
'In all the large deſcent of Julus, never found
'That Brute, on whom we might our firſt beginning ground.
'To this aſſertion, thus I faithfully reply;
'And as a friend to truth, do conſtantly deny
'Antiquity to them, as nearer to thoſe times;
'Their writings to precede our ancient Britiſh rhymes:
'But that our noble Bards, which ſo divinely ſung
'That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britains ſprung,
'Before thoſe Romans were, as proof we can produce;
'§. And learning long with us, ere 'twas with them in uſe.
'And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
'§. That Geffray Monmouth, firſt, our Brutus did deviſe,
'Not heard of till his time our adverſary ſays:
'When pregnantly we prove, ere that hiſtorian's days,
'A thouſand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly ſong
'The Britain-founding Brute, moſt frequent them among.
'From Talieſſen wiſe (approved ſo with us,
'That what he ſpake was held to be oraculous,
'So true his writings were) and ſuch immortal men
'As this now-waning world ſhall hardly hear again
'In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of Wales,
'Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were theſe idle tales
'(As he may find, the truth of our deſcents that ſeeks)
'Nor fabulous, like thoſe deviſed by the Greeks:
'But from the firſt of time, by judges ſtill were heard,
'Diſcreetly every [n] year correcting where they err'd.
'And that whereon our foe his greateſt hold doth take,
'Againſt the handled cauſe and moſt doth ſeem to make,
'Is, that we ſhew no book our Brutus to approve;
'But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did move,
'Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I anſwer theſe;
'That th'ancient Britiſh prieſts, the fearleſs Druides,
'That

[n] At the Stethva: ſee to the fourth ſong.

'That miniſter'd the laws, and were ſo truly wiſe,
'That they determin'd ſtates, attending ſacrifice,
'§. To letters never would their myſteries commit,
'For which the breaſts of men they deem'd to be more fit
'Which queſtionleſs ſhould ſeem from judgment to proceed
'For, when of ages paſt we look in books to read,
'We retchleſly diſcharge our memory of thoſe.
'So when injurious time, ſuch monuments doth loſe
'(As what ſo great a work, by time that is not wrackt?)
'We utterly forego that memorable act:
'But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
'They leave it their next age; that, leaves it hers agen:
'So ſtrongly which (methinks) doth for tradition make,
'As if you from the world it altogether take,
'You utterly ſubvert antiquity thereby.
'For though time well may prove that often ſhe doth ly,
'Poſterity by her yet many things hath known,
'That ere men learn'd to write, could no way have been ſhown
'For, if the ſpirit of God did not our faith aſſure
'The ſcriptures be from heaven, like heaven, divinely pure
'Of Moſes' mighty works, I reverently may ſay
'(I ſpeak with godly fear) tradition put away,
'In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly
'To prove before the flood the genealogy.
'Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
'With our deſcent from Troy (if things compar'd may be)
'Than peopling of this place, near to thoſe ages, when
'Exiled by the Greeks, thoſe poor world-wand'ring men
'(Of all hope to return into their country reft)
'Sought ſhores whereon to ſet that little them was left:
'From ſome ſuch god-like race we queſtionleſs did ſpring,
'Who ſoon became ſo great here once inhabiting.
'So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
'And Cæſar's envious pen would all the world perſwade,
'His own ambitious ends in ſeeking to advance,
'When with his Roman power arriving here from France,
'If he the Britains found experienc'd ſo in war,
'That they with ſuch great ſkill could wield their armed car;

'And, as he ſtill came on, his ſkilful march to let,
'Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers ſet
'The ſharp ſteel-pointed ſtakes, as he the fords ſhould paſs;
'I fain would underſtand how 'tis that nation was
'So ignorant he would make, and yet ſo knowing war.
'But, in things paſt ſo long (for all the world) we are
'Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:
'Who ſailing by ſome hill, or promontory ſteep
'Which juts into the ſea, with an amazed eye
'Beholds the cliffs thruſt up into the lofty ſky,
'And th'more that he doth look, the more it draws his ſight;
'Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous weight:
'But, from the paſſed ſhore ſtill as the ſwelling ſail
'(Thruſt forward by the wind) the floating barque doth hail,
'The mighty giant-heap, ſo leſs and leſſer ſtill
'Appeareth to the eye, until the monſtrous hill
'At length ſhews like a cloud; and farther being caſt,
'Is out of kenning quite: ſo, of the ages paſt;
'Thoſe things that in their age much to be wonder'd were,
'Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth bear,
'Do leſſen every hour.' When now the mighty preaſe,
Impatient of his ſpeech, intreat the flood to ceaſe,
And cry with one conſent, the Saxon ſtate to ſhow,
As angry with the muſe ſuch labour to beſtow
On Wales, but England ſtill neglected thus to be.
And having paſt the time, the honourable Dee
At Cheſter was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:
When our intended courſe with England we purſue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the muſe leads you about Denbigh and Flint, moſt northern and maritime ſhires of Wales; which conclude theſe ſeven laſt books dedicated to the glory of that third part of great Britain.

Prophetique Merlin ſate, when to the Britiſh King.

In the firſt declining ſtate of the Britiſh empire (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate ſucceſſes in war, reſolved to erect a ſtrong fort in Snowdon hills

(not far from Conway's head in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his laſt and ſureſt refuge againſt the increaſing power of the Engliſh. Maſons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always ſwallowed up in the earth next night. The king aſks counſel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they adviſe, that he muſt find out a child which had no father, and with his blood ſprinkle the ſtones and mortar, and that then the caſtle would ſtand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merdhin (as you have it to the fifth ſong) was Merlin Ambroſe found: he, being hither brought to the king, ſlighted that pretended ſkill of thoſe magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing ſpirit, undertakes to ſhew the true cauſe of that amazing ruine of the ſtone-work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy ſuperſtruction. The workmen digged to diſcover the truth, and found it ſo. He then beſeeches the king to cauſe them make farther inquiſition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two ſleeping dragons: which proved ſo likewiſe, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons: and upon this event here in [a] Dinas Emrys, as they call it, began he thoſe prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the Britiſh ſtory. Hence queſtionleſs was that fiction of the muſes beſt pupil, the noble Spenſer[b], in ſuppoſing Merlin uſually to viſit his old Timon, whoſe dwelling he places

——— low in a valley green
Under the foot of Rauran moſſy hoar,
From whence the river Dee as ſilver cleen.
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merioneth: but obſerve withall, the difference of the Merlins, Ambroſe and Silveſter, which is before to the fourth ſong; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes king Arthur and this Merlin of one time. Theſe prophecies were by Geffrey ap Arthur at requeſt of Alexander biſhop of Lincoln under Henry I. turned into Latin, and ſome three hundred years ſince had interpretation beſtowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de Inſulis*, who never before, but twice ſince that happy inauguration and mighty increaſe of dominion in our preſent ſovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without conſtraint applyed to ſome event of ſucceeding time; as that which we have before to the fifth ſong of Caerleon, and this, *the Iſle ſhall again be named after Brute*; which is now ſeen by a publick edict, and in ſome of his majeſty's preſent coins, and with more ſuch: yet ſeeing learned [c] men account him but a profeſſor of unjuſtifiable magique, and that all prophecies either fall true, or elſe are among the affecters of ſuch vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I ſhould abuſe you, if I endea-

[a] *Ambroſe's Bury. Itinerar. 2. c. 2.*
[b] *Faery Q. lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.*
[c] *Wier. de præſtigijs Dæmon. 2. cap. 11. & alij.*

endeavoured to perſwade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth beſpeak.

If your conceit yet ſee not the purpoſe of this fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Cluyd (for ſo is the Engliſh of Dyffryn Clwyd) extended from the middle of Denbigh-ſhire to the ſea, about eighteen miles long, and ſome five in breadth, having theſe three excellencies, a fertile ſoil, healthful air, and pleaſant ſeat for habitation, waſht through the middle with this river, and encompaſt on the eaſt, weſt, and ſouth with high mountains, freely receives the wholſome blaſts of the north-wind (much accounted of among builders and geoponiques for immiſſion of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the ſea: whereupon the muſe very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in reſpect of his violence againſt the waters, ſuppoſeth him jealous of Neptune; whoſe raviſhing waves in that troubled Iriſh ſea, and the depreſt ſtate of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That naturally remote ſix Britiſh miles from ſea.

It is in the pariſh of Kilken in Flintſhire, where it ebbeth [d] and floweth in direct oppoſite times to the ſea, as the author deſcribes; they call it [e] Ffynon Leinw: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn ſea, by Newton in [f] Glamorganſhire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common courſe of the moon, aſcending or ſetting) by Dinevor [g] in Caermerdhinſhire. Nor think I any reaſons more difficult to be given, than thoſe which are moſt ſpecially hidden, and moſt frequently ſtrange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and ſprings; in which (before all other) nature ſeems as if ſhe had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, ſo different, ſo remote from conceit of moſt piercing wits; and ſuch unlookt-for operations both of their firſt and ſecond qualities (to uſe the ſchool phraſe of them) are in every chronographer, naturaliſt, and hiſtorian.

Yet to the ſacred fount of Winifrid gives place.

At Haliwel a maritime village, near Baſingwerk in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whoſe ſweetneſs in the moſs, wholſomneſs for bath, and other ſuch uſeful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his firſt Welſh expedition fortified the caſtle of Baſingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their diſſo-

d *Humf. Lhuid. deſcript.*
e *Powel, ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.*
f *Stradling. ap. Camd.*
g *Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.*

lution under [h] Edward II. and was after converted to a neſt of lubberly monks, whoſe ſuperſtitious honouring her more than truth, cauſed this dedication of the fountain; ſo much to their profit (in a kind of merchandize then too ſhamefully in requeſt) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of thoſe, which had there any medicine, beſide increaſing rents which accrued to them yearly out of pardons to ſuch as came thither in ſolemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchas'd of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more ſuch gaining pretences to themſelves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the goſpel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, diſſipated thoſe foggy miſts of error and ſmoak-ſelling impoſture, ended theſe collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but obſerve times compared, and you ſhall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the ſuppoſed time of St. Winfred's martyrdom.

That figure of the Croſs, of which it takes the name.

Depreſt among mountains this valley expreſſes the form of a Croſs, and ſo is call'd the Croſs vale, and in Britiſh Llan Gweſt.

To whom eight leſſer kings with homage did reſort.

Upon comparing our ſtories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the iſles (whom Malmeſbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All theſe, he (thus toucht with imperious affection of glory) ſitting at the ſtern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatneſs as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increaſing, caus'd multitudes of aliens to admire and viſit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this ſo mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, ſuch vicious courſes followed by example, that, even now was the age, when firſt the more ſimple and frugal natures of the Engliſh grew infected with what (in ſome part) yet we languiſh. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduc'd, being [i] *homines integri*, and uſing, *naturali ſimplicitate ſua defenſare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the ſtranger-Saxons an uncivil kind of fierceneſs, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenneſs, and ſuch other; which ſo increaſt, that, for amendment of the laſt, the king was driven to conſtitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, ſet at certain diſtances, beyond which, none durſt ſwallow in that provocation of good fellowſhip.

As thou, the Q. of Iſles, great Britain——

Both for excellence in ſoil and air, as alſo for large continent, ſhe hath this title. And although in ancienteſt time of the Greeks (that hath

h 5 *Ed.* 2.

i Honeſt often by ſimplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. *Malmeſbur.*

hath any ſtory or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the [k] greateſt iſle, and by ſome Sicily, as the old verſes of the [l] Seven tell us, and that by [m] Ptolemy the Eaſt-Indian Tapobran, now called Sumatra, had preheminence of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by compariſon of that with this, either according to the meaſure took of it by Oneſicrit [n] upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in ſubſtance, that

——— [o] οὐδέτις ἄλλη
Νήσοις ἐν πάσῃσι Βρεταvίσιν ἰζοφαρίζει,

as long ſince, Dionyſius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cauſe to call it another World, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others juſtify.

And learning long with us ere 'twas with them in uſe.

For the Druids, being in profeſſion very proportionate in many things to Cabaſtilique and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be ſuppos'd much ancienter than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who [p] before Livius Salinator, and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cæſar, can ſcarce ſhew ſteps of poeſy, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and ſome ſuch now left only in their names (although by pretence of Annius there be a piece of Pictor publiſhed) can produce the title of a ſtory: whereas we have [q] ſome that make that ſuppoſed eldeſt Hiſtorian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, tranſlated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Saluſt, to have lived here, but indeed upon no ſuch warrant as I dare truſt.

Our Geffrey Manmouth firſt our Brutus to deviſe.

It was ſo laid to Geffrey's charge (he was biſhop of St. Aſaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamſted, abbot of St. Alban's, William Petit, call'd William of Newborough and ſome other: but plainly (let the reſt of his ſtory, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welſh (out of which his ſtory was partly tranſlated) and Latin teſtimonies of the Britains, as I have, for the author, more largely ſpoken, to the firſt ſong. And (a little to continue my firſt juſtification, for this time) why may not we as well think that many ſtories and relations, anciently written here, have been by the Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, devoured up from poſterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us, would have ended this controverſy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Polybius, Halicarnaſſeus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out

k *Scylax. Caryand. in περιπλ. Edit. per D. Hoeſchelium.*
l *Euſtath. ad Dionyſ. Afrum.*
m *Geograph. lib. 7. cap. 1.*
n *Solin. polyhiſt. cap.* 66.
o No other iſle is equal to *Britain.*
p *V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib.* 6.
q *Hal. centur. 1.*

of Fabius, Antias, Chereas, Solylus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now loſt writers, becauſe we ſee not the ſelf authors? No, time hath ranſackt more pretious things, and even thoſe ſuper-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyſſop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much reſpecting natural cauſes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias ſuppreſt from ſucceeding ages, if my [r] authority deceive not. So that the loſs in this, and all kinds, to the common-wealth of letters, hath been ſo grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how errour of conceit in ſome, envy in others, and hoſtile invaſion hath bereft us of many monuments moſt precious in all ſorts of literature, if we now enjoy'd their inſtructing uſe: and to conclude, the antiquities of theſe original ages are like thoſe of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; [s] *Cum vetuſtate nimiâ obſcuræ, velut quæ* (as [t] Livy ſays) *magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod perraræ, per eadem tempora Literæ fuêre, una cuſtodia fidelis memoriæ rerum geſtarum; &, quod etiam, ſi quæ in commentariis Pontificum aliiſque publicis privatiſque erant monumentis, incenſa urbe, pleraque interiere.* But all this in effect the muſe tells you in the ſixth canto.

To letters never would their myſteries commit.

What they taught their ſcholars for matter of law, heatheniſh religion, and ſuch learning as they here were preſidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, leſt memory unuſed might ſo fail, they permitted not commiſſion of their lectures and inſtructions to the cuſtody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verſes and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabaliſts; which, until of late time, wrote not, but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their Rabbins. In other matters, private and publick (ſo is [u] Cæſar's aſſertion) they uſed Greek letters, which hath made ſome think that they wrote Greek. But be not eaſily thereto perſwaded. Perhaps they might uſe Greek characters, ſeeing that thoſe which the Greeks then had, and now uſe, were at firſt received from [y] ſtrangers, and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is ſufficiently juſtifiable out of old coins, inſcriptions, and expreſs [z] aſſertion, that the ancient character among the Greeks was almoſt the ſame with that which is now the Latins. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or ſpake Greek, is as if you ſhould affirm the Syriack teſtament to be Hebrew, becauſe publiſhed in Hebrew letters; or ſome Latin treatiſes, Saxon, becauſe in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Iriſh, becauſe they uſed the [a] Iriſh form of writing; or that thoſe books which are

r *In Zerror Hammor. apud Munſt. ad Exod.* 15.

s Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ranſacking the city, &c.

t *Dec.* 1. *lib.* 6. Of the *Druids* ſee fully to the IX. ſong.

u *Cæſar. de Bell. Gallic. lib.* 6.

y *Varro de ling. Lat.* 7.

z *Plin. Hiſt. Nat.* 7. *cap.* 58. *&, ſi placet, videas Annianos illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Æquivocis.*

a *Camd. in Hibernia. &, per* Græcas literas *in arâ Ulyſſis in confinio Rhetiæ & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipſius* Characteres *ſolummodò intelligit.*

are publiſhed in Dutch by ſome Jews in a ſpecial kind of Hebrew letter, ſhould alſo be of the ſame tongue. Obſerve but this paſſage in Cæſar: He ſends by a Gaul (allured to this uſe againſt his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then beſieged about [b] where now is Tourney, & [c] *Græcis conſcripſit literis, ne, interceptâ Epiſtolâ, noſtra* (ſaith he himſelf) *ab hoſtibus conſilia cognoſcantur.* To what purpoſe did he thus, if the Gauls, or their ſtateſmen the Druids underſtood Greek? I know what he [d] writes of thoſe tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but ſhall not ſoon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object [e] Strabo his affirmance, that the Gauls (for as long as I ſpeak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as ſufficient reaſon is elſewhere given) were grown ſuch lovers of that tongue, [f] ὥστε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλλήνιστὶ γράφειν, It is ſoon anſwered, that he ſpeaks only of thoſe about Marſeilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Natolia (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhoſne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nannus king of that coaſt, was choſen (according to their cuſtom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her huſband; hereto ſucceſs grew ſo fortunate, that honourable reſpect on both ſides, join'd with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it ſeem'd, as my author [g] ſays, as if Gaul had been turn'd into Greece, rather than Greece to have travailed into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Marſeilles, Greek was ſo reſpected, nor why in the Romaunt French now ſuch Helleniſms are: here you ſee apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reaſons, that the Druids and Gauls uſed a peculiar tongue, and very likely the ſame with the now Welſh, as moſt learned Camden hath even demonſtrated; although I know ſome great ſcholars there are, which ſtill ſuſpend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of ſuch antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer [h] Hotoman, who preſumes that the word *Græcis* in Cæſar's text is crept in by ignorance of tranſcribers, as he well might, ſeeing thoſe commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæſar, commonly publiſhed, and in divers MSS. with J. Celſus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in ſtile, and ſo variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great [k] critique Lipſius, leſt ſome more impolite hand hath ſow'd many patches of baſe cloth into that more rich web, as his own metaphor expreſſes it. And if thoſe characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighſhire, are of the Druids, as ſome imagine (yet ſeeming very ſtrange and uncouth) then might you more confidently

b *Nervij. de bello Gall.* 5.
c Wrote it in *Greek*, leſt the enemy might by intercepting the letters, diſcover his deſign.
d *De Bell. Gallic.* 1.
e *Geogr.* 4.
f That they wrote their inſtruments of contract in *Greek*.
g *Trog. Pomp. Hiſt.* 43.
h *Franco-Gall. cap.* 2. *quem v. etiam ad Cæſar. Com.*
k *Elect.* 2. *cap.* 7. *Epiſtolic. quæſt.* 2. *cap.* 2.

concur in opinion with Hotoman. In ſumm, I know that *Græcis Æteris* may be taken as well for the language (as in [l] Juſtin I remember, and elſewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be underſtood in any but the laſt ſenſe, although you admit Cæſar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very juſtifiable which the author here implies, by ſlighting Cæſar's authority in Britiſh originals, in reſpect that he never came farther into the iſle than a little beyond Thames towards [m] Berkſhire; although ſome of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Cheſter, as the Scottiſh hiſtorians moſt ſenſleſly of their Julij Hoff built by him, which others refer [n] to Veſpaſian, ſome affirm it a temple [o] of the god Terminus; whereas it ſeems expreſly to be built by Caraufius, in time of Diocleſian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

l *Hiſt. lib.* 20. *in extrema.*
m *Cæſarem ſi legas, tibi ipſi ſatisfacias, verùm & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Baln.*
n *Veremund. ap. Hect. Boet. hiſt.* 3.
o *Buchanan. hiſt.* 4. *in Donaldo.*

POLY-OLBION:

The ELEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muſe, her native earth to ſee,
Returns to England over Dee;
Viſits ſtout Cheſhire, and there ſhows
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphets ſporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.
Weever, the great devotion ſings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Thoſe riverets doth together call,
That into him and Merſey fall.
Thence bearing to the ſide of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

WITH as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we firſt ſet forth, obſerving every ſtate,

The

The muſe from Cambria comes, with pinions ſumm'd and ſound:
And having put her ſelf upon the Engliſh ground,
Firſt ſeiſeth in her courſe the nobleſt Ceſtrian ſhore;
§. Of our great Engliſh bloods as careful here of yore,
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be then;
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheſhire, chief of men.
§. And of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities enroll'd:
Beſides, in many fields ſince conquering William came,
Her people ſhe hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightieſt men of bone, in her full boſom bred:
And neither of them ſuch as cold penurious need
Spurs to each raſh attempt; but ſuch as ſoundly feed,
Clad in warm Engliſh cloth; and maim'd ſhould they return
(Whom this falſe ruthleſs world elſe from their doors would ſpurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to ſuſtain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the land-lord's charge maintain;
But as abroad in war, he ſpent of his eſtate;
Returning to his home, his hoſpitable gate
The richer and the poor ſtood open to receive.
They, of all England, moſt to ancient cuſtoms cleave,
Their yeomanry and ſtill endeavour'd to uphold.
For rightly whilſt her ſelf brave England was of old,
And our courageous kings us forth to conqueſts led,
Our armies in thoſe times (near through the world ſo dread)
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the moſt;
Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently boaſt,
§. Our leopards they ſo long and bravely did advance
Above the fleur de lis, even in the heart of France.
O! thou thrice happy ſhire, confined ſo to be
'Twixt two ſo famous floods, as Merſey is, and Dee!
Thy Dee upon the weſt from Wales doth thee divide:
Thy Merſey on the north, from the Lancaſtrian ſide,

Thy

Thy natural ſiſter-ſhire; and linkt unto thee ſo,
That Lancaſhire along with Cheſhire ſtill doth go.
As tow'rds the Derbian Peak, and Moreland (which do draw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd Shutlingſlaw
And Molcop be thy mounds, with thoſe proud hills whence rove
The lovely ſiſter brooks, the ſilvery Dane and Dove;
Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to the weſt.
But, in that famous town, moſt happy of the reſt,
(From which thou tak'ſt thy name) fair Cheſter, call'd of old
§. Carlegion; whilſt proud Rome her conqueſts here did hold,
Of thoſe her legions known the faithful ſtation then,
So ſtoutly held to tack by thoſe near North-wales men;
Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
§. As her the Britons term'd, the fortreſs upon Dee,
Than vainly ſhe would ſeem a miracle to ſtand,
Th'imaginary work of ſome huge giant's hand:
Which if ſuch ever were, tradition tells not who.

But back a while, my muſe: to Weever let us go,
Which (with himſelf compar'd) each Britiſh flood doth ſcorn;
His fountain and his fall, both Cheſter's rightly born;
The country in his courſe, that clean through doth divide,
Cut in two equal ſhares upon his either ſide:
And, what the famous flood far more than that enriches,
The bracky fountains are, thoſe two renowned Wyches,
The Nant-wych, and the North; whoſe either briny well,
For ſtore and ſorts of ſalts, make Weever to excel.
Beſides their general uſe, not had by him in vain,
§. But in himſelf thereby doth holineſs retain
Above his fellow floods: whoſe healthful virtues taught,
Hath of the ſea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be ſought
For phyſick in their need: and Thetis oft hath ſeen,
When by their wanton ſports her Ner'ides have been
So ſick, that Glaucus' ſelf hath failed in their cure:
Yet Weever, by his ſalts, recovery durſt aſſure.
And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
Into her ſecret walks (the depths profound and dread)

Of

Of him (ſuppos'd ſo wiſe) the hid events to know
Of things that were to come, as things done long ago.
In which he had been prov'd moſt exquiſite to be;
And bare his fame ſo far, that oft 'twixt him and Dee
Much ſtrife there hath aroſe in their prophetick ſkill.
But to conclude his praiſe, our Weever here doth will
The muſe his ſource to ſing; as how his courſe he ſteers:
Who from his nat'ral ſpring, as from his neighb'ring meres
Sufficiently ſupply'd, ſhoots forth his ſilver breaſt,
As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the eaſt;
Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
Till Aſhbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,
Which to his journey's end him earneſtly do haſte:
Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taſte
Of her moſt ſavory ſalt, is, by the ſacred touch,
Forc'd faſter in his courſe, his motion quicken'd much
To North-wych: and at laſt, as he approacheth near
Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black ominous mere
Accounted one of thoſe that England's wonders make;
Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of ſtrangers, Brereton's-lake;
Whoſe property ſeems far from reaſon's way to ſtand:
For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
She ſends up ſtocks of trees, that on the top do float;
By which the world her firſt did for a wonder note.
His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds her race:
When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes apace
To put-in with thoſe ſtreams his ſacred ſteps that tread,
Into the mighty waſte of Merſey him to lead.
Where, when the rivers meet, with all their ſtately train,
Proud Merſey is ſo great in entring of the main,
As he would make a ſhew for empery to ſtand,
And wreſt the three-forkt mace from out grim Neptune's hand;
To Cheſhire highly bound for that his watry ſtore,
As to the groſſer [a] loughs on the Lancaſtrian ſhore.

From

[a] Meres or ſtanding Lakes.

From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Peakiſh ſpring,
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whoſe ſhagg'd Sylvans ſhe
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to be:
Who in the darkſome holes and caverns kept her long,
And that proud foreſt made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to ſtay;
Which to her ſtream, ſweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom, upon their road ſhe pleaſantly reports
The many mirthful jeſts, and wanton woodiſh ſports
In Maxfield they have had; as of that foreſt's fate:
Until they come at length, where Merſey for more ſtate
Aſſuming broader banks, himſelf ſo proudly bears,
That at his ſtern approach, extended Wyrral fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Merſey, and the Dee)
In very little time devoured he might be:
Out of the foaming ſurge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the fore-land ſee how richly he had ſped.
Which Merſey chears ſo much, that with a ſmiling brow
He fawns on both thoſe floods; their amorous arms that throw
About his goodly neck, and bar'd their ſwelling breaſts:
On which whilſt lull'd with eaſe, his pleaſed cheek he reſts,
The Naiads, ſitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are buſied with their combs, to braid his verdant locks,
Whilſt in their cryſtal eyes he doth for Cupids look:
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who ſhews her ſelf all dreſt in moſt delicious flowers;
And ſitting like a queen, ſees from her ſhady bowers
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-footed fauns,
To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
As over [b] holt and heath, as thorough [c] frith and [d] fell;
And oft at barly-break, and priſon-baſe, to tell
(In carrolds as they courſe) each other all the joys,
The paſſages, deceits, the ſleights, the amorous toys
The

[b] A wood growing on a hill on knole.
[c] High wood.
[d] Low coppice.

The ſubtile ſea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to win.
But Weever now again to warn them doth begin
To leave theſe trivial toys, which inly he did hate,
That neither them beſeem'd, nor ſtood with his eſtate
(Being one that gave him ſelf induſtriouſly to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago:
To which, the flood himſelf ſo wholly did apply,
As though upon his ſkill, the reſt ſhould all rely)
And bent himſelf to ſhew, that yet the Britons bold,
Whom the laborious muſe ſo highly had extoll'd,
Thoſe later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds,
And therefore with their praiſe thus zealouſly proceeds;
'Whilſt the celeſtial powers th'arrived time attend,
'When o'er this general iſle the Britons reign ſhould end,
'And for the ſpoiling Pict here proſp'rouſly had wrought,
'Into th'afflicted land which ſtrong invaſion brought,
'And to that proud attempt, what yet his power might want,
'The ill-diſpoſed heavens, Brute's offſpring to ſupplant,
'Their angry plagues down-pour'd, inſatiate in their waſte
'(Needs muſt they fall, whom heaven doth to deſtruction
'haſte.)
'And that which laſtly came to conſummate the reſt,
'Thoſe prouder Saxon powers (which liberally they preſt
'Againſt th' invading Pict, of purpoſe hired in)
'From thoſe which paid them wage, the iſland ſoon did win;
'And ſooner overſpread, being maſters of the field;
'Thoſe, firſt for whom they fought, too impotent to wield
'A land within itſelf that had ſo great a foe;
'And therefore thought it fit them wiſely to beſtow:
'Which over Severn here they in the mountains ſhut,
'And ſome upon that point of Cornwall forth they put.
'Yet forced were they there their ſtations to defend.
'Nor could our men permit the Britons to deſcend
'From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their blood as high,
'§. From Woden, by which name they ſtiled Mercury.
'Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here before,
'More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this ſhore,
'Than

'Than Hengiſt's noble heirs; their idols that to raiſe,
'§. Here put their German names upon our weekly days.
Theſe noble Saxons were a nation hard and ſtrong,
'On ſundry lands and ſeas in warfare nuzzled long;
'Affliction throughly knew; and in proud fortune's ſpight,
'Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her utmoſt might:
'Who under Hengiſt firſt, and Horſa, their brave chiefs,
'From Germany [a]arriv'd, and with the ſtrong reliefs
'Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to ſupply,
'Which anciently had been of their affinity,
'By Scythia firſt ſent out, which could not give them meat,
'Were forc'd to ſeek a ſoil wherein themſelves to ſeat.
'Them at the laſt on Danſk their lingring fortune drave,
'Where Holſt unto their troops ſufficient harbour gave.
'Theſe with the Saxons went, and fortunately wan:
'Whoſe captain, Hengiſt, firſt a kingdom here began
'In Kent; where his great heirs, ere other princes roſe
'Of Saxony's deſcent, their fulneſs to oppoſe,
'With ſwelling Humber's ſide their empire did confine.
'And of the reſt, not leaſt renowned of their line,
'§. Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' firſt chriſtned Engliſh king,
'To preach the faith of Chriſt, was firſt did hither bring
'Wiſe Auguſtine the monk, from holy Gregory ſent.
'This moſt religious king, with moſt devout intent,
'That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
'And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
'His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
'From that firſt chriſtned king, the ſecond in that reign.
'The gluttony then us'd ſeverely to ſuppreſs,
'And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd by exceſs)
'§. That abſtinence from fleſh for forty days began,
'Which by the name of Lent is known to every man.
'As mighty Hengiſt here, by force of arms had done,
'§ So Ella coming in, ſoon from the Britons won
'The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying from the main
'Directly to the South, did properly obtain

'The

[a] See, concerning their coming, to the 1ſt, 4th, and 8th ſongs.

'The Southern Saxons name; and not the laſt thereby
'Amongſt the other reigns which made the Heptarchy:
'So in the high deſcent of that South-Saxon king,
'We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
'Wiſe Ethelwald: alone who Chriſtian not became,
'But willing that his folk ſhould all receive the name,
'§. Saint Wilfrid (ſent from York) into this realm receiv'd
'(Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his ſee bereav'd)
'And on the ſouth of Thames, a ſeat did him afford,
'By whom that people firſt receiv'd the ſaving word.
'As likewiſe from the loins of Erchinwin (who rais'd
'Th' Eaſt-Saxons kingdom firſt) brave Sebert may be prais'd:
'Which, as that king of Kent, had with ſuch coſt and ſtate
'Built Paul's; his greatneſs ſo (this king to imitate)
'Began the goodly church of Weſtminſter to rear:
'The primer Engliſh kings ſo truly zealous were.
'Then [b] Sebba of his ſeed, that did them all ſurpaſs,
'Who fitter for a ſhrine than for a ſcepter was,
'(Above the power of fleſh, his appetite to ſtarve
'That his deſired Chriſt he ſtrictly might obſerve)
'Even in his height of life, in health, in body ſtrong,
'Perſuaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
'To ſeparate themſelves, and in a ſole eſtate,
'After religious ſort themſelves to dedicate.
'Whoſe nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his high praiſe
'(Enriching that proud fane his grandſire firſt did raiſe)
'Abandoned the world he found ſo full of ſtrife,
'And after liv'd in Rome a ſtrict religious life.
'Nor theſe our princes here, of that pure Saxon ſtrain,
'Which took unto themſelves each one their ſeveral reign,
'For their ſo godly deeds deſerved greater fame,
'Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with them came;
'Who ſharing-out themſelves a kingdom in the Eaſt,
'With th' Eaſtern Angles name their circuit did inveſt,

'By

[b] Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

'By Uffa in that part ſo happily begun:
'Whoſe ſucceſſors the crown for martyrdom have won
'From all before or ſince that ever ſuffer'd here;
'§. Redwald's religious ſons: who for their Saviour dear,
'By cruel heatheniſh hands unmercifully ſlain,
'Amongſt us evermore remember'd ſhall remain,
'And in the roll of ſaints muſt have a ſpecial room,
'Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald ſhall come.
'When in that way they went, next Sebert them ſucceeds,
'Scarce ſeconded again for ſanctimonious deeds:
'Who for a private life when he his rule reſign'd,
'And to his cloyſter long had ſtrictly him confin'd,
'A corſlet for his cowl was glad again to take,
'His country to defend (for his religion's ſake)
'Againſt proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan power,
'Thoſe chriſtned Angles then of purpoſe to devour:
'And ſuff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heatheniſh pride,
'As he a ſaint had liv'd, a conſtant martyr dy'd.
'When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long
'Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by wrong,
'§. Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought him in,
'Even at what time the Danes this iſland ſought to win:
'Who chriſtned ſoon became, and as religious grown
'As thoſe moſt heatheniſh were who ſet him on his throne,
'Did expiate in that place his predeceſſors guilt,
'Which ſo much Chriſtian blood ſo cruelly had ſpilt.
'For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures try,
'His Saviour Jeſus Chriſt to force him to deny;
'Firſt beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
'His body full of ſhafts then cruelly they ſhot;
'The conſtant martyr'd king, a ſaint thus juſtly crown'd.
'To whom even in that place, that monument renown'd
'Thoſe after-ages built to his eternal fame.
'What Engliſh hath not heard [e] Saint Edmond Bury's
'name?

'As

[e] In Suffolk.

'As of thoſe Angles here, ſo from their loins again,
'Whoſe hands hew'd out their way to the Weſt-Saxon
'reign,
'(From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to deſcend)
'A partnerſhip in fame great Ina might pretend
'With any king ſince firſt the Saxons came to ſhore.
'Of all thoſe chriſtned here, who highlier did adore
'The God-head, than that man? or more that did apply
'His power t' advance the church in true ſincerity?
'Great Glaſtonbury then ſo wondrouſly decay'd,
'Whoſe old foundation firſt the ancient Britons laid,
'He glorioufly rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
'And many a ſumptuous cope, to uſes conſecrate:
'Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
'Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he ſhall ſtand.
'From [d] Otta (born with him who did this iſle invade)
'And had a conqueſt firſt of the Northumbrians made,
'And tributary long of mightier Hengiſt held,
'Till Ida (after born) the Kentiſh power expell'd,
'And abſolutely ſat on the Dierian ſeat,
'But afterward reſign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:
'An army into Wales who for invaſion led,
'At Cheſter and in fight their forces vanquiſhed;
'Into their utter ſpoil, then publick way to make,
'The long-religious houſe of goodly Bangor brake,
'§. And ſlew a thouſand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.
'For which his cruel ſpoil upon the Chriſtians made
'(Though with the juſt conſent of Chriſtian Saxons ſlain)
'His blood, the heatheniſh hands of Redwald did diſtain.
'That murderer's iſſue next, this kingdom were exil'd:
'And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as juſt and mild
'As th' other faithleſs were: nor could time ever bring
'In all the ſeven-fold rule an abſoluter king;
'And more t' advance the faith, his utmoſt power that lent:
'§. Who re-ordained York a biſhop's government;
'And ſo much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of trade,
'Where fountains fitly were, he iron diſhes made,

[d] Otta, brother to Hengiſt.

'And faſtned them with chains the way-farer to eaſe,
'And the poor pilgrim's thirſt, there reſting, to appeaſe.
'As Mercia,'mongſt the reſt, ſought not the leaſt to rai
'The ſaving Chriſtian faith, nor merits humbler praiſe.
'§. Nor thoſe that from the ſtem of Saxon Creda came
'(The Britons who expulſt) were any whit in fame,
'For piety and zeal, behind the others beſt;
'Though heath'niſh Penda long and proudly did infeſt
'The chriſtned neighbouring kings, and forc'd them all
'to bow;
'Till Oſwy made to God a moſt religious vow,
'Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to grant,
'That he this Panim prince in battle might ſupplant,
'A recluſe he would give his daughter and delight,
'Sweet Alfled then in youth, and as the morning, bright:
'And having his requeſt, he gave as he obtain'd;
'Though his unnatural hands ſucceeding Wulpher ſtain'd
'In his own childrens blood, whom their dear mother had
'§. Confirm'd in Chriſt's belief, by that moſt reverend Chad:
'Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
'(For the unnatural'ſt deed that e'er was done by man)
'If poſſible it were to expiate his guilt,
'Here many a goodly houſe to holy uſes built:
'And ſhe (to purge his crime on her dear children done)
'A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.
'What age a godlier prince than Etheldred could bring?
'Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?
'Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his fleſh did tame,
'The other went to Rome, and there a monk became.
'So, Ethelbald may well be ſet the reſt among:
'Who, though moſt vainly given when he was hot and
'young;
'Yet, by the wiſe reproof of godly biſhops, brought
'From thoſe unſtay'd delights by which his youth was
caught,
'He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
'§. And (through his rule) the church from taxes ſtrong-
'ly freed.

'Then

'Then to the eaſtern ſea, in that deep wat'ry fen
'(Which ſeem'd a thing ſo much impoſſible to men)
'He that great abbey built of Crowland,[e] as though he
Would have no other's work like his foundation be.
'As, Offa greater far than any him before:
'Whoſe conqueſts ſcarcely were ſuffic'd with all the ſhore;
'But over into Wales adventurouſly he ſhot
'His Mercia's ſpacious *Mere, and Powſland to it got.
'This king, even in that place, where with rude heaps of
'ſtones
'§. The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's bones,
'That goodly abby built to Alban; as to ſhow
'How much the ſons of Brute ſhould to the Saxons owe.
'But when by powerful heaven it was decreed at laſt,
'That all thoſe ſevenfold rules ſhould into one be caſt
'(Which quickly to a head by[f] Britrik's death was brought)
'Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been taught,
'Returning home, was king of the Weſt-Sexians made,
'Whoſe people, then moſt rich and potent, him perſuade
'(As once it was of old) to monarchize the land.
'Who following their advice, firſt with a warlike hand
'The Corniſh overcame; and thence, with proſperous ſails,
'O'er Severn ſet his powers into the heart of Wales;
'And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle wag'd:
'Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds enrag'd,
'Went on againſt reſt. Which, ſadly when they ſaw
'How thoſe had ſped before, with moſt ſubjective awe
'Submit them to his ſword: who proſperouſly alone
'Reduc'd the ſeven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
'(§. Extirping other ſtiles) and gave it England's name
'Of th'Angles, from whoſe race his nobler fathers came.
'When ſcarcely Egbert here an entire rule began,
'But inſtantly the [g] Dane the iſland over-ran;
'A people, that their own thoſe Saxons paid again.
'For, as the Britons firſt they treacherouſly had ſlain,

[e] Offa's ditch.
[f] Egbert's predeceſſor.
[g] See Song the firſt.

'This third upon their necks a heavier burden laid,
'Than they had upon thoſe whom falſly they betray'd.
'And for each other's ſtates, though oft they here did toil,
'§. A people from their firſt bent naturally to ſpoil,
'That cruelty with them from their beginning brought;
'Yet when the Chriſtian faith in them had throughly
'wrought,
'Of any in the world no ſtory ſhall us tell,
'Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
'That in theſe drowſy times ſhould I in publick bring
'Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
'The world might ſtand amaz'd in this our age to ſee
'Thoſe goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious we
'Let every day decay; and yet we only live
'By the great freedoms then thoſe kings to theſe did give.
'Wiſe Segbert (worthy praiſe) preparing us the ſeat
'§. Of famous Cambridge firſt, then with endowments
'great
'The muſes to maintain, thoſe ſiſters thither brought.
'By whoſe example, next, religious Alfred taught,
'Renowned Oxford built t'Apollo's learned brood;
'And on the hallowed bank of Iſis' goodly flood,
'Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers provide.
'§. He into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.
'So, valiant Edgar, firſt, moſt happily deſtroy'd
'The multitudes of wolves, that long the land annoy'd.
'And our good Edward here, the confeſſor and king
'(Unto whoſe ſumptuous ſhrine our monarchs off'rings
bring)
'That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat and jaws,
'When phyſic could not find the remedy nor cauſe,
'And much it did afflict his ſickly people here,
'He of Almighty God obtain'd by earneſt pray'r,
'This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
'§. Which he an heir-loom left unto the Engliſh throne.
'So, our ſaint Edward here, for England's general uſe,
'§. Our country's common laws did faithfully produce,
'Both from th' old Britiſh writ, and from the Saxon tongue.
Of foreſts, hills and floods, when now a mighty throng

For

For audience cry'd aloud; becauſe they late had heard,
That ſome high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly dar'd
With words that very much had ſtir'd his rancorous ſpleen:
Where, though clear Severn ſet her princely ſelf between
The Engliſh and the Welſh, yet could not make them ceaſe:
Here, Weaver, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
His place of ſpeech reſigns; and to the Muſe refers
The hearing of the cauſe, to ſtickle all theſe ſtirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOW are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of ſituation, imitating therein the ordinary courſe of chorography, the firſt ſhire eaſtward (from Denbigh and Flint, laſt ſung by the muſe) Cheſhire is here ſurveyed.

Of our great Engliſh bloods as careful ———

For, as generally in theſe northern parts of England, the Gentry is from ancient time left preſerved in the continuance of name, blood, and place; ſo moſt particularly in this Cheſhire, and the adjoining Lancaſhire: which, out of their numerous families, of the ſame name, with their chief houſes and lordſhips, hath [a] been obſerved.

And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title, Lancaſter, Durham, and Ely: and, until later [b] time, Hexamſhire in the weſtern part of Northumberland, was ſo reputed. William the Conqueror firſt created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Cheſter, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown.* By this ſupremacy of liberty he made to himſelf Barons, which might aſſiſt him in council, and had their courts and coniſance of pleas in ſuch ſort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus iſta omnia,* is ſubſcribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monaſtery of St, Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was; but ſo, that it extended firſt only to him [d] which had care of the houſhold and imperial revenue; which is now (ſo ſaith [e] Weſembech; I affirm it not) as the Marſhal in other courts: but was alſo communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitiva dignitas,* to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or deſert, as the code teacheth us. In later times both in Germany

a *Camd. in Cornw. & Brigant.*
b *Stat. 14. Eliz. c. 13.*
d *Cs de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Eu-ſeb. de vit. Conſtantin. & Cod. lib. 12.*
e *In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.*

many (as you see in the Palsgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shews long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct Palatine government, as Peter Pithou [f] hath at large published) and in this kingdom such were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their state-carriage, gain'd full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Countes de Palais*, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry IIId. and Q. Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then earl of Chester bare, before the king, St. Edward's sword, called Curtein, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as [g] Duke of Lancaster; and wish you to examine the passages there, with what Bracton [h] hath of Earls, and our year [i] books of the High Constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of [k] Resumption, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleurs de lis*, and *three Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces (as you have it in Froissart) who bare the French [l] arms, being then *Azure semy* with *Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing: nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, [m] *Misit ergo* (saith *Matthew Paris*) *Imperator* (that is, *Frederick* II.) *regi Anglorum tres Leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres Leopardi transeuntes figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, *quem sceptra colunt* Leopardi.

And

f *Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Bric. Palatinorum nostrorum nomine Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 263.*

g *Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commis. apud Crompt. Jurisdict. Cur.*

h *De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.*

i 6 *Hen. 8. Kelaway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.*

k 27 *Hen. 8. cap. 24.*

l *V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.*

m 19 *Hen. 3.*

And Edward [n] IV. granted to Lewis of Bruges earl of Wincheſter, that he ſhould bear *d'Azure, a dix Maſeles enarme d'un canton de noſtre propre armes d'Engleterre, c'eſt aſſavoir, de Goules ung Leopard paſſant d'Or, arme d'Azure*, as the patent ſpeaks: And likewiſe [o] Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roſes, and *Summo ſcuti partitum principale de Azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante Leopardo*, and calls them *Parcellæ Armorum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure debentur regio*. I know it is otherwiſe now received, but withall, that princes being ſupreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done [p] upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time; and it ſeems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for ſimilitude of delineaments and compoſture (as in the bearing of Normandy, the County of Zutphen, and ſuch more) being blazon'd in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion-Leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a great [q] ſtudent in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the acceſſion of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with queen Eleanor divorced from Lewis of France) to be the firſt three lions, born by the Engliſh kings.

Caerlegion whilſt proud Rome her conqueſts here did hold.

You have largely in that our moſt learned antiquary, the cauſe of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Veſpaſian's time. I will only note, that Leland [r] hath long ſince found fault with William of [s] Malmeſbury for affirming it ſo called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum reſedêre*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæſar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) ſo named, and then is the imputation laid on that beſt of the monks, unjuſt: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not ſufficiently warrantable, in reſpect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmeſbury's time as (it ſeems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of S. Auguſtines in Canterbury, evidently perſwades the contrary.

——————the fortreſs upon Dee.

At this day in *Britiſh* ſhe is call'd [t] **Caer Lheon ar dour dwy**, i. e. *the City of Legions upon the river Dee*. Some vulgar antiquaries have referr'd the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it: I, nor they, know not who, or when he liv'd. But indeed ridiculouſly they took [u] **Leon Dawr** for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes preſently.

But in himſelf thereby doth Holineſs retain.

n *Pat.* 12. *Ed.* 4. *part.* 1. *memb.* 12.
o *Pat.* 27 *Hen.* 6. *num.* 46.
p *Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio*, 2.
q *Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l.* 3.
r *In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.*
s *De Pontificib. lib.* 4.
t *Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.*
u A great legion.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the seventh song. Wever, by reason of the salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physick, and prophecy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the [x] true God, מלח ברית [a] in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol [b] of perpetual friendship, that in Homer [c] Πάντα δ' Ἁλὸς Θείοιο, the title of [d] Ἁγνίτης given it by Lycophron, and [e] passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

From Woden, by which name they stiled Mercury.

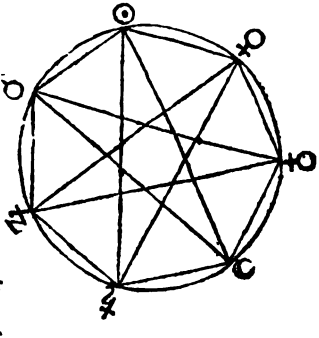
Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer it self. For this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an *Anonymus de Regali Prosopia*, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godulph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving [h] himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors nam'd, special mention is found in Paul [i] Warnfred who makes Frea his wife (others call her Fricco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam [k] of Breme, which describe him as Mars; but in Geffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirm'd the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Wodensday* (according to the dutch Woedensdagh) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to *Merc*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by [l] Lipsius, fetching *Wodan* from Woen or Woen, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Woendan*, expressing in that sense the self name [n] Ἑρμῆς Κερδῶος used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here

[a] *Levit.* 2. *comm.* 13. & *Num.* 18.
[b] Salt of the covenant.
[c] *Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect.* 12. *c.* 1. *V. Plutarch. Sympos.* 8. *cap.* 10.
[d] *Iliad.* 1. *Vid. Lips. Saturnal.* 1. *cap.* 2.
[e] *In Cassandra.*
[e] *Cæl. Ant. Lect.* 11. *cap.* 22.
[h] *Damian. a Goes de morib. Æthiopum.*
[i] *De Longobard.* 1. *c.* 8.
[k] *Hist. Ecclesiast. lib.* 4. *cap.* 91.
[l] *Ad Tacit. Germ. not.* 32.
[n] *Mercury* president of *Gain.*

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their *Sunnen* for the ſun, *Monan* for the moon, *Tuiſco*, or *Tuiſto* (of whom ſee to the fourth ſong) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Jupiter*, *Fre*, *Frie*, or *Frigo* for *Venus*, *Sætern* for *Saturn*, they ſtiled their days Sunnan-dæg, Monandæg, tuiſcons-dæg, þoden-dæg, þonr-dæg, frigu-dæg, ſæternes-dæg: thence came our names now uſed *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tueſday*, *Wodenſday*, *Thurſday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*; which planetary accompt was very ancient among the [o] Ægyptians (having much Hebrew diſcipline) but ſo ſuperſtitious, that, being great aſtronomers and very obſervant of myſteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the jewiſh ſabbath and impoſed the name of Saturn, on the next ſun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you eaſily conceive it. One might ſeek, yet miſs the reaſons of that form; but nothing gives ſatisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joſeph Scaliger, [p] whoſe intended reaſon for it is thus. In a circle deſcribe an heptagonal and equilateral figure; from whoſe every ſide ſhall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles reſpectively on the corners of the inſcribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right ſide of any of the baſes begin your account, from that to the oppoſitly noted planet, thence to his oppoſite, and ſo ſhall you find a continued courſe in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon myſteries of number, and interchanged government by thoſe ſuperior bodies over this habitable orb) which ſome have ſweated at, in inquiry of proportions, muſick diſtances, and referr'd it to planetary hours: whereas they (the very name of hour for a twenty fourth part of a day, being unuſual till about the *Peloponneſiaque* war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar aſtrologers receive in ſuppoſition. At laſt, by Conſtantine the great, and pope Silveſter, the name of *Sun-day*, was turn'd into the [q] *Lords-day*; as it is ſtiled *Dominicus & Κυριακὴ*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the reſt not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the firſt, ſecond, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Eaſter-week, the beginning of the eccleſiaſtick year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tueſday*. You may note here that Cæſar [r] was deceived in telling us, the Germans worſhipt no other gods but *quos cernunt*, &



[o] *Diod. Hiſt. Rom.* λζ.

[p] *De Emendat. Temp.* 1. *Eundem de hâc re Prolegom. & lib.* 7. *Doctorum meritò egregiſſimus.*

[q] *Nicephor. Calliſt. Eccleſ. Hiſt.* 7. *cap.* μϛ. *Polyd. Invent. Rer.* 6. *cap.* 5.

[r] *Comment. Gallic.* 6.

& quorum opibus apertè juvantur, Solem, Vulcanum & Lunam, *reliquos ne famâ quidem accepiſſe*; for you ſee more than thoſe thus honoured by them, as alſo they had [t] their Θοτερ Monath for April, dedicated to ſome adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the diſcovery of the northern parts was but in weakeſt infancy, when he deliver'd it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent firſt chriſtned Engliſh king.

About the year ſix hundred Chriſtianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being firſt induced to taſte that happineſs by Berta his queen, a chriſtian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward baptized by Auguſtine a monk, ſent hither, with other workmen, for ſuch a harveſt, by Pope Gregory the firſt, zealouſly being mov'd to converſion of the Engliſh nation: ſo that after the firſt coming of Hengiſt, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you ſee to the eighth ſong) received it, at all impart it by inſtruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White [u] of Baſingſtoke (I muſt cite his name, you would laugh at me, if I affirm'd it) refers to Kent's Paganiſm, and Britiſh Chriſtianity before this converſion, the original of our vulgar by-word *Nor in Chriſtendom, Nor in Kent.*

That abſtinence of fleſh for forty days began.

Began it here, ſo underſtand him; for plainly that Faſting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing [x] epiſtle of Pope Teleſphorus, conſtituting that the clergy ſhould faſt from *Quinquageſima* (that is, Shrove Sunday) to Eaſter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to ſix weeks, accounted, as now, from the firſt Sunday in Lent; ſo that even from the [y] firſt of chriſtianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it ſeems, it hath been obſerved, although I know it hath been refer'd to Teleſphorus, as firſt author. He died in the year 140. of Chriſt. But if you compare this of him with [z] that of Pope Melchiades (ſome 170. years after) taking away the faſt upon a Sunday and Thurſday, you will loſe therein forty days, and the common name of *Quadrageſime*; but again find it thus. S. [a] Gregory (after both theſe) makes Lent to be ſo kept, that yet no faſting be upon Sundays; becauſe (among other reaſons) he would have it as the tenth of time conſecrated to God in prayer and abſtinence (and the canoniſts, [b] how juſtly I argue not, put it in their diviſion of perſonal tithes.) Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the firſt Sunday in Lent to Eaſter, are ſix weeks, that is, forty two days, whence ſix Sundays ſubtracted, remain thirty ſix, which (fractions avoided) is

t *Bed. lib. de Temporibus.*
u *Hiſt.* 7. *not.* 24.
x *Diſt.* 4. *c.* 4. *ſtatuimus & ibid D. Ambroſius.*
y *Ita etiam Baronius, ſed & vide Euſebii Chronic. in Sixto* 1.
z *Diſt.* 4. *de Conſecrat. cap.* 14. *Jejunium.*
a *In Homil. diſt.* 5. *de Conſecrat. cap.* 16.
b *Rebuff. tract. de decim quæſt.* 3. *num.* 31.

is the quotient of 365. being the number of the common year, divided by ten. But ſeeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his faſting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the firſt week, the four laſt days of the *Quinquageſima*, that is, *Aſhwedneſday*, *Thurſday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*; ſo keeping both his conceit of tithing, and alſo obſervation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our aſſay'd abſtinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmeſbury, beſide their later followers, are witneſſes. Their Saxon name near ours was [c] Lengcten-fæſten, as the other four faſts ymbren fæſten.

So Ella coming in, ſoon from the Britons won.

Near forty years after the Saxons firſt arrival, Ælla (of the ſame nation) with his ſons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Ciſſa, landed at Cimenſhore in the now Suſſex (it is ſuppoſed [d] to be near the Witterings by Chicheſter) and having his forces increaſt by ſupply, after much blood ſhed betwixt him and the Britons, and long ſiege of the city Andredceaſter, now Newenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectures) got ſupreme dominion of thoſe ſouthern parts, with title of king of Suſſex, whoſe ſon and ſucceſſor Ciſſa's name, is yet there left in [e] Cyſſa-ceaſtep for Chicheſter, and in a hill incircled with a deep trench for military defence, call'd Ciſs-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentiſh; for he was the firſt made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South-Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy, which had title of *ſoft*, or chief King of the Angles and Saxons, ſo this Ælla not only was honoured with [f] it, but alſo the prerogative by priority of time, in firſt enjoying it, before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the moſt part ſtill under the Kentiſh and Weſt-Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid ſent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This Wilfrid archbiſhop of York, expell'd that ſee by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherwiſe Ethelwalch, being before chriſtened through religious perſwaſion of his god-father Wulpher king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the goſpel. He endow'd this Wilfrid with Selſey a cheroneſe in Suſſex, and was ſo founder of a biſhoprick, afterward tranſlated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cicheſter, whoſe cathedral church in publick monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom ſee to the ninth ſong) king of Weſt-Sex for her firſt creator: but the reaſon of that was rather becauſe Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he ſlew) ſo honoured Wilfrid, [g] *ut Magiſtrum & Dominum omnis Provinciæ eum præfecit, nihil in tota Provincia ſine illius aſſenſu faciendum arbitratus*; whereupon it was,

[c] *Camt. leg.* 16.
[d] *Ex antiq. charta Eccleſ. Seluſenſ. ap. Camden.*
[e] So is it call'd in *Florent. Wigorn.* p. 331. kingdom of *Suſſex.*
[f] *Ethelwerd. hiſt.* 3. *c.* 2. *Bed. hiſt.* 2. *cap.* 5.
[g] *Malmſb. de geſt. Pontific.* 3.

was, as it ſeems, thought fit (according to courſe of yielding with the ſway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for firſt patron of that epiſcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Chriſt's profeſſion, continued without rain; in ſo much that famine, and her companion peſtilence, ſo vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they uſed hand in hand, to end their miſeries in the ſwallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but, that all ceaſed upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them alſo firſt (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fiſh, being before ſkilled only in taking of eels. I know, [h] ſome make Eadbert abbot of the monaſtery in Seliſey, under king Ine, firſt biſhop there, adding, that before his time the province was ſubject to Wincheſter; but that rightly underſtood diſcords not; that is, if you refer it to inſtauration of what was diſcontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbiſhoprick.

Adopting for his heir young Edmund———

Penda king of Mercland had ſlain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of Eaſt-angles, and ſo in dominion might be ſaid to have poſſeſt that kingdom; but Anna had divers ſucceſſors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traiterouſly ſlain in a plot diſſembled by Offa king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy conſounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon, into name of ſucceſſor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoy'd, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hinguar a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miſerable torture martyred, upon the nineteenth of November, 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

And ſlew a thouſand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid or Edilfrid king of Northumberland, aſpiring to increaſe his territories, made war againſt the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Cheſter, near the onſet, he ſaw, with wonder, a multitude of monks aſſembled, in a place by, ſomewhat ſecure; demanded the cauſe, and was ſoon inform'd that they were there ready to aſſiſt his enemies ſwords with their devout orizons, and had one call'd Brocmail, profeſſing their defence from the Engliſh forces. The king no ſooner heard this, but *Ergo* (ſaith he being a heathen) *ſi adverſus nos, ad Dominum ſuum clamant, profecto & ipſi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adverſis nos imprecationibus perſequuntur*; preſently commands their ſpoil: which ſo was perform'd by his ſoldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the ſword. A ſtrange ſlaughter of religious perſons, at one time and place; but not ſo ſtrange as their whole number in this one monaſtery, which was 2100; not ſuch idle lubberly ſots as later times peſter'd the world withal, truly pictur'd in that [k] deſcription of (their character) ſloth.

[h] *Matth. Weſtmonaſterienſis.*

[k] *Rob. de Langland, ſive Joannes Malverne Peſs.* 5.

With two ſlimy eyne
I muſt ſit ſaid the Segge, or elſe I muſt needs nap,
I may not ſtond ne ſtompe, ne without mi ſtole knecle,
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)
Should ne ringing do me riſe, or I were ripe to dine.
He began Benedicite with a belke, and his breſt knoked
And raſkled, and rored, and rut at the laſt;
If I ſhould dye by this date, me lyſte nat to loke.
I can not perfitly my Pater noſt, as the Prieſt it ſingeth,
But I can rimes of Robin Hod, and Randal of Cheſter,
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
I am occupied every day, holy day and other,
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in Churches.
God's paine and his paſſion full ſelde thinke I thereon,
I viſited never ſeblemen, ne fettred folke in pittes,
I have lever here an Harlotrie, or a ſomers game,
Or leaſings to laugh at and bilye my neighbours,
Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John and Lucas.
And vigiles and faſting daies, all theſe let I paſſe,
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemman in mine armes.
I have ben Prieſt and Parſon paſſing thyrtie winter,
Yet can I nether Dei ſe ne ſing, ne Saints lives read,
But I can find in a feild, or in a furlong an hare
Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.

Not ſuch were thoſe Bangor monks: but they *Omnes de labore manuum ſuarum vivere ſolebant.* Obſerve here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been ſo branded, and not unjuſtly, with diſſembled beſtial ſenſualities of monaſtick profeſſion, that in the univerſal viſitation under Henry VIII. every monaſtery afforded ſhameful diſcovery of ſodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictins, nine Sodomites; in Battel abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not ſatisfy if you account their wenches, which married and ſingle (for they affected that variety) ſupply'd the wants of their counterfeited ſolitarineſs: ſo that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and fryers, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, *Je laiſſeray*, ſaith [n] one, *maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins devoint eſtre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di ſeulement fils de Moines & de Putaines.* Theſe were they who admir'd all for Hebrew or Greek which they underſtood not, and had at leaſt (as many of our now profeſſing formaliſts) Latine enough to make ſuch a ſpeech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cos*; which, in one of them perſonated, receive thus from a noble [o] poet.

n *H. Stephen en l'Entroduct. au traite de la conformite, &c. 1. chap. 21.*
o *Jan. Dous. Satyr. 5.*

Fac extrà : nihil hoc : extrà totum ſit oportet,
Sobriè, n. juſtè atque piè potare jubet Lex.
Vinum lætificat cor hominis, præcipuè Cos.
Gratia ſit Domino, Vinum Cos, inquit, habemus.

How my reader taſtes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmeſbury groſsly errs in affirming that this Bangor [p] is turn'd into a biſhoprick; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloiſter, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a biſhoprick of the ſame title to this day, which ſome body later [q] hath on the other ſide ill taken for this.

Who re-ordained York a biſhop's government.

For in the Britiſh times it had a metropolitick ſee (as is noted to the ninth ſong) and now by Edwine (converted to chriſtian diſcipline both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious perſwaſion of God's miniſters) was reſtored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbiſhop, being afterwards baniſht that province, and made biſhop of Rocheſter, which ſome have ignorantly made him before.

Nor thoſe that in the ſtem of Saxon Crida came.

Moſt of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (Grandfather to Penda) firſt in that kingdom.

Confirm'd in Chriſt's belief by that moſt reverend Chad.

This Wulpher, ſon to Penda, reſtored to his father's kingdom, is [r] reported with his own hands to have ſlain his two ſons Wulphald and Rufin, for that they privily withdrew themſelves to that famous St. Chad, or Cedda biſhop of Lichfield, for inſtruction in the chriſtian faith; and all this is ſuppos'd to be done where the now Stone in Staffordſhire is ſeated. Hereupon the author relies. But, the credit of it is more than ſuſpicious, not only for that in claſſick authority I find his iſſue only to be Kenred, and St. Werburge (by Ermengild daughter to Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both chriſtian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by conſent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all theſe names he had) eldeſt ſon of the firſt Penda, firſt received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan biſhop of [s] Lindisfarne: after whoſe violent death, in ſpight of Oſwy

p *In hiſt. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorcestrenſibus.*
q *Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit.* 1590.
r *Robert. de Swapham. in Hiſt. Petroburgenſ. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stonæum.*
s It is that now call'd *Holy Iſland*, by eaſt the utmoſt parts of *Northumberland*, whence the biſhop ick about DCCCCXCV. was tranſlated to *Durham*.

Oſwy king of Northumberland, Immin, Ebba, and Edberth, gentlemen of power in Mercland, ſaluted Wulpher (Brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it ſeems, (by Florence of Worceſter, and Bede's reporting of four biſhops in ſucceſſion preferr'd by him) of chriſtian name; but howſoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the ſecond or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilwalch of Suſſex, and beſtowed on him as a gift, in token of that ſpiritual adoption, the Iſle of Wight with another territory in Weſt Saxony, and gave alſo to St. Cedda (made, by conſent of him and king Oſwy, biſhop of Lindisfarne) fifty Hides of land (a *Hide*, † *a plough land*, or a *Carve*, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monaſtery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks, obſerved, hardly endures his note of perſecution; which in reſpect of his founderſhip of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk there reporting it, or thoſe from whom he had it, might better in ſilence have buried it, or rather not ſo ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, firſt of the Engliſh kings, by ſymony made a biſhop, which was Wine of London, as Malmeſbury is author.

And (through his rule) the church from taxes ſtrongly freed.

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnſhire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a ſynod held (Cuthbert then archbiſhop of Canterbury) enlarged eccleſiaſtick liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, me vivente concedo, ut omnia Monaſteria & Eccleſiæ regni mei à publicis Vectigalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus abſolvantur, niſi Inſtructionibus Arcium vel Pontium, quæ nunquam ulli poſſunt relaxari; i. e.* He diſcharged all monaſteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works, and impoſts, excepting ſuch as were for building of forts and bridges; being (as it ſeems the law was then) not releaſable. For, beſides the authority of this ſtatute of Ethelbald, it appears frequent in charters of the Saxon times, that, upon endowment and donations to churches, with largeſt words of exemption, and liberty from all ſecular charges, the concluſion of the *Habendum* was, * *exceptis iſtis tribus, expeditione, pontis, arciſve conſtructione*, which among common notaries or ſcriveners, was ſo well known, that they call'd it by one general name, *Trinoda neceſſitas*, as out of Cedwalla's charter to Wilfrid, firſt biſhop of Selſey, of the mannor of Pagenham, (now Pagham) in Suſſex, I have ſeen tranſcribed; whereupon in a deliberative (concerning papal exactions, and ſubjection of church-living) held under Hen. ᵂ III. after examination of ancient kings indulgence to the clergy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati dederunt hujuſmodi poſſeſſiones, quin tria ſibi re-*

† *Ita. n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon, Th. Walſingham. docemur, licet alii* 100. Acris, *alii aliter definiunt. Cæterùm quid me maximè movet & abſque hæſitatione in hanc ſententiam pedibus ire cegit, en tibi ex* Dunſtani Chartâ (*Ann.* 963.) *qua* Terræ partem concedit ſeptem Aratrorum, quod Anglicè dicitur ſepsem Hidas. *Nec in-memorem hîc te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jur. Conſ. noſtros,* Hide & Gaine; *quod* Arvum reſtibile *interpretari hodie ignorat* Dupendius *quiſpiam.*

* V. *Chartam hujuſmodi apud D. Ed. Cok. in Epiſt. ad lib.* 6.

ᵂ *Mat. Par. p.* 838.

reſervarent ſemper propter publicam regni utilitatem, videlicet, expeditionem, pontis & arcis reparationes, vel refectiones, ut per ea reſiſterent hoſtium incurſionibus; although by words of a ſtatute of Ethelulph King of Weſt-Saxons in the year 855, made by advice both of laity and ſpirituality, the church was quitted alſo of thoſe three commonwealth cauſes of ſubſidies, but enjoyed it not; for even the [x] Canons themſelves ſubject their poſſeſſions to theſe ſervices and duties, and upon interpretation of a charter made by Henry Beauclere, founder of the priory of St. Oſwald in Yorkſhire, containing words of immunity and liberty of tenure, as general and effectual as might be, a great lawyer [y] long ſince affirmed, that yet the houſe was not freed of repairing bridges and cauſeys. But all lands, as well in hands of clerks as lay, were ſubjected to particular tenures after the conqueſt: and ſo theſe kind of charges and diſcharges being made rather feodal (as [z] Bracton calls them) than perſonal, uſe of them in charters conſequently ceaſed. I note here to ſtudents of antiquity, that, where the printed Ingulph ſays this was done by Ethelbald in the 3d year of his reign, they muſt with correction make it the 33d, as is, without ſcruple, apparent in the date of [a] the ſynod, which was the 745th of our Saviour.

The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.

In that univerſal perſecution under Diocleſian and Herculius, [b] this iſle gave, in St. Alban, teſtimony of Chriſtian profeſſion; even to his laſt breath drawn among tormenting enemies of the croſs. His death (being the firſt martyr, as the author here calls him, that this country had) was at Werlamceſter, (*i. e.* the old Verulam) where, by, the abbey of St. Albans was afterward [b] erected.

(Extirping other ſtiles) and gave it England's [c] name.

Look back to the laſt note on the firſt ſong. Thus, as you ſee, hath the muſe compendiouſly run through the heptarchy, and united it in name and empire under Egbert king of Weſt-Saxons: after whom, none but his ſucceſſors had abſolute power in their kingdoms, as courſe of ſtory ſhews you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the expectation of the reader is not ſatisfied in theſe ſeven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and firſt Chriſtianity: therefore as a corollary receive this for the eye's more facile inſtruction.

I.

x *Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c Pervenit.* 2.
y *Knivet.* 44 *Ed.* 3. *fol.* 25. *a.*
z *De Acquir. rer. Dom.* 2. *cap.* 16. §. 8.

a *Malmesb. lib. de geſt. Pontif.* 1.
b *Ann.* 760, *aut circiter.*
c *Circa ann.* 800.

Comprehended in		Began in	Received the Faith in
I. Kent.	The now Kent.	I. Hengiſt 456, from whoſe ſon Oiſc the ſucceeding kings were called Oiſcings.	I. Ethelbert, 597. of Auguſtine from Gregory I.[d]
II. South-Sex.	Suſſex Surry	II. In Ælla, about 491.	II. Edilwalch 661. and the whole country converted by Wilfrid 679.
III. Weſt-Sex.	Cornwall Devonſhire Dorſet Somerſet Wilton Southampton Berkſhire	III. Certic,[d] 519, whoſe grandfather was Gewiſe, and thence his people and poſterity were called Gewiſes.	Kinegils 635, baptized by Birin firſt biſhop of Dorcheſter in Oxfordſhire.
IV Northumberland.	Lancaſter York Durham Weſtmoreland Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this ſide Tine, called Dierland.	IV. Ida 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms ſoon were confounded in one.	Edwin 626, chriſtened by Paulin firſt archbiſhop (in the Saxon times) of York.
V. East-Sex.	Eſſex Middleſex Part of Hereford.	V. Sleda after ſome (others ſay in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their ſucceſſors.	Sebert 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, firſt biſhop of London.
VI. East-Angle.	Norfolk Suffolk Cambridgeſhire Part of Ely	VI. Redwald, about 600: but ſome talk of one Vuffa (whence theſe kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were chriſtned, for he ſoon fell to apoſtaſy, by perſuaſion of his wife, and in the ſame chapel made one altar to Chriſt, another to the Devil.

[d] I follow *here the ordinary* Chronology of our Monks.

Comprehended in VII. Mercland.	Gloceſter Hereford Worceſter Warwick Leiceſter Rutland Northampton Lincoln Huntingdon Bedford Buckingham Oxford Stafford Derby Salop Nottingham Cheſter The northern part of Hereford. But in theſe the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-Engles, and the Merci-ans divided into names of their local quarters.	VII. In Penda 626. Others will in Crida, ſome 40 years before.	Peada king of Middle-Engle, baptized by Finna biſhop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profeſſion of it in Vulpher, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given againſt ſome of my propoſed chronology, as I can juſtify myſelf with. But although ſo, yet I am therefore freed of error, becauſe our old monks exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectify. I know the Eaſt-Angles, by both ancient and later authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with ſynchroniſm you examine it, it will be found moſt abſurd. For ſeeing it is affirmed expreſly, that Redwald was ſlain by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and being plain by [n] Bede (take his ſtory together, and rely not upon ſyllables and falſe printed copies) that it muſt needs be near 600, (for Edwin ſucceeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was ſome 30 years before: what calculation will caſt this into leſs than 500 years after Chriſt? Forget not (if you deſire accurate times) my admonition to the IVth ſong, of the twenty-two years error upon the Dionyſian account, eſpecially in the beginning of the kingdoms, becauſe they are for the moſt part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the Saxons. * Where you find different names from theſe, attribute it to miſreading old copies, by ſuch as have publiſhed Carpenwald for Eorpenwold, or Earpwald; Penda alſo perhaps for Wenda, miſtaking the Saxon P. for our P. and other ſuch, va-

n *Eccleſ. Hiſt.* 2. *cap.* 9. *ubi legendum* ſexcenteſimo *vice* 7to quingenteſimo.

variably both written and printed. How in time they ſucceſſively came under the Weſt-Saxon rule, I muſt not tell you, unleſs I ſhould untimely put on the perſon of an hiſtorian. Our common annals manifeſt it. But know here, that although ſeven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their ſupremacies:

The Saxons tho in ther power /tho thii were ſo rive/
Seve kingdomes made in Engelonde and * ſuthe but vive,
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eaſtangle alſo,
Of Kent and of Weſtſex, and of the March therto.

as Robert of Gloceſter, according to truth of ſtory hath it, for Eſtſex and Southſex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annex'd to their ruling neighbour princes.

A nation from their firſt bent naturally to ſpoil.

Indeed ſo were univerſally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us; *Nec arare terram aut expectare annum tam facile perſuaſeris, quam vocare hoſtes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinimò & iners videtur ſudore acquirere quod poſſis ſanguine parare,* and more of that nature we read in him.

Of famous Cambridge firſt——————

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had baniſhed him, and receiving the Eaſt-angle crown, aſſiſted by Fœlix a Burgognone, and firſt biſhop of Dunwich (then called Dunmoc) in Suffolk: deſiring to imitate what he had ſeen obſervable in France, for the common good, *Inſtituit ſcholam* (read it *ſcholas*, if you will, as ſome do) I ſee no conſequence of worth) *in qua pueri literis erudirentur*, as Bede writeth. Out of theſe words thus general, Cambridge being in Eaſt-Angle, hath been taken for this ſchool, and the ſchool for the univerſity. I will believe it (inſomuch as makes it then an Univerſity) not much ſooner than that (I know not what) Gurguntius with Cantaber, ſome 150 years before Chriſt, founded it; or, thoſe charters of king Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius ſent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their ſtudies there, with more ſuch pretended and abſurd unlikelihoods; unleſs every grammar ſchool be an univerſity, as this was, where children were taught by *Pædagogi & magiſtri juxta morem Cantuariorum*, as Bede hath expreſly: which ſo makes Canterbury an univerſity alſo. But neither is there any touch in authentick and ancient ſtory, which juſtifies theſe ſchools inſtituted at Cambridge, but generally ſomewhere in Eaſtangle. Reaſons of inducement are fram'd in multitudes on both ſides. But, for my own part, I never ſaw any ſufficiently probable, and therefore moſt of all rely upon what authorities

* Afterward,

are afforded. Among them I ever preferr'd the Appendix to the ſtory of Crowland, ſuppoſed done by Peter of Blois, affirming that under Henry I. (he lived very near the ſame time: therefore believe him in a matter not ſubject to cauſes of hiſtorians temporizing) Joffred Abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other monks came to his mannor of Cotenham, as they uſed oft-times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conducto, quodam horreo publico ſuas ſcientias palàm profitentes, in brevi temporis excurſu, grandem diſcipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno verò ſecundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit diſcipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quòd quælibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla eccleſia ſufficeret eorum receptaculo:* and ſo goes on with an enſuing frequency of ſchools. If before his there were an univerſity, I imagine that in it was not profeſt Ariſtotle's Ethicks, which tell us, περὶ τῆς Σενικῆς φιλίας: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the ſciences (whom all that hated not the muſes could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, inſtead of ſchools. Nor is it tolerable in conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profeſſion ſhould be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous ſeminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer ſubſcription; but always under reformation of that moſt honoured tutoreſs's pupils, which ſhall (omitting fabulous traſh) judiciouſly inſtruct otherwiſe. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which ſome have ſo violently patronized.

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was paſt twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themſelves upon what Alfred's beneficence and moſt deſerving care hath manifeſted in royal proviſion for that ſacred nurſe of learning. But juſtly it may be doubted, leſt they took inſtauration of what was deficient, for inſtitution: for although you grant that he firſt founded Univerſity College; yet it follows not, but there might be common ſchools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Gieſſe, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you pleaſe, fetch hither that of Greeklade (to the third ſong) which I will not importune you to believe: but without ſcruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of [P] St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetorick reader there by king Alfred) in theſe words of the year 886. *Exorta eſt peſſima ac teterrima Oxoniæ diſcordia inter Grimboldum* (this was a great and devout ſcholar, whoſe aid Alfred uſed in his diſpoſition of lectures) *doctiſſimoſque illos viros ſecum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos ſcholaſticos quos ibidem inveniſſet: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimboldo inſtitutas, omni*

Aſſer. Meneveſ. de geſt. Alfred.

omni ex parte amplecti recusabant. And a little after, *Quinetiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio, illius loci ordines ac institutа, à nonnullis piis & cruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut à Gildâ* (*Melkino* he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 5 and 600) *Nennio* (the printed book hath falsly *Nemrio*) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illic consenuerunt, omnia ibidem fælici pace & concordia administrantes*; and affirmed also that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of [q] pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of this pillar of the muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life (published lately by a [r] Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied at Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen (and I confess, before me one hath well publish'd the conjecture) for Ynd-Ychin the Welsh name of that City, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Memprikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and publick schools (being [s] for a time prohibited by P. F. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloysters were great [t] auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury (this Aldelm first taught the English to write [u] Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two fisters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fix'd in this island, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of an ancient [x] MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisios, Oxoniam, Colonias, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studentium libertatem*; and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishopricks by a profest antiquary and popish canon of [y] Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written

q About *Alfred*'s time, before his instauration a Grammarian was not found in his Kingdom to teach him. *Florent. Wigorn. p.* 309.

r *Joan. à Bosco Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap.* 6.

s *Bri. Twin. Apolog. Ox.* 2. §. 84.

t *Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Grantâ.*

u *Camd. in Wiltonia.*

x *Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magist. Student.*

y *Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis* 1610.

Oxonienſis, I imagined might have been miſtaken for Exonienſis (as Exonia for Oxonia ſometimes) until I ſaw Exonienſis join'd alſo; by which ſtood Petroburgenſis, which bruiſed all the credit of the monument, but eſpecially of him that publiſh'd it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no biſhoprick till Henry the eighth? nor indeed was Oxford, which might eaſily be thought much otherwiſe, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promiſing title. I abſtain from expatiating in matter of our muſes ſeats, ſo largely, and too largely treated of by others.

And into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.

To thoſe ſhires [z] he conſtituted Juſtices and Sheriffs, called ȝepeꝛas and ſcyꝛȝepeꝛas, the office of thoſe two being before confounded in *Vice-Domini*, i. e. Lieutenants; but ſo, that *Vicedominus*, and *Vicecomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of king Edred 950. — *Ego Bingulph Vicedominus conſului* ✠. *Ego Alfer Vicecomes audivi* ✠. I find together ſubſcribed. The Juſtices were, as I think, no other than thoſe whom they called Ealdon mannum, being the ſame with Eorles, now Earls, in whoſe diſpoſition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officiary, not hereditary, except in ſome particular ſhire, as Leiceſter, &c.) the county was; with the biſhop of the dioceſe: the earl [a] ſat in the Scyꝛȝemoꝺe twice every year, where charge was given touching [b] Ꝺoꝺeꝛ ꝛihtes ȝeþeonuꝺ ꝛihte: But by the [c] Conqueror, this meddling of the biſhop in Tournes was prohibited. The ſheriff had then his monthly court alſo, as the now county court inſtituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by king Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer to the king's court, but it ſeems that then the earl (having always the third part of the ſhire's profits, both before and ſince the Normans) had charge upon him. For this diviſion of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmeſbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloceſter thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one, [d] but then join'd to Gloceſterſhire; thoſe thirty-two [e] were

Kent, Suſſex, Surrey, Hantſhire, Berkſhire, Wiltſhire, Somerſet, Dorſet, Devonſhire; theſe nine governed by the Weſt Saxon law. Eſſex, Middleſex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leiceſter, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; theſe fifteen by the Daniſh law. Oxford, Warwick, Glouceſter, Hereford, Shropſhire, Stafford, Cheſhire, Worceſter; theſe eight by the Mercian law.

Here

z *Hiſtor. Croxlandenſis.*

a *Edgar leg. Human. cap.* 5. *Edw. cap.* 11. *Canut. cap.* 17.

b *Rot. Chart.* 2. *Rich.* 2. *pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln. tranſcripſimus in Jano Anglorum l.* 2. §. 14. *& videas apud Fox, hiſt. eccleſ.* 4.

c God's right and the world's.

d *Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunis.*

e *Polychronicon lib.* 1. *cap. de provinciis.*

Here was none of Cornwal, Cumberland, (ſtiled alſo Carliſleſhire) Northumberland, Lancaſter, Weſtmoreland (which was ſince titled Applebyſhire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (beſides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwal (becauſe of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the diviſion. Cumberland, Northumberland, Weſtmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, ſeem to have been then under Scotiſh or Daniſh power. But the two firſt received their diviſion, as it ſeems, before the conqueſt: for Cumberland had its particular [f] governors, and Northumberland [g] earls: Weſtmoreland perhaps began when king John gave it Robert Vipont, anceſtor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the ſheriffdom. Durham religiouſly was with large [h] immunities given to the biſhop ſince the Norman invaſion. Lancaſter, until Henry III. created his younger ſon Edmund Crook-back earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned [i] judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the firſt ſheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (firſt ſon to Edmund Langley duke of York, and afterward duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of thoſe, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon ſelected. As Alured divided the ſhires firſt; ſo to him is owing the conſtitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whoſoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, *i. e.* pledges, admitted in ſome of them for a good ſubject, ſhould be reckoned as ſuſpicious of life and loyalty. Some ſteps thereof remain in our ancient and later law-books.

Which be an heirloom left unto the Engliſh throne.

The firſt healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward [k] the Confeſſor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old [l] monument is left to poſterity. In France ſuch a kind of cure is attributed to their kings alſo; both of that and this, if you deſire particular inquiſition, take Dr. Tooker's *Charisma ſanationis*.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's Archæonomy and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confeſſor and Conqueror join'd and deduced for the moſt part out of their predeceſſors; but thoſe of the Confeſſor ſeem to be the ſame, if [m] Malmeſbury deceive not, which king

f *Mat. Weſt. fol.* 366.
g *Ingulph. hiſt. Crowland.*
h *Thorp.* 17 *Ed.* 3. *fol.* 56. *b.*
i *Bract. lib.* 3. *tract de Corona cap.* 10. *Quadriparitum caſus in anno Ed.* 3 & 5. *Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok, lib.* 6. *fol.* 77.
maximè vero hoc faciunt Itin. *illa H.* 3. & *Ed.* 1.
k *Polydor. hiſt.* 8.
l *Eilred. Rievallenſ. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanct. c.* 6.
m *De geſt. Reg.* 2. *cap.* 11.

Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maximè anteceſſore ſuo Ethelredo latas, ſub interminatione regiæ mulctæ, perpetuis temporibus obſervari præcepit, in quarum cuſtodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum ſub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille ſtatuerit, ſed quod obſervaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly deſired by the ſubject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and firſt part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conqueſt.

POLY-OLBION:

The TWELFTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe, that part of Shropſhire plies
Which on the Eaſt of Severn lies:
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains ſpite,
Sings thoſe great Saxons ruling here,
Which the moſt famous warriors were.
And as ſhe in her courſe proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth ſtrain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironſide,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Viſits the ſprings of Trent and Dove;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood ſings;
An end which to this canto brings.

THE haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their praiſe,
(As they who only ſought ambitiouſly to raiſe
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do proudly bear:
And having crown'd themſelves ſole regents of the air
(Another

(Another war with heaven as though they meant to make)
Did ſeem in great diſdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the Engliſh ſide,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vale unto their pride.
When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that knew,
And underſtood from whence their inſolency grew,
For all that they appear'd ſo terrible in ſight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they ſtar'd on him, to them the like he gave,
And anſwer'd glance for glance, and brave for brave:
That, when ſome other hills which Engliſh dwellers were,
The luſty Wrekin ſaw himſelf ſo well to bear
Againſt the Cambrian part, reſpectleſs of their power;
His eminent diſgrace expecting every hour,
Thoſe flatterers that before (with many chearful look)
Had grac'd his goodly ſite, him utterly forſook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd in black,
Which of their utmoſt hope attend the ruinous wrack:
That thoſe delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Rodon clear
(Two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him dear;
He, having none but them, they having none but he,
Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their ſecret breaſts conceived ſundry fears,
And as they mixt their ſtreams, for him ſo mixt their tears.
Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he diſcerns,
For them his nobler heart in his ſtrong boſom yearns:
But, conſtantly reſolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
The Britons ſhould not yet all from the Engliſh bear;
'Therefore, quoth he, brave flood, tho' forth by [a] Cambria brought,
'Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou would'ſt be thought
'(O Severn!) let thine ear my juſt defence partake:'
Which ſaid, in the behalf of th' Engliſh thus he ſpake;
'Wiſe Weever (I ſuppoſe) ſufficiently hath ſaid
'Of thoſe our princes here, which faſted, watch'd and pray'd,
'Whoſe

[a] Out of *Plinilimon* in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.

' Whoſe deep devotion went for other's vent'rous deeds :
' But in this ſong of mine, he ſeriouſly that reads,
' Shall find, ere I have done, the Briton (ſo extol'd,
' Whoſe height each mountain ſtrives ſo mainly to uphold)
' Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a might,
' As ſkilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.
' Who, when their fortune will'd that after they ſhould ſcorſe
' Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging force for forſe
' (When firſt he put from ſea to forage on this ſhore,
' Two hundred [b] years diſtain'd with either's equal gore ;
' Now this aloft, now that, oft did the Engliſh reign,
' And oftentimes again depreſſed by the Dane)
' The Saxons then, I ſay, themſelves as bravely ſhow'd,
' As thoſe on whom the Welſh ſuch glorious praiſe beſtow'd.
' Nor could his angry ſword, who Egbert overthrew
' (Through which he thought at once the Saxons to ſubdue)
' His kingly courage quell : but from his ſhort retire,
' His reinforced troops (new forg'd with ſprightly fire)
' Before them drave the Dane, and made the Briton run
' (Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had won)
' Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight were ſlain,
' Till their huge murthered heaps manur'd each neigh-
' b'ring plain.
' As Ethelwolf again, his utmoſt powers that bent
' Againſt thoſe freſh ſupplies each year from Denmark ſent
' (Which prouling up and down in their rude Daniſh oars,
' Here put themſelves by ſtealth upon the peſt'red ſhores)
' In many a doubtful fight much fame in England wan.
' So did the king of Kent, courageous Athelſtan,
' Which here againſt the Dane got ſuch victorious days.
' So we the Wiltſhire men as worthily may praiſe,
' That buckled with thoſe Danes, by Ceorl and Oſrick
' brought.
' And Ethelred, with them nine ſundry fields that fought,
' Recorded in his praiſe, the conqueſts of one year.
' You right-nam'd Engliſh then, courageous men you were,
When

[b] See to Song I.

'When Reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant lord:
'Where Baſrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, ſword to ſword;
'The moſt redoubted ſpirits that Denmark here addreſt.
'And Alured, not much inferior to the reſt:
'Who having in his days ſo many dangers paſt,
'In ſeven brave foughten fields their champion Hubba chas'd,
'And ſlew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
'Whoſe like the ſun ne'er ſaw in his diurnal way:
'Where thoſe, that from the field ſore wounded ſadly fled,
'Were well-near overwhelm'd with mountains of the dead.
'His force and fortune made the foes ſo much to fear,
'As they the land at laſt did utterly forſwear.
'And when proud 'Rollo, next, their former powers repair'd
'(Yea, when the worſt of all it with the Engliſh far'd)
'Whoſe countries near at hand, his force did ſtill ſupply,
'And Denmark to her drew the ſtrengths of Normandy,
'This prince in many a fight their forces ſtill defy'd.
'The goodly river Lee he wiſely did divide,
'By which the Danes had then their full-fraught navies tew'd:
'The greatneſs of whoſe ſtream beſieged Hartford rew'd.
'This Alfred, whoſe foreſight had politickly found
'Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the ground,
'A puiſſant hand thereto laboriouſly did put,
'§. And into leſſer ſtreams that ſpacious current cut.
'Their ſhips thus ſet on ſhore (to fruſtrate their deſire)
'Thoſe Daniſh hulks became the food of Engliſh fire.
'Great Alfred left his life: when Elflida up-grew,
'That far beyond the pitch of other women flew:
'Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
'§. Her lord's embraces vow'd ſhe never more would know:
'But differing from her ſex (as, full of manly fire)
'This moſt courageous queen, by conqueſt to aſpire,
'The puiſſant Daniſh powers victoriouſly purſu'd,
'And reſolutely here through their thick ſquadrons hew'd
'Her

'See to the next Song of *Rollo*.

'Her way into the north. Where Derby having won,
'And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
'She ſav'd beſieged York; and in the Danes deſpight,
'When moſt they were upheld with all the Eaſtern might,
'More towns and cities built out of her wealth and power,
'Than all their hoſtile flames could any way devour.
'And, when the Daniſh here the country moſt deſtroy'd,
'Yet all our powers on them not wholly were employ'd;
'But ſome we ſtill reſerv'd abroad for us to roam,
'To fetch-in foreign ſpoils, to help our loſs at home.
'And all the land, from us they never clearly wan:
'But to his endleſs praiſe, our Engliſh Athelſtan,
'In the Northumbrian fields, with moſt victorious might
'Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious flight;
'And more than any king of th' Engliſh him before,
'Each way from North to South, from Weſt to th' Eaſtern ſhore,
'Made all the iſle his own: his ſeat who firmly fixt,
'The Caledonian hills and Caithneſs point betwixt,
'§. And Conſtantine their king (a priſoner) hither brought;
'Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons fought:
'Where he their princes forc'd from that their ſtrong retreat,
'In England to appear at his imperial ſeat.
'But after, when the Danes, who never wearied were,
'Came with intent to make a general conqueſt here,
'They brought with them a man deem'd of ſo wondrous might,
'As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:
'For, one could ſcarcely bear his ax into the field;
'Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly wield:
'And (to enforce that ſtrength) of ſuch a dauntleſs ſpirit,
'A man (in their conceit) of ſo exceeding merit,
'That to the Engliſh oft they off'red him (in pride)
'The ending of the war by combat to decide:
'Much ſcandal which procur'd unto the Engliſh name.
'When, ſome out of their love, and ſome ſpur'd on with ſhame,

'By

'By envy ſome provok'd, ſome out of courage, fain
'Would undertake the cauſe to combat with the Dane.
'But Athelſtan the while, in ſettled judgment found,
'Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a wound
'It likely was to leave to his defenſive war.
'Thus, whilſt with ſundry doubts his thoughts per-
'plexed are,
'It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's famous Guy
'(The knight through all the world renown'd for Chivalry)
'Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held him long.
'His honourable arms devoutly having hung
'In a religious houſe, the off'rings of his praiſe
'To his redeemer Chriſt, his help at all aſſays
'(Thoſe arms, by whoſe ſtrong proof he many a Chriſtian
'freed,
'And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)
'Himſelf, a Palmer poor, in homely ruſſet clad
'(And only in his hand his hermit's ſtaff he had)
'Tow'rds Winchester alone (ſo) ſadly took his way,
'Where Athelſtan, that time the king of England lay;
'And where the Daniſh camp then ſtrongly did abide,
'Near to a goodly mead, which men there call the Hide.
'The day that Guy arriv'd (when ſilent night did bring
'Sleep both on friend and foe) that moſt religious king
'(Whoſe ſtrong and conſtant heart all grievous cares ſup-
'preſt)
'His due devotion done, betook himſelf to reſt.
'To whom it ſeem'd by night an angel did appear,
'Sent to him from that God whom he invok'd by pray'r;
'Commanding him the time not idly to fore-ſlow,
'But rathe as he could riſe, to ſuch a gate to go,
'Whereas he ſhould not fail to find a goodly knight
'In Palmers poor attire: though very meanly dight,
'Yet by his comely ſhape, and limbs exceeding ſtrong,
'He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
'And bade him not to fear, but chuſe him for the man.
'No ſooner brake the day, but up roſe Athelſtan;

'And

'As if together grown, a third his chin doth reſt:
'Another looks o'er his: and others hardly preſt,
'Look'd underneath their arms. Thus, whilſt in crowds they throng
'(Led by the king himſelf) the champion comes along;
'A man well ſtrook in years, in homely palmer's gray,
'And in his hand his ſtaff, his reverend ſteps to ſtay,
'Holding a comely pace: which at his paſſing by,
'In every cenſuring tongue, as every ſerious eye,
'Compaſſion mix'd with fear, diſtruſt and courage bred.
'Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in ireful red;
'Before him (from the camp) an enſign firſt diſplay'd
'Amidſt a guard of gleaves: then ſumptuouſly array'd
'Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike ſound
'Of Daniſh brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,
'Come with their country's march, as they to Mars ſhould dance.
'Thus, forward to the fight, both champions them advance:
'And each without reſpect doth reſolutely chuſe
'The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's refuſe.
'The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to feel,
'Whoſe ſquares were laid with plates, and riveted with ſteel,
'And armed down along with pikes; whoſe hardned points
'(Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power to tear the joints
'Of cuiraſs or of mail, or whatſoe'er they took:
'Which caus'd him at the knight diſdainfully to look.
'When our ſtout palmer ſoon (unknown for valiant Guy)
'The cord from his ſtraight loins doth preſently untie,
'Puts off his palmer's weed unto his truſs, which bore
'The ſtains of ancient arms, but ſhow'd it had before
'Been coſtly cloth of gold; and off his hood he threw:
'Out of his hermit's ſtaff his two-hand ſword he drew
'(The unſuſpected ſheath which long to it had been)
'Which till that inſtant time the people had not ſeen,
'A ſword ſo often try'd. Then to himſelf, quoth he,
"Arms, let me crave your aid, to ſet my country free:

"And

" And never ſhall my heart your help again require,
" But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r.
' Here, Colebrond forward made, and ſoon the Chriſ-
' tian knight
' Encounters him again with equal power and ſpight:
' Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have been ſeen
' Such blows, in publick throngs as uſed had they been,
' Of many there the leaſt might many men have ſlain:
' Which none but they could ſtrike, nor none but they
' ſuſtain;
' The moſt relentleſs eye that had the power to awe,
' And ſo great wonder bred in thoſe the fight that ſaw,
' As verily they thought, that nature until then
' Had purpoſely reſerv'd the utmoſt power of men,
' Where ſtrength ſtill anſwer'd ſtrength, on courage courage
' grew.
' Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both purſue
' One ſweet and ſelf-ſame prey, at one another flie,
' And with their armed paws ingrappled dreadfully,
' The thunder of their rage, and boiſt'rous ſtruggling, make
' The neighbouring foreſts round affrightedly to quake:
' Their ſad encounter ſuch. The mighty Colebrond ſtruck
' A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely broke,
' Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient hilt it ſplit,
' And (thereby leſſened much) the champion lightly hit
' Upon the reverend brow: immediately from whence
' The blood dropt ſoftly down, as if the wound had ſenſe
' Of their much inward woe that it with grief ſhould ſee.
' The Danes, a deadly blow ſuppoſing it to be,
' Sent ſuch an echoing ſhout, that rent the troubled air.
' The Engliſh, at the noiſe, wax'd all ſo wan with fear,
' As though they loſt the blood their aged champion ſhed:
' Yet were not theſe ſo pale, but th' other were as red:
' As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks had ſtaid.
' Here Guy, his better ſpirits recalling to his aid,
' Came freſh upon his foe; when mighty Colebrond makes
' Another deſperate ſtroke: which Guy of Warwick takes

'Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
'Upon his ſhorter ribs; that the exceſſive flow
'Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound ſo gap'd withall,
'As though it meant to ſay, Behold your champion's fall
'By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again and cries
'The joyful Engliſh gave, as cleft the very ſkies.
'Which coming on along from theſe that were without,
'When thoſe within the town receiv'd this cheerful ſhout,
'They anſwer'd them with like; as thoſe their joy that
'knew.
'Then with ſuch eager blows each other they purſue,
'As every offer made ſhould threaten imminent death;
'Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing breath,
'They deſperately do cloſe. Look how two boars being ſet
'Together ſide to ſide, their threat'ning tuſks do whet,
'And with their gnaſhing teeth their angry foam do bite,
'Whilſt ſtill they ſhould'ring ſeek, each other where to ſmite:
'Thus ſtood thoſe ireful knights; till flying back, at length
'The palmer, of the two the firſt recovering ſtrength,
'Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond ſuch a wound,
'That whilſt his weapon's point fell well-near to the ground,
'And ſlowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
'Sent through his cloven ſcalp his blade into his brain.
'When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw;
'As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.
'The Engliſh part, which thought an end he would have
made,
'And ſeeming as they much would in his praiſe have ſaid,
'He bid them yet forbear, whilſt he purſu'd his fame,
'That to this paſſed king next in ſucceſſion came;
'That great and puiſſant knight (in whoſe victorious days
'Thoſe knight-like deeds were done, no leſs deſerving praiſe)
'Brave Edmond, Edward's ſon, that Stafford having ta'en,
'With as ſucceſsful ſpeed won Derby from the Dane.
'From Lie'ſter then again, and Lincoln at the length,
'Drave out the Dacian powers by his reſiſtleſs ſtrength:
'And

'And this his England clear'd beyond that raging [d] flood,
'Which that proud king of Huns once chriſt'ned with his
'blood.
'By which, great Edmond's power apparently was ſhown,
'The land from Humber ſouth recovering for his own;
'That Edgar after him ſo much diſdain'd the Dane
'Unworthy of a war that ſhould diſturb his raign,
'As generally he ſeem'd regardleſs of their hate.
'And ſtudying every way magnificence in ſtate,
'At Cheſter whilſt he liv'd at more than kingly charge,
'Eight tributary [e] kings there row'd him in his barge:
'His ſhores from pirates ſack the king that ſtrongly kept:
'§. A Neptune, whoſe proud ſails the Britiſh ocean ſwept.
'But after his deceaſe, when his more hopeful ſon,
'§. By cruel ſtepdame's hate to death was laſtly done,
'To ſet his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
'(When by thy fatal curſe, licentious Etheldred,
'Through diſſoluteneſs, ſloth, and thy abhorred life,
'As grievous were thy ſins, ſo were thy ſorrows riſe)
'The Dane, poſſeſſing all, the Engliſh forc'd to bear
'A heavier yoke than firſt thoſe heathen ſlaveries were;
'Subjected, bought, and ſold, in that moſt wretched plight,
'As even their thraldom ſeem'd their neighbours to affright.
'Yet could not all their plagues the Engliſh height abate:
'But even in their low'ſt ebb, and miſerableſt ſtate,
'Courageouſly themſelves they into action put,
'§. And in one night, the throats of all the Daniſh cut.
'And when in their revenge, the moſt inſatiate Dane
'Unſhipt them on our ſhores, under their puiſſant Swane:
'And ſwoln with hate and ire, their huge unwieldy force
'Came cluſt'ring like the Greeks out of the wooden-horſe:
'And the Norfolcian towns, the near'ſt unto the eaſt,
'With ſacrilege and rape did terribleſt infeſt;
'Thoſe Danes yet from the ſhores we with ſuch violence
'drave,
'That from our ſwords their ſhips could them but hardly
'ſave.

[d] *Humber.* [e] *See to Song X.*

'And to renew the war, that year enſuing, when
'With fit ſupplies for ſpoil they landed here agen,
'And all the ſouthern ſhores from Kent to Cornwal ſpred,
'With thoſe diſorder'd troops by Alaff hither led,
'In ſeconding their Swane, which cry'd to them for aid;
'Their multitudes ſo much ſad Ethelred diſmay'd,
'As from his country forc'd the wretched king to fly.
'An Engliſh yet there was, when England ſeem'd to ly
'Under the heavieſt yoke that ever kingdom bore,
'Who waſht his ſecret knife in Swane's relentleſs gore,
'Whilſt (ſwelling in exceſs) his laviſh cups he ply'd.
'Such means t'redeem themſelves th'afflicted nation try'd.
'And when courageous Knute, th'late murther'd Swanus
'ſon,
'Came in t'revenge that act on his great father done,
'He found ſo rare a ſpirit that here againſt him roſe,
'As though ordain'd by heaven his greatneſs to oppoſe:
'Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durſt ſtand.
'When Knute, which here alone affected the command,
'The crown upon his head at fair South-hampton ſet:
'And Edmond, loth to loſe what Knute deſir'd to get,
'At London caus'd himſelf inaugurate to be.
'King Knute would conquer all, king Edmond would be
'free.
'The kingdom is the prize for which they both are preſt:
'And with their equal powers both meeting in the weſt,
'The green Dorſetian fields a deep vermillion dy'd:
'Where Gillingham gave way to their great hoſts (in pride)
'Abundantly their blood that each on other ſpent.
'But Edmond, on whoſe ſide that day the better went
'(And with like fortune thought the remnant to ſuppreſs
'That Sarum then beſieg'd, which was in great diſtreſs)
'With his victorious troops to Saliſbury retires:
'When with freſh bleeding wounds, Knute, as with freſh
'deſires,
'Whoſe might though ſome-what maim'd, his mind yet
'unſubdu'd,
'His lately conquering foe courageouſly purſu'd:

And

'And finding out a way, ſent to his friends with ſpeed,
'Who him ſupply'd with aid: and being helpt at need,
'Tempts Edmond ſtill to fight, ſtill hoping for a day.
'Towards Wor'ſterſhire their powers both well upon their
'way,
'There, falling to the field, in a continual fight
'Two days the angry hoſts ſtill parted were by night:
'Where twice the riſing ſun, and twice the ſetting, ſaw
'Them with their equal wounds their wearied breath to draw.
'Great London to ſurprize, then (next) Canutus makes:
'And thitherward as faſt king Edmond Ironſide takes.
'Whilſt Knute ſet down his ſiege before the eaſtern gate,
'King Edmond through the weſt paſt in triumphal ſtate.
'But this courageous king, that ſcorned, in his pride,
'A town ſhould be beſieg'd wherein he did abide,
'Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
'Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did loſe,
'Provokes him ſtill to fight: and falling back where they
'Might field-roomth find at large, their enſigns to diſplay,
'Together flew again; that Brentford, with the blood
'Of Danes and Engliſh mixt, diſcolour'd long time ſtood.
'Yet Edmond, as before, went victor ſtill away.
'When ſoon that valiant Knute, whom nothing could
'diſmay,
'Recall'd his ſcatter'd troops, and into Eſſex hies,
'Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with freſh ſupplies
'Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironſide makes;
'But Knute to him again as ſoon freſh courage takes:
'And fortune (as her ſelf) determining to ſhow
'That ſhe could bring an ebb on valiant Edmond's flow,
'And eas'ly caſt him down from off the top of chance,
'By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
'Where ſhe beheld that prince which ſhe had favor'd long
'(Even in her proud deſpight) his murther'd troops among
'With ſweat and blood beſmear'd (dukes, earls, and biſhops
ſlain,
'In that moſt dreadful day, when all went to the Dane)

'Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his ſword and
'ſhield,
'Such wonders there to act, as made her in the field
'Aſhamed of her ſelf, ſo brave a ſpirit as he
'By her unconſtant hand ſhould ſo much wronged be.
'But, having loſt the day, to Gloceſter he draws,
'To raiſe a ſecond power in his ſlain ſoldiers cauſe.
'When late-encourag'd Knute, whilſt fortune yet doth laſt,
'Who oft from Ironſide fled, now followed him as faſt.
'Whilſt thus in civil arms continually they toil,
'And what th'one ſtrives to make, the other ſeeks to ſpoil,
'With threatning ſwords ſtill drawn; and with obnoxious
'hands
'Attending their revenge, whilſt either enemy ſtands,
'One man amongſt the reſt from this confuſion breaks,
'And to the ireful kings with courage boldly ſpeaks;
'Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-rage fill?
'Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
'But what your ſwords admit? as nature did ordain
'Our lives for nothing elſe, but only to maintain
'Your murthers, ſack, and ſpoil? If by this waſtful war
'The land unpeopled ly, ſome nation ſhall from far,
'By ruin of you both, into the iſle be brought,
'Obtaining that for which you twain ſo long have fought.
'Unleſs then through your thirſt of empery you mean
'Both nations in theſe broils ſhall be extinguiſht clean,
'Select you champions fit, by them to prove your right,
'Or try it man to man your ſelves in ſingle fight.
'When as thoſe warlike kings, provok'd with courage
'high,
'It willingly accept in perſon by and by.
'And whilſt they them prepare, the ſhapeleſs concourſe grows
'In little time ſo great, that their unuſual flows
'Surrounded Severn's banks, whoſe ſtream amazed ſtood,
'Her Birlich to behold, iniſled with her flood,
'That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilſt the kings,
'Whoſe rage out of the hate of either's empire ſprings,
'Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horſe
'Together fiercely flew; that in their violent courſe
'(Like

'(Like thunder when it ſpeaks moſt horribly and loud,
'Tearing the full-ſtuft paunch of ſome congealed cloud)
'Their ſtrong hoofs ſtrook the earth: and with the fearful
'ſhock,
'Their ſpears in ſplinters flew, their bevers both unlock.
'Canutus, of the two that fartheſt was from hope,
'Who found with what a foe his fortune was to cope,
'Crys, noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.
'Here th'Engliſh and the Danes, from either equal ſide
'Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry,
'Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity ſuch ſhould die.
When now the neighboring floods will'd Wrekin to
ſuppreſs
His ſtyle, or they were like to furfeit with exceſs.
And time had brought about, that now they all began
To liſten to a long-told Prophecy, which ran
Of Moreland, that ſhe might live proſperouſly to ſee
A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
The third of this large iſle: which ſaw did firſt ariſe
From Arden, in thoſe days delivering prophecies.
The Druids (as ſome ſay) by her inſtructed were.
In many ſecret ſkills ſhe had been conn'd her lere.
The ledden of the birds moſt perfectly ſhe knew:
And alſo from their flight ſtrange auguries ſhe drew;
Supreameſt in her place: whoſe circuit was extent
From Avon to the banks of Severn and to Trent:
Where empreſs like ſhe ſate with nature's bounties bleſt,
And ſerv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all the reſt,
That Staffordſhire calls hers, there both of high account.
The eld'ſt of which is Cank: though Needwood her ſur-
mount
In excellence of ſoil, by being richly plac'd
Twixt Trent and batning Dove; and equally imbrac'd
By their abounding banks, participates their ſtore;
Of Britain's foreſts all (from th'leſs unto the more)
For fineneſs of her turf ſurpaſſing; and doth bear
Her curled head ſo high, that foreſts far and near

Oft grutch at her eſtate; her floriſhing to ſee,
Of all their ſtately tyers diſrobed when they be.
But (as the world goes now) o woful Cank the while,
As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this iſle;
Great Arden's eldeſt child: which, in her mother's ground
Before fair Feck'nham's ſelf, her old age might have crown'd;
When as thoſe fallow deer, and huge-hauncht ſtags that graz'd
Upon her ſhaggy heaths, the paſſenger amaz'd
To ſee their mighty herds, with high-palm'd heads to threat
The woods of o'ergrown oaks; as though they meant to ſet
Their horns to th'other's heights. But now, both thoſe and theſe
Are by vile gain devour'd: ſo abject are our days!
She now, unlike her ſelf, a neat-herd's life doth live,
And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.
But muſe, thou ſeem'ſt to leave the Morelands too too long:
Of whom report may ſpeak (our mighty waſtes among)
She from her chilly ſite, as from her barren feed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a beaſt doth breed
As ſcarcely this great iſle can equal: then of her,
Why ſhould'ſt thou all this while the prophecy defer?
Who bearing many ſprings, which pretty rivers grew,
She could not be content, until ſhe fully knew
Which child it was of hers (born under ſuch a fate)
As ſhould in time be rais'd unto that high eſtate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,
When many a river, now that furiouſly doth flow,
Had ſcarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore ſhe doth will
Wiſe Arden, from the depth of her abundant ſkill,
To tell her which of theſe her rills it was ſhe meant.
To ſatisfy her will, the wiſard anſwers; Trent.
For, as a ſkilful ſeer, the aged foreſt wiſt,
A more than uſual power did in that name conſiſt,
Which thirty doth import; by which ſhe thus divin'd,
There ſhould be found in her, of fiſhes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in ſucceeding time be builded on her bank;

And

And thirty ſeveral ſtreams from many a ſundry way,
Unto her greatneſs ſhould their watry tribute pay.
This, Moreland greatly lik'd: yet in that tender love,
Which ſhe had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wiſht it his: becauſe the dainty graſs
That grows upon his bank, all other doth ſurpaſs.
But, ſubject he muſt be: as Sow, which from her ſpring
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which ſhe along doth bring
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Aſtons ancient ſeat;
Which oft the Muſe hath found her ſafe and ſweet retreat.
The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honor'd titles grace:
May heaven ſtill bleſs that houſe, till happy floods you ſee
Your ſelves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whoſe bounty, ſtill my Muſe ſo freely ſhall confeſs,
As when ſhe ſhall want words, her ſigns ſhall it expreſs.
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rds her dear ſoveraign Trent:
But nothing in the world gives Moreland ſuch content
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in ſundry ſtrains: as, crankling Manyfold,
The firſt that lends him force: of whoſe meandred ways,
And labyrinth-like turns (as in the mores ſhe ſtrays)
She firſt receiv'd her name, by growing ſtrangely mad,
O'ergone with love of Hanſe, a dapper Moreland lad,
Who near their cryſtal ſprings as in thoſe waſtes they play'd,
Bewitcht the wanton heart of that delicious maid:
Which inſtantly was turn'd ſo much from being coy,
That ſhe might ſeem to doat upon the moriſh boy.
Who cloſely ſtole away (perceiving her intent)
With his dear lord the Dove, in queſt of princely Trent,
With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunſmore on, with Yendon, then clear Tain,
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanſe one would be.
And for himſelf he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking this amorous nymph by ſome means to beguile)
He cloſely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears ſome policy of his,
And her beloved Hanſe immediately doth miſs,

Diſ-

Diſtracted in her courſe, inprovidently raſh,
She oft againſt the cleefs her cryſtal front doth daſh:
Now forward, then again ſhe backward ſeems to bear;
As, like to loſe her ſelf by ſtraggling here and there.
Hanſe, that this while ſuppos'd him quite out of her ſight,
No ſooner thruſts his head into the cheerful light,
But Manyfold that ſtill the run-away doth watch,
Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
And, as the angry Hanſe would fain her hold remove,
They ſtruggling tumble down into their lord, the Dove.
Thus though th'induſtrious muſe hath been imploy'd ſo long,
Yet is ſhe loth to do poor little Smeſtal wrong,
That from her Wilfrune's ſpring near Hampton plies, to pour
The wealth ſhe there receives, into her friendly Stowr.
Nor ſhall the little Bourn have cauſe the muſe to blame,
From theſe Staffordian heaths that ſtrives to catch the Tame:
Whom ſhe in her next ſong ſhall greet with mirthful cheer,
So happily arriv'd now in her native ſhire.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progreſs into the land, the muſe comes ſouthward from Cheſhire into adjoining Stafford, and that part of Shropſhire which lies in the Engliſh ſide eaſt from Severn.

And into leſſer ſtreams the ſpatious current cut.

In that raging devaſtation over this kingdom by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their ſhips fraught with proviſion out of Thames into the river Ley (which divides Middleſex and Eſſex) ſome twenty miles from London; Alfred holding his tents near that territory, eſpecially to prevent their ſpoil of the inſtant harveſt, obſerved that by dividing the river, then navigable between them and Thames, their ſhips would be grounded, and themſelves bereft of what confidence their navy had promiſed them. He thought it, and did it, by parting the water into three channels. The Danes betook themſelves to flight, their ſhips left as a prey to the Londoners.

Her Lord's imbraces vow'd ſhe never more would know.

This Alured left his ſon Edward ſucceſſor, and, among other children, this

this Elfled, or Ethelfled his daughter, married to Ethelred earl of Mercland. Of Alfred's worth and troublous raign, becauſe here the author leaves him, I offer you theſe of an ancient Engliſh wit:

Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem
Armipotens Alfrede *dedit, probitaſque laborem*
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
Gaudia ſemper erant, ſpes ſemper mixta timori.
Si modo victor eras, ad craſtina bella pavebas:
Si modo victus eras, ad craſtina bella parabas.
Cui veſtes ſudore jugi, cui ſicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum ſit onus regnare probarunt.

Huntingdon cites theſe as his own; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it becauſe his MS. epigrams, which make in ſome copies the eleven and twelve of his hiſtory, are of moſt different ſtrain, and ſeem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leiſure to overlook them) he ſhews his muſe (as alſo in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning *Auctor opum, vindex ſcelerum, largitor honorum, &c.*) in that ſtill declining time of learning's ſtate, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfled in William of Malmeſbury, is the Latin of this Engliſh: "She was the love of the ſubject, fear of the enemy, a woman of a "mighty heart; having once endur'd the grievous pains of child-birth, "ever afterward denied her huſband thoſe ſweeter deſires; proteſting, "that yielding indulgence towards a pleaſure, having ſo much conſe-"quent pain, was unſeemly in a king's daughter." She was buried at S. Peter's in Gloceſter; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

For Conſtantine their king, an hoſtage hither brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland (as our Hiſtorians ſay) from Howel, Malmeſbury calls him Ludwal, and Conſtantine; he reſtored preſently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his Majeſty to make a king than be one. The Scotiſh [a] ſtories are not agreeing, here, with ours; againſt whom Buchanan ſtorms, for affirming what I ſee not how he is ſo well able to confute, as they to juſtify. And for matter of that nature, I rather ſend you to the collections in Edward the firſt, by Thomas of Walſingham, and thence for the ſame and other to Edward Hall's Hen. VIII.

A Neptune, whoſe proud ſails the britiſh Ocean ſwept.

That flower and delight of the Engliſh world, in whoſe birth-time S. Dunſtan (as is ſaid) at Glaſtenbury heard this angelical voice;

To holy Church and to the Lord pays is yboze and bliſ
By thulke Child's time, that nouthe yboze is.

(among

a *Hector Boeth. lib.* 11. & *Buchanan.* b *Rob. Gloceſtrenſ. Hiſt.* 6. reg. 85.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of [c] 3600 sail; which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies invasion.

By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shew'd themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) call'd Egelfled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar earl of Devonshire, Ethelred of some seven years age at his death. That, Egelfled was a profest [d] Nun, some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in king Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of soveraignty, not thus satisfied, compell'd in her this cruelty. King Edward not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, weary'd after the chase in Purbeck isle in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, [e] or one of her appointed servants, stabb'd the innocent king. His corps, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer earl of Mercland translated into Shaftsbury, which (as to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called [f] St Edward's. Thus did his brother in law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traiterous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that, in his holy tincture he abus'd the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunstan, then christening him, angerly exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit.* Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murther only for his sake, most cruelly beat him her self with [g] a handful of wax

——————— Candlen long and towe
[h] Heo ne bileved neght ar he lay at hir [i] vet yswowe:
War thozu this child afterward such hey mon as he was
Was the worse wan he [k] ysey Candlen voz this cas.

But

c Some say CIↃ. CIↃ. CIↃ. CIↃ.
d *Ex Osberno in Vita Dunstan. Fox. Eccles. hist.* 4.
e *Vide Malmesb. lib.* 2. *cap.* 9 & *Huntingdon. hist.* 5.
f *Malmesb. lib. de Pontific.* 2.
g *Rob. Glocestrensis.*
h Shee.
i Feet in woe.
k Saw.

But I have [l] read it affirm'd, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, becauſe he had ſeen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. It's not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the firſt. To expiate all, ſhe afterward built two Nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambreſbury; and by all means of penitence and ſatisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Daniſh cut.

Hiſtory, not this place, muſt inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him ſee to the firſt ſong. But, for this ſlaughter, I thus eaſe his inquiſition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miſeries, long continued through their exactions and devaſtations, being ſo large, that ſixteen ſhires had endured their cruel and even conquering ſpoils) in the twenty third year of his reign, ſtrengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, ſent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably reſided, to the Engliſh, commanding them, all as one, on the ſelf-ſame day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) ſuddenly to put them, as reſpective occaſion beſt fitted, to fire or ſword; which was performed.

A CHRONOLOGICAL Order and Deſcent of the Kings here included in Wrekin's ſong.

Year of Chriſt.

800. Egbert ſon to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to king Ine. After [m] him ſcarce any, none long, had the name of king in the iſle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Duces, Comites, Conſules, and ſuch like; which in ſome writers after the conqueſt were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.

836. Ethelulph ſon to Egbert.

855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, ſons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's teſtament.

860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.

866. Ethelred, third ſon of Ethelulph.

871. Alfred youngeſt ſon to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's life time, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901.

l *Vit. S. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Ceſt. lib.* 6.

m See to the laſt ſong before. Becauſe in Weſtſex all the reſt were at laſt confounded. Theſe are *moſt commonly* written kings of Weſtſex, although in Seigniory (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other Provinces (except ſome Northern, and what the Danes unjuſtly poſſeſt) were theirs.

901. Edward the I. ſurnamed in ſtory Senior, ſon to Alfred.
924. Athelſtan, eldeſt ſon to Edward, by Egwine a ſhepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble ſpirit denied, what baſe parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dream'd (you remember that of Olympias, as many ſuch like) that out of her womb did ſhine a moon, enlightning all England, which in her birth (Athelſtan) prov'd true.
940. Edmund the I. ſon of [n] Edward by his queen Edgive.
946. Edred brother to Edmund.
955. Edwy firſt ſon of Edmund.
959. Edgar (ſecond ſon of Edmund) *Honor ac Deliciæ Anglorum.*
975. Edward the II. ſon to Edgar by Egelfled, murthered by his ſtepmother Alfrith, and thence call'd St. Edward.
979. Ethelred the II. ſon to Edgar, by queen Alfrith, daughter to Orgar earl of Devonſhire.
1016. Edmund the II. ſon to Ethelred by his firſt wife Elfgive, ſurnamed Ironſide.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, ſon to Swane, was that intended ſingle combat; ſo by their own particular fortunes to end the miſeries, which the Engliſh ſoil bore recorded in very great characters, written with ſtreams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the compoſition being, that Edmund ſhould have his part Weſtſex, Eſtſex, Eſtangle, Middleſex, Surrey, Kent, and Suſſex, and the Dane (who durſt not fight it out, but firſt mov'd for a treaty) Mercland and the Northern territories.) Edmund died the ſame year (ſome report was, that traiterous Edrique Streona earl of Mercland poiſoned him) leaving ſons Edmund and Edward: but they were, by Daniſh ambition, and trayterous perjury of the unnatural Engliſh ſtate, diſinherited, and all the kingdom caſt under Cnut. After him raign'd his ſon Harold I. Lightfoot, a ſhoemaker's [o] ſon (but diſſembled, as begotten by him on his queen Alfgive:) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, king Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whoſe glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavor; and therefore ſhould tranſcend his purpoſe, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confeſſor, following Hardcnut, ſon to Ethelred, by the ſame queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Daniſh princes.

n *Malè enim & inepte Veremundi ſequax Hector ille Boeth. lib.* 11. *qui Ed. & Edredum Æthelſtanc ſcribit prognatos.*

o *Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.*

POLY-

POLY-OLBION:

The THIRTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

This ſong our ſhire of Warwick ſounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many ſhapes the muſe here roves;
Now ſporting in thoſe ſhady groves,
The tunes of birds oft ſtays to hear:
Then finding herds of luſty deer,
She huntreſs-like the hart purſues;
And like a hermit walks, to chuſe
The ſimples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to ſhow;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th'vale of Red-horſe then proceds,
To play her part the reſt among;
There ſhutteth up her thirteenth ſong.

UPON the mid-lands now th'induſtrious muſe doth fall;
That ſhire which we the [a] heart of England well may call,
As ſhe herſelf extends (the midſt which is decreed)
Betwixt St. Michael's mount, and Barwick-bord'ring Tweed,
Brave Warwick; that abroad ſo long advanc'd her [b] bear,
§. By her illuſtrious earls renowned every where;
Above her neighbouring ſhires which always bore her head.
My native country then, which ſo brave ſpirits haſt bred,

If

[a] Warwickſhire is the middle ſhire of England.

[b] The ancient coat of that earldom.

If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'ſt into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilſt now I ſing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th'unworthieſt though I be.

Muſe, firſt of Arden tell, whoſe foot-ſteps [c] yet are found
In her rough wood-lands more than any other ground,
§. That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride;
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's ſide.

The very ſound of theſe, the wood-nymphs doth awake:
When thus of her own ſelf the ancient foreſt ſpake;

'My many goodly ſites when firſt I came to ſhow,
'Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:
'For when the world found out the fitneſs of my ſoil,
'The gripple wretch began immediately to ſpoil
'My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds incloſe:
'By which, in little time my bounds I came to loſe.
'When Britain firſt her fields with villages had fill'd,
'Her people wexing ſtill, and wanting where to build,
'They oft diſlodg'd the hart, and ſet their houſes, where
'He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre.
'Of all the foreſts here within this mighty iſle,
'If thoſe old Britons then me ſoveraign did inſtile,
'I needs muſt be the great'ſt; for greatneſs 'tis alone
'That gives our kind the place: elſe were there many a one
'For pleaſantneſs of ſhade that far doth me excel.
'But of our foreſt's kind the quality to tell,
'We equally partake with wood-land as with plain,
'Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
'The ſundry kinds of beaſts upon our copious waſtes,
'That men for profit breed, as well as thoſe of chaſe.'

Here Arden of her ſelf ceas'd any more to ſhow;
And with her ſylvan joys the muſe along doth go.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No ſooner doth the Earth her flowery boſom brave,
At ſuch time as the year brings on the pleaſant ſpring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red ſylvans ſing:

And

[c] Divers towns expreſſing her name: as Henly in Arden, Hampton in Arden, &c.

And in the lower grove, as on the riſing knole,
Upon the higheſt ſpray of every mounting pole,
Thoſe quiriſters are percht with many a ſpeckled breaſt.
Then from her burniſht gate the goodly glitt'ring eaſt
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Beſpangled had with pearl, to pleaſe the morning's ſight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn ſo ſtrain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of ſounds, about them every where.
The throſtel, with ſhrill ſharps; as purpoſely he ſong
T'awake the luſtleſs ſun; or chiding, that ſo long
He was in coming forth, that ſhould the thickets thrill:
The wooſel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had markt of purpoſe, t'let us ſee
That from all other birds his tunes ſhould different be:
For, with their vocal ſounds, they ſing to pleaſant May;
Upon his [a] dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,
In ſuch lamenting ſtrains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds ſhe to her tunes would draw.
And, but that nature (by her all-conſtraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this ſeaſon doth invite,
They elſe, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to uſe their ears) their voices ſure would ſpare,
That moduleth her tunes ſo admirably rare,
As man to ſet in parts at firſt had learn'd of her.
To philomel the next, the linet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-ſparrow, the nope, the red-breaſt, and the wren,
The yellow-pate: which though ſhe hurt the blooming tree,
Yet ſcarce hath any bird a finer pipe than ſhe.
And of theſe chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath ſo many ſorts deſcending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The ſofter with the ſhrill (ſome hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, ſome in the lower greaves)

[a] Of all birds, only the black bird whiſtleth.

Thus ſing away the morn, until the mounting ſun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twiſted tops of our cloſe covert creeps
To kiſs the gentle ſhade, this while that ſweetly ſleeps.
And near to theſe our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noiſe but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both ſorts of ſeaſon'd deer:
Here walk the ſtately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and luſty ſtags amongſt the raſcals ſtrew'd,
As ſometime gallant ſpirits amongſt the multitude.
Of all the beaſts which we for our [e] venerial name,
The hart amongſt the reſt, the hunter's nobleſt game:
Of which moſt princely chaſe ſith none did ere report,
Or by deſcription touch, t'expreſs that wondrous ſport
(Yet might have well beſeem'd th'ancients nobler ſongs)
To our old Arden here, moſt fitly it belongs:
Yet ſhall ſhe not invoke the muſes to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddeſs and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a ſhady grove,
Which oft haſt born thy bow (great huntreſs, us'd to rove)
At many a cruel beaſt, and with thy darts to pierce
The lyon, panther, ounce, the bear, and tigre fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chaſte mighty foreſts queen,
With thy diſhevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful green,
About the lawns haſt ſcowr'd, and waſtes both far and near,
Brave huntreſs: but no beaſt ſhall prove thy quarries here;
Save thoſe the beſt of chaſe, the tall and luſty red,
The ſtag for goodly ſhape, and ſtatelineſs of head,
Is fitt'ſt to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds
Where harbor'd is the hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him do find; or thorough ſkilful heed,
The huntſman by his [f] ſlot, or breaking earth, perceives,
Or entring of the thick by preſſing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his ſecret leir,

He

[e] *Of hunting,* or chaſe. [f] The track of the foot.

He rouzing ruſheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the buſhes he would rive.
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender ſaplings ſhakes,
That ſprinkling their moiſt pearl do ſeem for him to weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the foreſt rings, and every neighbouring place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chaſe.
[s] Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter chears,
Whilſt ſtill the luſty ſtag his high-palm'd head up-bears,
His body ſhowing ſtate, with unbent knees upright,
Expreſſing (from all beaſts) his courage in his flight.
But when th'approaching foes ſtill following he perceives,
That he his ſpeed muſt truſt, his uſual walk he leaves;
And o'er the champain flies: which when th'aſſembly find,
Each follows, as his horſe were footed with the wind.
But being then imboſt, the noble ſtately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel caſt arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for ſweet refreſhing ſoil:
That ſerving not, then proves if he his ſcent can foil,
And makes amongſt the herds, and flocks of ſhag-wool'd ſheep,
Them frighting from the guard of thoſe who had their keep.
But when as all his ſhifts his ſafety ſtill denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.
Whom when the plow-man meets, his team he letteth ſtand
T'aſſail him with his goad: ſo with his hook in hand,
The ſhepherd him purſues, and to his dog doth halow:
When, with tempeſtuous ſpeed, the hounds and huntſmen follow;
Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of ſtrength,
His long and ſinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his ſad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This nobleſt beaſt of chaſe, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quick-ſet finds: to which his haunch oppos'd,
He turns upon his foes, that ſoon have him inclos'd.

[s] One of the *meaſures in* winding the horn.

The churliſh-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harſh ſkin they lay,
With his ſharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He deſperately aſſails; until oppreſt by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corſe,
Upon the ruthleſs earth his [h] precious tears lets fall.
To foreſts that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With ſolitude what ſorts, that here's not wond'rous rife?
Whereas the hermit leads a ſweet retired life,
From villages repleat with ragg'd and ſweating clowns,
And from the lothſome airs of ſmoky-citied towns.
Suppoſe twixt noon and night, the ſun his half-way wrought
(The ſhadows to be large, by his deſcending brought)
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring glades,
And his diſperſed rays commixeth with the ſhades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long,
And on the ranker graſs till paſt the noon-ſted hung;
When as the hermit comes out of his homely [i] cell,
Where from all rude reſort he happily doth dwell:
Who in the ſtrength of youth, a man at arms hath been;
Or one who of this world the vileneſs having ſeen,
Retires him from it quite; and with a conſtant mind
Man's beaſtlineſs ſo loaths, that flying human kind,
The black and darkſome nights, the bright and gladſome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that ſtays.
Each little village yields his ſhort and homely fare:
To gather wind-fall'n ſticks, his great'ſt and only care;
Which every aged tree ſtill yieldeth to his fire.
This man, that is alone a king in his deſire,
By no proud ignorant lord is baſely over-aw'd,
Nor his falſe praiſe affects, who groſly being claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moil; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abuſed kings, and humorous ladies raiſe.

His

[h] The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

[i] Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that ly through foreſts.

His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the grace
That often-times is given unto a bawd moſt baſe,
Nor ſtirs it him to think on the impoſtor vile,
Who ſeeming what he's not, doth ſenſually beguile
The ſottiſh purblind world: but abſolutely free,
His happy time he ſpends the works of God to ſee,
In thoſe ſo ſundry herbs which there in plenty grow:
Whoſe ſundry ſtrange effects he only ſeeks to know.
And in a little maund, being made of oziers ſmall,
Which ſerveth him to do full many a thing withall,
He very choicely ſorts his ſimples got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode;
And in ſome open place that to the ſun doth ly,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithall he ſtops the wound-made gore;
The healing tutſan then, and plantane for a ſore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim binds.
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from theſe,
Which curious women uſe in many a nice diſeaſe.
For them that are with newts, or ſnakes, or adders ſtung,
He ſeeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue;
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And ſportive did her ſelf to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purpoſely doth ſtamp,
T'apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp;
As centory, to cloſe the wideneſs of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make ſound.
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth riſe:
For phyſick, ſome again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the ſpleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of moſt eſpecial uſe.
So ſaxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the ſtone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of ſhepherds-purſe he gives,
And mouſe-ear unto him whom ſome ſharp rupture grieves.
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough,
Or ſtopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard and tough,

Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good:
As comfrey unto him that's bruiſed, ſpitting blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth reſtore,
And melancholy cures by ſoveraign hellebore.
Of theſe moſt helpful herbs yet tell we but a few,
To thoſe unnumbred ſorts of ſimples here that grew.
Which juſtly to ſet down, even [k] Dodon ſhort doth fall;
Nor ſkilful [k] Gerard, yet, ſhall ever find them all.
But from our hermit here the muſe we muſt inforce,
And zealouſly proceed in our intended courſe:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth diſpoſe;
By Alceſter how Aln to Arro eas'ly flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewiſe tow'rd the north, how lively-tripping Rhea,
T'attend the luſtier Tame, is from her fountain ſent:
So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the laſt, he in his way doth win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor ſhould come in,
Which trifleth twixt her banks, obſerving ſtate, ſo ſlow,
As though into his arms ſhe ſcorn'd herſelf to throw:
Yet Arden will'd her Tame to ſerve [l] her on his knee;
For by that nymph alone, they both ſhould honor'd be.
The foreſt, ſo much fall'n from what ſhe was before,
That to her former height fate could her not reſtore;
Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the heavens with an auſpicious hand.
Yet granted at the laſt (the aged nymph to grace)
They by a lady's birth would more renown that place,
Than if her woods their heads above the hills ſhould ſeat;
And for that purpoſe, firſt made Coventry ſo great
(A poor thatcht village then, or ſcarcely none at all,
That could not once have dream'd of her now ſtately wall)
§. And thither wiſely brought that goodly virgin-band,
Th'eleven thouſand maids, chaſte Urſula's command,
Whom then the Britain kings gave her full power to preſs,
For matches to their friends in Britany the leſs.
At whoſe departure thence, each by her juſt bequeſt
Some ſpecial virtue gave, ordaining it to reſt

With

[k] *The authors of two famous herbals.* [l] *Ancor.*

With one of their own ſex, that there her birth ſhould have,
Till fulneſs of the time which fate did choicely ſave
Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,
From her ſmall, mean regard, recovered ſtate and ſtrength,
§. By Leofrick her lord yet in baſe bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who expell'd:
Whoſe ducheſs, which deſir'd this tribute to releaſe,
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to make her ceaſe,
Told her, that if ſhe would his loſs ſo far inforce,
His will was, ſhe ſhould ride ſtark nak't upon a horſe
By day-light through the ſtreet: which certainly he thought,
In her heroick breaſt ſo deeply would have wrought,
That in her former ſute ſhe would have left to deal.
But that moſt princely dame, as one devour'd with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

The firſt part of whoſe name, Godiva, doth fore-reed
Th'firſt ſyllable of hers, and Goddere half doth ſound;
For by agreeing words, great matters have been found.
But farther than this place the myſtery extends.
What Arden had begun, in Ancor laſtly ends:
For in the Britiſh tongue, the Britons could not find,
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was aſſign'd:
Nor yet the Saxons ſince, nor times to come had known,
But that her being here was by this name fore-ſhown,
As prophecying her. For, as the firſt did tell
Her ſir-name, ſo again doth Ancor lively ſpell
Her chriſt'ned title Anne. And as thoſe virgins there
Did ſanctify that place: ſo holy Edith here
A recluſe long time liv'd, in that fair abbey plac'd,
Which Alured enricht, and Powlſworth highly grac'd.
A princeſs being born, and abbeſs, with thoſe maids,
All noble like her ſelf, in bidding of their beads
Their holineſs bequeath'd upon her to deſcend
Which there ſhould after live: in whoſe dear ſelf ſhould end
Th'intent of Ancor's name, her coming that decreed,
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that freed.

But whilſt about this tale ſmooth Ancor trifling ſtays,
Unto the luſtier Tame as loth to come her ways;

The flood intreats her thus; 'Dear brook, why doſt thou wrong
'Our mutual love ſo much, and tediouſly prolong
'Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I ſtill prepare?
'Haſte to my broader banks, my joy and only care.
'For as of all my floods thou art the firſt in fame;
'When frankly thou ſhalt yield thine honour to my name,
'I will protect thy ſtate: then do not wrong thy kind.
'What pleaſure hath the world, that here thou may'ſt not
'find?'

Hence, muſe, divert thy courſe to Dunſmore, by that [m] croſs
Where thoſe two mighty [a] ways, the Watling and the Foſs,
Our center ſeem to cut. (The firſt doth hold her way,
From Dover, to the farth'ſt of fruitful Angleſey:
The ſecond ſouth and north, from Michael's utmoſt mount,
To Cathneſs, which the farth'ſt of Scotland we account.)
And then proceed to ſhow, how Avon from her ſpring,
By [o] Newnham's fount is bleſt; and how ſhe, blandiſhing,
By Dunſmore drives along. Whom Sow doth firſt aſſiſt,
Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great while miſs'd;
Though [p] Coventry from thence her name at firſt did raiſe,
Now floriſhing with fanes, and proud piramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports ſo bravely built,
Her halls in good eſtate, her croſs ſo richly gilt,
As ſcorning all the towns that ſtand within her view:
Yet muſt ſhe not be griev'd, that Cune ſhould claim her due.

Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon trips along,
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely ſong;
'To thee, renowned knight, continual praiſe we owe,
'And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits ſhow;
'Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance,
'Left'ſt Warwick's wealthy ſeat: and ſailing into France,
'At tilt, from his proud ſteed, duke Otton threw'ſt to ground:
'And with th'invalued prize of Blanch the beauteous crown'd
'(The

[m] The high croſs, ſuppoſed to be the midſt of England.
[a] See to the xvi. ſong.
[o] Newnham-Wells.
[p] Otherwiſe, Cune-tre: that is, the town upon Cune.

'(The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didſt there atchieve:
'As Lovain thou again didſt valiantly relieve.
'Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy ſword imbru'dſt;
'And then in ſingle fight, great Amerant ſubdu'dſt.
''Twas thy Herculian hand, which happily deſtroy'd
'That Dragon, which ſo long Northumberland annoy'd;
'And ſlew that cruel boar, which waſte our wood-lands laid,
'Whoſe tuſks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in meadows made:
'Whoſe ſhoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now;
'And, at our humble ſute, did quell that monſtrous cow
'The paſſengers that us'd from Dunſmore to affright.
'Of all our Engliſh (yet) ô moſt renowned knight,
'That Colebrond overcam'ſt: at whoſe amazing fall
'The Danes remov'd their camp from Wincheſter's ſieg'd wall.
'Thy ſtatue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to pleaſe;
'Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou Engliſh Hercules)
'Thy ſtrong and maſſy ſword, that never was controll'd:
'Which, as her ancient right, her caſtle ſtill ſhall hold.'
Scarce ended they their ſong, but Avon's winding ſtream,
By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd Leam:
And as ſhe thence along to Stratford on doth ſtrain,
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train:
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the reſt
Which that moſt goodly vale of Red-horſe loveth beſt;
A valley that enjoys a very great eſtate,
Yet not ſo famous held as ſmaller, by her fate:
Now, for report had been too partial in her praiſe,
Her juſt-conceived grief, fair Red-horſe thus bewrays;
'Shall every vale be heard to boaſt her wealth? and I,
'The needy countries near that with my corn ſupply
'As bravely as the beſt, ſhall only I endure
'The dull and beaſtly world my glories to obſcure;
'Near wayleſs Arden's ſide, ſith my retir'd abode
'Stood quite out of the way from every common road?
'Great Euſham's fertil glebe, what tongue hath not extoll'd?
'As though to her alone belong'd the [1] garb of gold.
'Of

[1] *The Sheaf.*

That mighty Arden *held*———

What is now the Woodland in Warwickſhire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or foreſt called Arden. The reliques of whoſe name in Dene of Monmouthſhire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Foreſt d'Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxembourg, ſhews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-uſed Engliſh name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inſcriptions, [b] *Diana Nemorenſis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like ſeems to be expreſt in an old marble, now in Italy, [c] graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS. MANIBVS.
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehenſive largeneſs which this Arden once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reaſon of this her greatneſs join'd with antiquity, he alſo made choice of this place for deſcription of the chaſe, the Engliſh ſimples, and hermit, as you read in him.

And thither wiſely brought that goodly Virgin band.

Sufficient juſtification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uſes; but ſee to the VIIIth. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins ſhip'd at London; nor ſkills it much on which you beſtow your faith, or if on neither. Their requeſt (as the Genius' prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to expreſs the worth of his native ſoil's city.

By Leofrique her lord, yet in baſe bondage held.

The enſuing ſtory of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confeſſor. I find it reported in Matthew of Weſtminſter, that *Nuda, equum aſcendens, crines capitis & tricas diſſolvens, corpus ſuum totum, præter crura candidiſſima, inde velavit.* This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was earl of Leiceſter, not Cheſter (as ſome ill took it by turning Legeceſtra, being indeed ſometimes for Cheſter, of old call'd *urbs legionum*, as to XI. Song already) which is without ſcruple ſhew'd in a [d] charter of the mannor of Spalding in Lincolnſhire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Thoraldus de* Buckenhale *coram nobiliſſimo domino meo* Leofrico comite Leiceſtriæ, *& nobiliſſima comitiſſa ſua domina Godiva ſorore mea, & cum conſenſu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei* Comitis Algari *primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar ſucceeded him; and, as a ſpecial title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons ſo ſingular, that it was

[b] *Hubert. Goltz. Theſaur. in Artis.* [c] *Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Coſmog.* part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 11. [d] Ingulphus Hiſt. fol. 519.

was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conqueſt, from king Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmeſbury, he is ſtiled earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it ſeems, had large dominion over moſt part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good king Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of thoſe times had for granting, releaſing, or impoſing liberties and exactions, which ſince only the crown hath as inſeparably annex'd to it. Nay, ſince the Normans, I find that [e] William Fitz-Oſbern, earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commiſſo plus ſeptem ſolidis ſolvat*, which was obſerved without controverſy in Malmeſbury's time; and I have ſeen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard earl of Poiters and Cornwall, brother to Hen. III. ſent to the ſheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his ſucceſſor Edmund left no ſmall tokens of ſuch ſupremacy in conſtitutions, liberties, and impoſed ſubſidies in the ſtannaries of Cornwall; with more ſuch like extant in monuments. But whatſoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceaſed with that [f] cuſtom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was alſo in the Saxon times uſual, as appears in that; [g] *In* Ipſwich *regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes* Guert *tertiam*; Norwich *reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras:* of the borough of Lewes, its profits *erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis*; & Oxford *reddebat regi XX. libras, & ſex ſextarios mellis, comiti verò* Algaro *X. libras.* And under king John, Geffrey Fitz-Peter earl of Eſſex, and William le Marſhall earl of Striguil, [h] *Adminiſtrationem ſuorum comitatuum habebant*, ſaith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now uſe.

A witneſs of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollritch-ſtones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordſhire; of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongſt them, converted into ſtones: a tale not having his ſuperior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a moſt learned man) the muſe refers it to ſome battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incurſion, and for her country takes the better ſide (as juſtifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the Engliſh. But, to ſuppoſe this a monument of that battle fought at Hochnorton, ſeems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name: of whoſe ſtory, both for a paſſage in the laſt Song, and here, permit a ſhort examination. The Norman [i] tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes tranſplanting themſelves, as well for diſſenſion 'twixt him and his king, as for new ſeat of habitation, arriv'd here, had ſome ſkirmiſhes

e *Malmeſb. de geſt. reg.* 3.
f *Lib. vetuſt. Monaſt. de Bello ap. Cambd.*
g *Lib.* Domeſday *in Scaccario.*
h *Joh. Carnotenſ. Epiſt.* 263. *Nicol. Vicecomiti Eſſexiæ.*
i *Guil. Gemeticenſ. de Ducib. Norm.* 2. *cap.* 4. *& ſeq. Tho. de Walſingham in Hypodig. Neuſt. ſecundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem ſpectat, plerique alij.*

ſkirmiſhes with the Engliſh, defending their territories; and ſoon afterward being admoniſh'd in a dream, aided and adviſed by K. Athelſtan, entered Seine in France, waſted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elſ-where; returned upon requeſt by embaſſage to aſſiſt the Engliſh king againſt rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and chriſtianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, ſurnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the ſtory, touch'd it. But how came ſuch habitude 'twixt Athelſtan and him, before this 912, when as it is plain, that Athelſtan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is any concordance 'twixt Athelſtan and this Charles, whoſe kingdom was taken from him by Rodulph duke of Burgundy, two years before our king Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whoſe reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochnorton; ſo that unleſs the name of Athelſtan be miſtook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of thoſe 22 of the Dionyſian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I ſee no means to make this ſtory ſtand with itſelf, nor our monks; in whom (moſt of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, anceſtor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather gueſs to have been in our maritime parts, than inlands, unleſs when (if that were at all) he aſſiſted king Athelſtan. Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the ſuppoſed times, and you will ſcarce find him to have been, or elſe there under [k] ſome other name; as Godfrey, which ſome have conjectured to be the ſame with Rollo. You may ſee in Æmilius what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no queſtion, but of that unknown nation ſo much miſtaking hath been of names and times, that ſcarce any undoubted truth therein now can juſtify itſelf. For obſerve but what is here delivered, and compare it with [l] them which ſay in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard duke of Burgundy, and Ebal earl of Poiters, aſſiſting Walzelm biſhop of that city; and, my queſtion is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Haſtings, Godfrey, Hroruc and others (if none of theſe were the ſame) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that [m] Robert earl of Paris, and in ſome ſort a king 'twixt Charles and Rodulph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they firſt [n] entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922 which agrees with that gift of the ſame tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harſheſt diſcords. And ſo doth that of Rollo's being aided by the Engliſh king, and in league with him againſt the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with [o] Edgith of the Engliſh king's loins) ſon-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelſtan, in whoſe [p] protecti-

on

k *Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hiſt. Franc. l. quem de hac re vide, & Polydor. ejuſdem ſequacem hiſt. 5.*

l *Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 248.*

m *Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.*

n *Reicherspergenſ.*

o *Oginia dicta P. Æmilio.*

p *Membran. vetuſt. Cornub. Floriacenſ. edit. a P. Pithœo.*

on here Lewis (afterward the IV.) was, while Rodulph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage alſo, ſpoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmeſbury and others, to be done by Rollo himſelf; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Hiſtoriographer P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Polydore had many odd pieces of his beſt context) tells clearly, that ſhe was daughter to Lothar king of Romans, and given by his couſin Charles the Groſs, to Godfrey king of the Normans, with Weſtrich (that is, Neuſtria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman hiſtorians were deceived by equivocation of name, miſtaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Groſs, living near one time; as alſo, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) ſuppoſed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think alſo that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confuſion of name. But both times, reigns and perſons are ſo diſturbed in the ſtories, that being inſufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE FOURTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her ſundry ſtrains the muſe to preve,
Now ſings of homely country love;
What moan th' old herdſman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood-nymph Feckn'ham's ſake;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Euſham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excell.
Aſcending, next, fair Cotſwold's plains,
She revels with the ſhepherd ſwains;
And ſends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainſt Tame and Iſis' wedding-day.

AT length, attain'd thoſe lands that ſouth of Severn lie,
As to the varying earth the muſe doth her apply,

Poor

Poor ſheep-hook and plain goad, ſhe many times doth ſound:
Then in a buſkin'd ſtream, ſhe inſtantly doth bound.
Smooth as the lowly ſtream ſhe ſoftly now doth glide:
And with the mountains ſtraight contendeth in her pride.
Now back again I turn, the land with me to take,
From the Staffordian heaths as [a] Stour her courſe doth make.
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly doth view:
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew
His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her ſtate bemoan;
To pleaſe his amorous eye, whoſe like the world had none.
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that foreſt-nymph a ſpecial liking ſtill:
The leaſt regard of him who never ſeems to take,
But ſuff'reth in herſelf for Salwarp's only ſake;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.
Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood ſhe would prefer,
All pleaſure he forſakes; that at the full-bagg'd cow,
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth low,
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle ſtray,
At nine-holes on the heath whilſt they together play,
He never ſeems to ſmile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmleſs ſwain pipe to his grazing ſheep:
Nor to the carter's tune in whiſtling to his team:
Nor lends his liſt'ning ear (once) to the ambling ſtream,
That in the evening calm againſt the ſtones doth ruſh
With ſuch a murmuring noiſe, as it would ſeem to huſh
The ſilent meads aſleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedileſsly drown'd in ſorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth reſpect:
And therewith being charg'd, thus anſwereth in effect:
'That [b] Lickey to his height ſeem'd ſlowly but to riſe,
'And that in length and breadth he all extended lies,
'Nor doth like other hills to ſudden ſharpneſs mount,
'That of their kingly kind they ſcarce can him account;
'Tho' by his ſwelling ſoil ſet in ſo high a place,
'That Malvern's mighty ſelf he ſeemeth to outface.'
Whilſt Clent and Licky, thus, do both expreſs their pride,
As Salwarpe ſlips along by Feck'nham's ſhady ſide,
That

[a] *Running by* Stourbridge in Worſterſhire, towards Severn.

That foreſt him affects in wand'ring to the [b] Wych:
But he, himſelf by ſalts there ſeeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection free.
But ſhe, that to the flood moſt conſtant means to be,
More prodigally gives her woods to thoſe ſtrong fires
Which boil the ſource to ſalts. Which Clent ſo much admires,
That love, and her diſdain, to madneſs him provoke:
When to the wood-nymph thus the jealous mountain ſpoke:
'Fond nymph, thy twiſted curls, on which were all my care,
'Thou lett'ſt the furnace waſte; that miſerably bare
'I hope to ſee thee left, which ſo doſt me deſpiſe;
'Whoſe beauties many a morn have bleſt my longing eyes:
'And, till the weary ſun ſunk down unto the weſt,
'Thou ſtill my object waſt, thou once my only beſt.
'The time ſhall quickly come, thy groves and pleaſant ſprings,
'Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis ſings,
'The painful labourer's hand ſhall ſtock the roots, to burn;
'The branch and body ſpent, yet could not ſerve his turn.
'Which when, moſt wilfull nymph, thy chance ſhall be to ſee,
'Too late thou ſhalt repent thy ſmall regard for me."
But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet doth ply,
Great Severn to attend along to Teukſbury,
With others to partake the joy that there is ſeen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her ſovereign [c] queen.
Here down from Euſham's vale, their greatneſs to attend,
Comes Swilliat ſweeping in, which Cotſwold down doth ſend:
And Garran there arrives, the great recourſe to ſee.
Where thus together met, with moſt delightful glee,
The chearful nymphs that haunt the valley rank and low
(Where full Pomona ſeems moſt plenteouſly to flow,
And with her fruitery ſwells by Perſhore, in her pride)
Amongſt the batful meads on Severn's either ſide,

[b] The ſalt fountain of Worceſter-ſhire. [c] Severn.

To theſe their confluent floods, full bowls of perry brought:
Where, to each other's health paſt many a deep-fetch'd draught,
And many a ſound carouſe from friend to friend doth go.
Thus whilſt the mellowed earth with her own juice doth flow,
Inflamed with exceſs the luſty pamper'd vale,
In praiſe of her great ſelf, thus frames her glorious tale;
'I doubt not but ſome vale enough for us hath ſaid,
'To anſwer them that moſt with baſeneſs us upbraid;
'Thoſe high preſumptuous hills, which bend their utmoſt might,
'Us only to deject, in their inveterate ſpite:
'But I would have them think, that I (which am the queen
'Of all the Britiſh vales, and ſo have ever been
'Since Gomer's giant-brood inhabited this iſle,
'And that of all the reſt, myſelf may ſo enſtile)
'Againſt the higheſt hill dare put myſelf for place,
'That ever threat'ned heaven with the auſtereſt face.
'And for our praiſe, then thus; What fountain ſend they forth
'(That finds a river's name, though of the ſmalleſt worth)
'But it invales itſelf, and on its either ſide
'Doth make thoſe fruitful meads, which with their painted pride
'Imbroider his proud bank? whilſt in laſcivious gyres
'He ſwiftly ſallieth out, and ſuddenly retires
'In ſundry works and trails, now ſhallow, and then deep,
'Searching the ſpacious ſhores, as though it meant to ſweep
'Their ſweets with it away, with which they are repleat.
'And men, firſt building towns, themſelves did wiſely ſeat
'Still in the bounteous vale: whoſe burden'd paſture bears
'The moſt abundant ſwathe, whoſe glebe ſuch goodly ears,
'As to the weighty ſheaf with ſcythe or ſickle cut,
'When as his hardened hand the labourer comes to put,
'Sinks him in his own ſweat, which it but hardly wields:
'And on the corn-ſtrew'd lands, then in the ſtubble fields,
'There feed the herds of neat, by them the flocks of ſheep,
'Picking the ſcatt'red corn upon the ridges ſteep:

'And

'And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much ſpill'd)
'Th' unwieldy larding ſwine his maw then having fill'd,
'Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able ſcarce to riſe.
'When as thoſe monſtrous hills ſo much that us deſpiſe
'(The mountain, which forſooth the lowly valley mocks)
'Have nothing in the world upon their barren rocks,
'But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, baniſh'd quite
'From every fertil place; as raſcals, that delight
'In baſe and barren plots, and at good earth repine.
'And though in winter we to moiſture much incline,
'Yet thoſe that be our own, and dwell upon our land,
'When 'twixt their burly ſtacks and full-ſtuft barns they ſtand,
'Into the ſofter clay as eas'ly they do ſink,
'Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter ſpirits, to think
'That autumn ſhall produce, to recompence their toil,
'A rich and goodly crop from that unpleaſant ſoil.
'And from that envious foe which ſeeks us to deprave,
'Though much againſt his will this good we clearly have,
'We ſtill are highly prais'd, and honour'd by his height,
'For, who will us ſurvey, their clear and judging ſight
'May ſee us thence at full: which elſe the ſearching'ſt eye,
'By reaſon that ſo flat and levelled we lie,
'Could never throughly view, ourſelves nor could we ſhow.
'Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies owe,
'And what high grace they have which near to us are plac'd,
'In [f] Breedon may be ſeen, being amorouſly embrac'd
'In cincture of my arms. Who tho' he do not vaunt
'His head like thoſe that look as they would heaven ſupplant:
'Yet let them wiſely note, in what exceſſive pride
'He in my boſom ſits; while him on every ſide
'With my delicious ſweets and delicates I trim.
'And when great Malvern looks moſt terrible and grim,
'He with a pleaſed brow continually doth ſmile.'
Here Breedon, having heard his praiſes all the while,
Grew inſolently proud; and doth upon him take
Such ſtate, as he would ſeem but ſmall account to make

[f] A hill *inviroued on every ſide* with the vale of Euſham.

Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiſer vale
To his inſtruction turns the proceſs of her tale.
'T' avoid the greater's wrath, and ſhun the meaner's hate,
'Quoth ſhe, take my advice, abandon idle ſtate;
'And by that way I go, do thou thy courſe contrive:
'Give others leave to vaunt, and let us cloſely thrive.
'Whilſt idly but for place the lofty mountains toil,
'Let us have ſtore of grain, and quantity of ſoil.
'To what end ſerve their tops (that ſeem to threat the ſky)
'But to be rent with ſtorms? whilſt we in ſafety lie.
'Their rocks but barren be, and they which raſhly climb,
'Stand moſt in envy's ſight, the faireſt prey for time.
'And when the lowly vales are clad in ſummer's green,
'The grifled winter's ſnow upon their heads is ſeen.
'Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:
'Who though his ſite be ſuch as ſeems to equal thee,
'And deſtitute of nought that Arden him can yield,
'Nor of th' eſpecial grace of many a goodly field;
'Nor of dear Clifford's ſeat (the place of health and ſport)
'Which many a time hath been the muſes quiet port;
'Yet brags not he of that, nor of himſelf eſteems
'The more for his fair ſite; but richer than he ſeems,
'Clad in a gown of graſs, ſo ſoft and wondrous warm,
'As him the ſummer's heat, nor winter's cold can harm.
'Of whom I well may ſay, as I may ſpeak of thee;
'From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
'To paradiſe may think a ſecond he had found,
'If any like the firſt were ever on the ground.'
Her long and zealous ſpeech thus Euſham doth conclude:
When ſtraight the active muſe induſtriouſly purſu'd
This noble country's praiſe, as matter ſtill did riſe.
For Glo'ſter in times paſt herſelf did highly prize,
When in her pride of ſtrength ſhe nouriſh'd goodly vines,
§. And oft her cares repreſt with her delicious wines.
But now, th' all-chearing ſun the colder ſoil deceives,
§. And us (here tow'ards the pole) ſtill falling ſouth-ward leaves:
So that the ſullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove;
According to their books, who hold that he doth move
From

From his firſt zenith's point; the cauſe we feel his want.
But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ſter learns to plant
The pear-tree every where: whoſe fruit ſhe ſtrains for juice,
That her pur'ſt perry is, which firſt ſhe did produce
From Wor'ſterſhire, and there is common as the fields;
Which naturally that ſoil in moſt abundance yields.
But the laborious muſe, which ſtill new work aſſays,
Here ſallieth through the ſlades, where beauteous Severn plays
Until that river gets her Glo'ſter's wiſhed ſight:
Where ſhe her ſtream divides, that with the more delight
She might behold the town, of which ſhe's wond'rous proud:
Then takes ſhe in the Frome, then Cam, and next the Strowd,
As thence upon her courſe ſhe wantonly doth ſtrain.
Suppoſing then herſelf a ſea-god by her train,
She Neptune-like doth float upon the bracky marſh;
Where, leſt ſhe ſhould become too cumberſome and harſh,
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a chaſe,
Contending to have ſtood the high'ſt in Severn's grace,
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her ſhore)
With her cool amorous ſhades, and all her ſylvan ſtore,
To pleaſe the goodly flood imploys her utmoſt powers,
Suppoſing the proud nymph might like her woody bowers.
But Severn (on her way) ſo large and head-ſtrong grew,
That ſhe the wood-nymph ſcorns, and Avon doth purſue;
A river with no leſs than goodly King's-wood crown'd,
A foreſt and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much bewitch'd;
Beſides, with Briſtol's ſtate both wond'rouſly enrich'd.
Which ſoon to Severn ſent th' report of that fair [s] road
(So burdened ſtill with barks, as it would over-load
Great Neptune with the weight) whoſe fame ſo far doth ring;
When as that mighty flood, moſt bravely flouriſhing,
Like Thetis' goodly ſelf majeſtically glides;
Upon her ſpacious breaſt toſſing the ſurgeful tides,

[s] *King's road.*

To have the river ſee the ſtate to which ſhe grows,
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon owes.
But, noble muſe, proceed immediately to tell
How Euſham's fertile vale at firſt in liking fell
With Cotſwold, that great king of ſhepherds: whoſe proud ſite
When that fair vale firſt ſaw, ſo nouriſh'd her delight,
That him ſhe only lov'd: for wiſely ſhe beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his ſurface dwell'd:
Of juſt and equal height two banks ariſing, which
Grew poor (as it ſhould ſeem) to make ſome valley rich:
Betwixt them thruſting out an elbow of ſuch height,
As ſhrowds the lower ſoil; which ſhadowed from the light,
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the ſummer's day
Invites the flocks, for ſhade that to the covert ſtray.
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
Or ſtooped to look down, or whiſper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons ſeem to dally,
And ſkip from bank to bank, from valley trip to valley,
Such ſundry ſhapes of ſoil where nature doth deviſe,
That ſhe may rather ſeem fantaſtical, than wiſe.
T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: tho' famous for her flocks,
Yet hardly doth ſhe tythe our Cotſwold's wealthy locks.
Though Lemſter him exceed for fineneſs of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant ſtore.
A match ſo fit as he, contenting to her mind,
Few vales (as I ſuppoſe) like Euſham hapt to find:
Nor any other wold, like Cotſwold ever ſped,
So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.
He hath the goodly wool, and ſhe the wealthy grain:
Through which they wiſely ſeem their houſhold to maintain.
He hath pure wholſome air, and dainty cryſtal ſprings.
To thoſe delights of his, ſhe daily profit brings:
As to his large expence, ſhe multiplies her heaps:
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that ſhe reaps;
As th' one with what it hath, the other ſtrove to grace.
And now, that every thing may in the proper place

Moſt

Moſt aptly be contriv'd, the ſheep our wold doth breed
(The ſimpleſt though it ſeem) ſhall our deſcription need,
And ſhepherd-like, the muſe thus of that kind doth ſpeak:
No brown, nor ſullied black the face or legs doth ſtreak,
Like thoſe of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills,
That lightly laden are: but Cotſwold wiſely fills
Her with the whiteſt kind: whoſe brows ſo woolly be,
As men in her fair ſheep no emptineſs ſhould ſee.
The ſtaple deep and thick, through to the very grain,
Moſt ſtrongly keepeth out the violenteſt rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
But every where is ſtor'd; the belly, as the back.
The fair and goodly flock, the ſhepherd's only pride,
As white as winter's ſnow, when from the river's ſide
He drives his new-waſh'd ſheep; or on the ſhearing-day,
When as the luſty ram, with thoſe rich ſpoils of May
His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell-weather ſo brave,
As none in all the flock they like themſelves would have.
But, muſe, return to tell how there the ſhepherd's king,
Whoſe flock hath chanc'd that year the earlieſt lamb to bring,
In his gay bauldrick ſits at his low graſſy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted-cream, and country dainties ſtor'd:
And whilſt the bag-pipe plays, each luſty jocund ſwain
Quaffs ſillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country-girls, whoſe noſegays they do wear.
Some roundelays do ſing: the reſt, the burthen bear.
But Cotſwold, be this ſpoke to th'only praiſe of thee,
That thou of all the reſt the choſen ſoil ſhould'ſt be,
Fair Iſis to bring-forth (the mother of great Tames)
With thoſe delicious brooks, by whoſe immortal ſtreams
Her greatneſs is begun: ſo that our rivers king,
When he his long deſcent ſhall from his bel-ſires bring,
Muſt needs (great paſtures prince!) derive his ſtem by thee,
From kingly Cotſwold's ſelf, ſprung of the third degree:

As th'old world's heroes wont, that in the times of yore,
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themſelves ſo highly bore.
But eas'ly from her ſource as Iſis gently dades;
Unto her preſent aid, down through the deeper ſlades,
The nimbler-footed Churn, by Ciſſeter doth ſlide;
And firſt at Greeklade gets preheminence to guide
Queen Iſis on her way, ere ſhe receive her train,
Clear Coln, and lively Leech, ſo down from Cotſwold's plain
At Leechlade linking hands, come likewiſe to ſupport
The mother of great Tames. When, ſeeing the reſort,
From Cotſwold Windruſh ſcours, and with her ſelf doth caſt
The train to over-take, and therefore hies her faſt
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the laſt of all
Thoſe floods, that into Tames out of our Cotſwold fall,
And farth'ſt unto the north) bright Enload forth doth bear.
For, though it had been long, at length ſhe came to hear
That Iſis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:
And therefore ſhe prepar'd t'attend upon the bride;
Expecting, at the feaſt, paſt ordinary grace.
And being near of kin to that moſt ſpring-ful place,
Where out of Blockley's banks ſo many fountains flow,
That clean throughout his ſoil proud Cotſwold cannot ſhow
The like: as though from far, his long and many hills
There emptied all their veins, where-with thoſe founts he fills,
Which in the greateſt drought ſo brimful ſtill do float,
Sent through the rifted rocks with ſuch an open throat,
As though the cleves conſum'd in humor; they alone,
So cryſtalline and cold, as hardneth ſtick to ſtone.
But whilſt this while we talk, the far-divulged fame
Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty name
Doth bid the muſe make haſte, and to the bride-houſe ſpeed;
Of her attendance there leſt they ſhould ſtand in need.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOmewhat returning now near the way you deſcended from the northern parts, the muſe leads you through that part of Worceſterſhire, which is on this ſide Severn, and the neighbouring Stafford, viewing alſo Cotteſwold, and ſo Gloceſter. The fictions of this ſong are not ſo couvert, nor the alluſions ſo difficult, but that I preſume your conceit, for the moſt part, willingly diſcharges my labour.

And of her cares repreſt with her delicious wines.

In this tract of Gloceſterſhire (where to this day many places are ſtiled Vine-yards) was of antient time among other fruits of a fertile ſoil, great ſtore of vines, and more than in any other place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this realm we have ſome: but what comes of them in the preſs is ſcarce worth reſpect. Long ſince, the emperor [a] Probus *Et Gallis omnibus & Hiſpanis ac Britannis permiſit ut vites haberent vinúmque conficerent.* But [b] Tacitus, before that, ſpeaking of this iſland, commends it with *Solum præter oleam vitémque & cætera callidioribus terris oriri ſueta, patiens frugum, fœcundum.* Long ſince Probus, England had its vineyards alſo and ſome ſtore of wine, as appears by that in Domeſday, *Unus & Parcus & VI. Arpenni Vineæ* (that is, between five and ſix acres; *Arpent* in French ſignifying a content of ground of a hundred rods ſquare, every rod eighteen foot) *& reddit XX. modios vini, ſi benè procedit*, being recorded of a place [c] by Raleigh in Eſſex. This was under William I: and ſince him in time of Hen. I. [d] much wine was made here in Gloceſterſhire. That now the iſle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the ſoil's old age, and ſo like a woman growing ſterile (as [e] in another kind Tremellius many hundred years ſince thought) or by reaſon of the earth's change of place, as upon difference in aſtronomical obſervations Stadius gueſs'd, or that ſome part of ſingular influence, whereon aſtrology hangs moſt, of inferior qualities, is alter'd by that ſlow courſe (yet of great power in alteration of heaven's ſyſtem) of the eighth ſphere (or præceſſion of the Æquinoctial) or by reaſon of induſtry wanting in the huſbandman, I leave it to others examination.

———— *ſtill falling ſouthward leaves.*

He alludes to the difference of the zodiaque's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about 1460 years ſince the utmoſt declination of the ſun in the firſt of Cancer (where ſhe is neareſt to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. ſince that Albategni (about Charlemain's time) obſerved it ſome 15 ſcruples leſs: after him near 1000 year of Chriſt) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 ſcr. and in this later

a *Flav. Vopiſcus in ejuſd. vitâ.*
b *In Jul. Agricola.*
c *Cambd. in Trinobantibus.*
d *Malmesb. de Pontificum geſtis* 4.
e *Ap. Columell. de re Ruſtic.* 2. *cap.* 1.

later age John of Coningsburg and [f] Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenique accompt, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I accompt that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31 scrup. and ½, as that noble Dane, and most honor'd restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, hath taught us: which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers; yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's conceipt, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetcht cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Plantonique year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of [g] Eccentriques out of one sign into another, the equinoctial præcession, and such like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into Fortunate, Oppreſt or Combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cazimi, their *Orbes moities*, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the sun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decrease of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obliquity in the zodiaque) than distance of every singular star from the earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the pole's altitude, and other error in observation, [h] Copernicus was deceiv'd, and in this present age the sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentrique's semidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been [i] found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

f *Copernic. Re.* 3. *cap.* 3.

g *Cardan. ad* 2. *Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer.* 2. *qui prophanè nimium, à motibus octavæ Sphæræ, ijs scilicet, quos circa* CIↃ D CCC. *contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ Religionis mutationem ineptè simul & impiè prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.*

h *Cui, hoc nomine, gravitèr minitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercitat.* 90. *sect.* 2.

i *Tycho Brahe in Progymnasm.*

POLY-

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE FIFTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The gueſts here to the bride-houſe hie.
The goodly vale of Aylſbury
Sets her ſon (Tame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deckt up, tow'rds his bride is gone.
So lovely Iſis coming on,
At Oxford all the muſes meet her,
And with a Prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,
Some ſtrowing ſweets, ſome ſorting flow'rs:
Where luſty Charwel himſelf raiſes,
And ſings of rivers, and their praiſes.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windſor tends.
Thus, with the ſong, the marriage ends.

NOW fame had through this iſle divulg'd in every ear,
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That Iſis, Cotſwold's heir, long woo'd, was laſtly won,
And inſtantly ſhould wed with [a] Tame, old Chiltern's ſon.
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylſbury, that ſtood
So much upon her Tame, was buſied in her bowers,
Preparing for her ſon as many ſutes of flowers,
As Cotſwold for the bride, his Iſis, lately made;
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom, only ſtaid.
Whilſt

[a] Tame ariſes in the vale of Aylſbury, at the foot of the Chiltern.

Whilſt every cryſtal flood is to this buſineſs preſt,
The cauſe of their great ſpeed and many thus requeſt;
O! whither go ye, floods? what ſuddain wind doth blow,
Than other of your kind, that you ſo faſt ſhould flow?
What buſineſs in hand, that ſpurs you thus away?
Fair Windruſh, let me hear; I pray thee, Charwel, ſay.
They ſuddainly reply, 'What lets you ſhould not ſee
'That for this nuptial feaſt we all prepared be?
'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:
'Our leiſure ſerves not now theſe trifles to attend.'
But whilſt things are in hand, old Chiltern (for his life)
From prodigal expenſe can no way keep his wife;
Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wiſe prepar'd,
And thinks all idly ſpent, that now ſhe only ſpar'd
In ſetting forth her ſon: nor can ſhe think it well,
Unleſs her laviſh charge do Cotſwold's far excel.
For, Aylſbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholſome air continually in health)
Is luſty, frim, and fat, and holds her youthful ſtrength.
Beſides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and length,
Doth Chiltern fitly match: which mountainouſly high,
And being very long, ſo likewiſe ſhe doth ly
From the Bedfordian fields, where firſt ſhe doth begin,
To faſhion like a vale, to th'place where Tame doth win
His Iſis' wiſhed bed; her ſoil throughout ſo ſure,
For goodneſs of her glebe, and for her paſture pure,
That as her grain and graſs, ſo ſhe her ſheep doth breed,
For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
And ſhe, which thus in wealth abundantly doth flow,
Now cares not on her child what coſt ſhe do beſtow:
Which when wiſe Chiltern ſaw (the world who long had try'd,
And now at laſt had laid all gariſh pomp aſide;
Whoſe hoar and chalky head deſcry'd him to be old,
His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the cold)
Would fain perſwade the vale to hold a ſteddy rate;
And with his curious wife, thus wiſely doth debate:
'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to the moſt;
'But whereas leſs will ſerve, what means this idle coſt?

'Too

'Too much, a ſurfeit breeds, and may our child annoy:
'Theſe fat and luſcious meats do but our ſtomachs cloy.
'The modeſt comely mean, in all things likes the wiſe.
'Apparel often ſhews us womaniſh preciſe.
'And what will Cotſwold think when he ſhall hear of this?
'He'll rather blame your waſte, than praiſe your coſt, I wiſs.'
But women wilful be, and ſhe her will muſt have;
Nor cares how Chiltern chides, ſo that her Tame be brave.
Alone which tow'rds his love ſhe eas'ly doth convey:
For the Oxonian [b] Ouze was lately ſent away
From Buckingham, where firſt he finds his nimbler feet;
Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes: where, paſt the nobleſt
† ſtreet,
He to the foreſt gives his farewel, and doth keep
His courſe directly down into the German deep,
To publiſh that great day in mighty Neptune's hall,
That all the ſea-gods there might keep it feſtival.
As we have told how Tame holds on his even courſe,
Return we to report, how Iſis from her ſource
Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier ſprings;
And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage, brings
Clear [c] Churnet, [c] Coln, and [c] Leech, which firſt ſhe did
retain,
With [c] Windruſh: and with her (all outrage to reſtrain
Which well might off'red be to Iſis as ſhe went)
Came Yenload with a guard of Satyrs which were ſent
From [c] Whichwood, to await the bright and god-like dame.
So, [c] Bernwood did bequeath his Satyrs to the Tame,
For ſticklers in thoſe ſtirs that at the feaſt ſhould be.
Theſe preparations great when Charwell comes to ſee,
To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
Apollo's aid he begs, with all his ſacred brood,
To that moſt learned place to welcome her repair.
Who in her coming on, was wax'd ſo wondrous fair,
That meeting, ſtrife aroſe betwixt them, whether they
Her beauty ſhould extol, or ſhe admire their [d] bay.

On

[b] Ariſing near Brackley, running into the German ſea.
† Watling.
[c] Rivers ariſing in Cotſwold, ſpoke of in the former Song.
[d] Laurel for learning.

The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly mix'd:
T' allay whoſe luſcious ſmell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt.
Amongſt thoſe things of ſcent, there prick they in the lilly:
And near to that again, her ſiſter daffadilly.
To ſort theſe flowers of ſhow, with th' other that were ſweet,
The cowſlip then they couch, and th' oxſlip, for her meet:
The columbine amongſt they ſparingly do ſet,
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of eglantine a ſpray,
By which again a courſe of lady-ſmocks they lay:
The crow-flower, and there-by the clover-flow'r they ſtick,
The daiſie, over all thoſe ſundry ſweets ſo thick,
As nature doth herſelf; to imitate her right:
Who ſeems in that her [1] pearl ſo greatly to delight,
That every plain therewith ſhe powd'reth to behold:
The crimſon darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and gold:
Which though eſteem'd but weeds; yet for their dainty hues,
And for their ſcent not ill, they for this purpoſe chuſe.
Thus having told you how the bridegroom Tame was dreſt,
I'll ſhew you how the bride, fair Iſis, they inveſt;
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of ſtate,
Which ſcorns a meaner ſort, than fits a princely rate.
In anadems for whom they curiouſly diſpoſe
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damaſk roſe,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyſt, men place
In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchaſe.
The brave carnation then, with ſweet and ſovereign power
(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
With th' other of his kind, the ſpeckled and the pale:
Then th'odoriferous pink, that ſends forth ſuch a gale
Of ſweetneſs; yet in ſcents as various as in ſorts.
The purple violet then, the panſie there ſupports:
The mary-gold above t' adorn the arched bar:
The double daiſie, thrift, the button-batchelor,
Sweet-william, ſops-in-wine, the campion: and to theſe
Some lavender they put, with roſemary and bays:

Sweet

[1] Margarita is both a pearl and a daiſy

Sweet marjoram, with her like, ſweet baſil rare for ſmell,
With many a flower, whoſe name were now too long to tell:
And rarely with the reſt, the goodly flower-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted point-device,
Whilſt ſome ſtill buſied are in decking of the bride,
Some others were again as ſeriouſly imploy'd
In ſtrewing of thoſe herbs, at bridals us'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous hands and free.
The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps do fly,
The ſcentful camomile, the verd'rous coſtmary;
They hot muſcado oft with milder maudlin caſt;
Strong tanſey, fennel cool, they prodigally waſte:
Clear hyſop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Germander with the reſt, each thing then in her prime;
As well of wholſome herbs, as every pleaſant flower,
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy hour.
Amongſt theſe ſtrewing kinds, ſome other wild that grow,
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they throw.
Thus all things falling out to every one's deſire,
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom ſet, and ſerv'd with ſundry cates,
And every other plac'd, as fitted their eſtates;
Amongſt this confluence great, wiſe Charwel here was thought
The fitt'ſt to chear the gueſts: who throughly had been taught
In all that could pertain to courtſhip, long agon,
As coming from his ſire, the fruitful [m] Helidon,
He travelleth to Tames; where paſſing by thoſe towns
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful clowns,
With taber and the pipe, on holydays do uſe,
Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their ſhoes:
And having in his ears the deep and [n] ſolemn rings,
Which ſound him all the way, unto the [o] learned ſprings,

[m] A hill betwixt Northampton-ſhire and Warwick.
[n] Famous rings of bells in Oxfordſhire called, the Croſsring.
[o] Oxford.

Where he, his ſoveraign Ouze moſt happily doth meet,
And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's offſpring, greet
With all their ſacred gifts: thus, expert being grown
In muſick; and beſides, a curious maker known:
This Charwel (as I ſaid) the firſt theſe floods among,
For ſilence having call'd, thus to th'aſſembly ſung:
'Stand faſt, ye higher hills; low vallies, eaſily ly;
'And foreſts, that to both you equally apply
'(But for the greater part, both wild and barren be)
'Retire ye to your waſtes; and rivers, only we,
'Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,
'Let every beauteous nymph her beſt-lov'd flood imbrace,
'An alien be he born, or near to her own ſpring,
'So from his native fount he bravely flouriſhing,
'Along the flow'ry fields licentiouſly do ſtrain,
'Greeting each curled grove, and circling every plain;
'Or haſting to his fall, his ſhoaly gravel ſcow'rs,
'And with his cryſtal front then courts the climbing tow'rs.
'Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath a name,
'Like that from whoſe proud foot there ſprings ſome flood
'of fame:
'And in the earth's ſurvey, what ſeat like that is ſet,
'Whoſe ſtreets ſome ample ſtream abundantly doth wet?
'Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that road,
'Int'which ſome goodly flood his burthen doth unload?
'By whoſe rank ſwelling ſtream the far-fetcht foreign fraught
'May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.
'Of any part of earth, we be the moſt renown'd;
'That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.
'As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and fall,
'The ancient limit held twixt Italy and [p] Gaul.
'Europe and Aſia keep on Tanais' either ſide.
'Such honour have we floods, the world (even) to divide.
'Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are chriſten'd oft by us;
'Iberia takes her name of cryſtal Iberus.

'Such

[p] That which was called Gallia magnia and the weſtern part of Ciſalpina, and is Lombardy, Ro- Italy.

'Such reverence to our kind the wiſer ancients gave,
'As they ſuppos'd each flood a deity to have.
'But with our fame at home return we to proceed.
'In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our Tweed,
'The tripartited iſle do generally divide,
'To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep her ſide.
'Trent cuts the land in two ſo equally, as tho'
'Nature it pointed-out, to our great Brute to ſhow
'How to his mighty ſons the iſland he might ſhare.
'A thouſand of this kind, and nearer, I will ſpare;
'Where, if the ſtate of floods at large I liſt to ſhow,
'I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw
'Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,
'Which when full India's ſhowers inforceth him to ſwell,
'Gilds with his gliſtering ſands the over-pamper'd ſhore:
'How wealthy Tagus firſt, by tumbling down his ore,
'The rude and ſlothful Moors of old Iberia taught
'To ſearch into thoſe hills, from which ſuch wealth he brought.
'Beyond theſe if I pleas'd, I to your praiſe could bring,
'In ſacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plow'd ſpring)
'The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed ground,
'Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are crown'd.
'And as the earth doth us in her own bowels nouriſh;
'So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and flouriſh.
'To godly virtuous men, we wiſely liken'd are:
'To be ſo in themſelves, that do not only care;
'But by a ſacred power, which goodneſs doth await,
'Do make thoſe virtuous too, that them aſſociate.

By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the ſhow:
And Tames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth flow
To Windſor-ward amain (that with a wond'ring eye,
The foreſt might behold his awful empery)
And ſoon becometh great, with waters wext ſo rank,
That with his wealth he ſeems to retch his wid'ned bank:
Till happily attain'd his grandſire Chiltern's grounds,
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers crowns.
Amongſt his holts and hills, as on his way he makes,
At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes

Her lord the ſtately Tames, which that great flood again
With many ſigns of joy doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her ſtore;
As ſtill we ſee, the much runs ever to the more.
Set out with all this pomp, when this emperial ſtream
Himſelf eſtabliſht ſees amidſt his watry realm,
His much-lov'd Henly leaves, and proudly doth purſue
His wood-nymph Windſor's ſeat, her lovely ſite to view.
Whoſe moſt delightful face when once the river ſees,
Which ſhews her ſelf attir'd in tall and ſtately trees,
He in ſuch earneſt love with amorous geſtures woes,
That looking ſtill at her, his way was like to loſe;
And wand'ring in and out, ſo wildly ſeems to go,
As headlong he himſelf into her lap would throw.
Him with the like deſire the foreſt doth imbrace,
And with her preſence ſtrives her Tames as much to grace.
No foreſt, of them all, ſo fit as ſhe doth ſtand,
When princes, for their ſports, her pleaſures will command;
No wood-nymph as her ſelf ſuch troops hath ever ſeen,
Nor can ſuch quarries boaſt as have in Windſor been;
Nor any ever had ſo many ſolemn days,
So brave aſſemblies view'd, nor took ſo rich [1] aſſays.
Then, hand in hand, her Tames the foreſt ſoftly brings
To that ſupreameſt place of the great Engliſh kings,
§. The Garter's royal ſeat, from him who did advance
That princely order firſt, our firſt that conquer'd France;
The temple of Saint George, whereas his honour'd knights,
Upon his hallowed day, obſerve their ancient rites:
Where Eaton is at hand to nurſe that learned brood,
To keep the muſes ſtill near to this princely flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautify that ſeat,
With every pleaſure ſtor'd: and here my ſong compleat.

[1] Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I Shall here be ſhorter than in the laſt before. The muſe is ſo full in her ſelf, employ'd wholly about the nuptials of Tame and Iſis. In the

the garlands of Tame are wreathed moſt of our Engliſh field-flowers: in them of Iſis, our more ſweet and thoſe of the garden; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal ſeat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the inſtitution, (toucht to the fourth ſong) of his moſt honourable order, dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cauſe were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the Engliſh, or upon the queen's, or counteſs of Saliſbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatſoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majeſty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting thoſe of Templars, St. James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and ſuch like other, which were more religious than military) hath precedence of Antiquity before the eldeſt rank of honour, of that kind any where eſtabliſhed. The Anunciada [a] inſtituted by Amades VI. earl of Savoy, about 1409. although others have it by Amades IV. and ſo create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewes XI. Della Banda, by Alfonſo of Spain, and ſuch like, enſued it, as imitating inſtitutions, after a regard of the far-extended fame, worth, and glory of St. George's knights.

[a] *V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equeſt. 2. cap. 4. & Sanſovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.*

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE SIXTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Ver, near to Saint Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before ſhe fell,
And many more ſad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The courſe they held, and to what ſeas;
Of thoſe ſeven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their ſites, and how they bounded were.
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich eſtate:
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The muſe, led on with much delight,
Delivers London's happy ſite;
Shows this looſe age's lewd abuſe:
And for this time there ſtays the muſe.

THE bridal of our Tame and princely Iſis paſt:
And Tameſis their ſon, begot, and waxing faſt,
Inviteth cryſtal [a] Coln his wealth on him to lay,
Whoſe beauties had intic'd his ſovereign Tames to ſtay,
Had he not been inforc'd, by his unruly train.
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to ſalute, whoſe high-rear'd turrets throng
To gaze upon the flood, as he doth paſs along.

Now

[a] The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

Now as the Tames is great, ſo moſt tranſparent Coln
Feels, with exceſſive joy, her amorous boſom ſwoln,
That Ver of long eſteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whoſe aged bank old Ver'lamcheſter ſtood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his ſtore;
Enlarging both her ſtream, and ſtrength'ning his renown,
Where the delicious meads her through her courſe do crown.
This [b] Ver (as I have ſaid) Coln's tributary brook,
On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as ſadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich ſhrine was ſet,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.
Where after reverence done, 'Ver, quoth the ancient ſtreet,
'Tis long ſince thou and I firſt in this place did meet.'
'And ſo it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to ſee
'Things in far better ſtate than at this time they be:
'But he that made, amend: for much there goes amiſs.'
'Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, ſo in truth it is:
'And ſith of this thou ſpeak'ſt; the very ſooth to ſay,
'Since great Mulmutius firſt made me the nobleſt way,
'The ſoil is alter'd much: the cauſe I pray thee ſhow,
'The time that thou haſt liv'd, hath taught thee much to know.
'I fain would underſtand, why this delightful place,
'In former time that ſtood ſo high in nature's grace
'(Which bare ſuch ſtore of grain, and that ſo wond'rous great,
'That all the neighbouring coaſt was call'd the [c] ſoil of wheat)
'Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry ſand,
'Which ſcarce repays the ſeed firſt caſt into the land.'
At which the ſilent brook ſhrunk-in his ſilver head,
And feign'd as he away would inſtantly have fled;
Suſpecting, preſent ſpeech might paſſed grief renew.
Whom Watling thus again doth ſeriouſly purſue;
'I pray thee be not coy, but anſwer my demand:
'The cauſe of this (dear flood!) I fain would underſtand.

[b] The little clear river by St. Alban's. | [c] Whethamſted.

'§. Thou ſaw'ſt when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear
'(Which in her cinders now lies ſadly buried here)
'With alabaſter, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
'When (well-near) in her pride great Troynovant ſhe ſcorn'd.
'§. Thou ſaw'ſt great-burden'd ſhips through theſe thy vallies paſs,
'Where now the ſharp-edg'd ſcythe ſhears up the ſpiring graſs:
'That where the ugly ſeale and porpoiſe us'd to play,
'The graſhopper and ant now lord it all the day:
'Where now St. Alban's ſtands, was called Holm-hurſt then;
'Whoſe ſumptuous ſane we ſee neglected now again,
'This rich and goodly ſane which ruin'd thou doſt ſee,
'Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'ſt me:
'But to another thing thou cunningly doſt flie,
'And reaſon ſeem'ſt to urge of her ſterility.'
With that he fetch'd a ſigh, and ground his teeth in rage;
'Quoth Ver, even for the ſin of this accurſed age.
'Behold that goodly ſane, which ruin'd now doth ſtand,
'To holy [d] Albion built, firſt martyr of the land;
'Who in the faith of Chriſt from Rome to Britain came,
'And dying in this place, reſign'd his glorious name.
'In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
'Our Engliſh Offa rear'd a rich and ſumptuous ſhrine
'And monaſtery here: which our ſucceeding kings
'From time to time endow'd with many goodly things.
'And many a Chriſtian knight was buried here, before
'The Norman ſet his foot upon this conquer'd ſhore;
'And after thoſe brave ſpirits in all thoſe baleful ſtowrs,
'That with duke [e] Robert went againſt the pagan powers,
'And in their country's right at Creſſy thoſe that ſtood,
'And that at Poictiers bath'd their bilbows in French blood;
'Their

[d] Look before to the Eleventh Song

[e] With the eldeſt ſon of the conqueror in the Holy Land.

'Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that fought,
'Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was brought:
'In this religious houſe at ſome of their returns,
'When nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their hallow'd urns:
'Which now devouring time, in his ſo mighty waſte,
'Demoliſhing thoſe walls, hath utterly defac'd.
'So that the earth to feel the ruinous heaps of ſtones,
'That with the burd'nous weight now preſs their ſacred bones,
'Forbids this wicked brood ſhould by her fruits be fed;
'As loathing her own womb, that ſuch looſe children bred.
Herewith tranſported quite, to theſe exclaims he fell:
'Lives no man, that this world her grievous crimes dare tell?
'Where be thoſe noble ſpirits for ancient things that ſtood?
'When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood;
'In thoſe free golden days, it was the Satyrs uſe
'To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuſe:
'But ſoothers find the way preferment moſt to win;
'Who ſerving great mens turns, become the bawds to ſin.
When Watling in his words that took but ſmall delight,
Hearing the angry brook ſo cruelly to bite;
As one that fain would drive theſe fancies from his mind,
'Quoth he, I'll tell thee things that ſute thy gentler kind.
'My ſong is of my ſelf, and my three ſiſter ſtreets,
'Which way each of us run, where each her fellow meets,
'Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius firſt began,
'From ſea again to ſea, that through the iſland ran.
'Which that in mind to keep poſterity might have,
'Appointing firſt our courſe, this privilege he gave,
'That no man might arreſt, or debtors goods might ſeize
'In any of us four his military ways.
'And though the Foſs in length exceed me many a mile,
'That holds from ſhore to ſhore the length of all the iſle,
'From where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian ſeas,
'Till colder Cathneſs tells the ſcattered Orcades,
'I meaſuring but the breadth, that is not half his gaet;
'Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's ſtate,

'And

'And Tames and Severn both ſince in my courſe I croſs,
'And in much greater trade, am [f] worthier far than Foſs.
'But ô unhappy chance! through time's diſaſtrous lot,
'Our other fellow ſtreets ly utterly forgot:
'As Icning, that ſet out from Yarmouth in the eaſt,
'By the Iceni then being generally poſſeſt,
'Was of that people firſt term'd Icning in her race,
'Upon the [g] Chiltern here that did my courſe imbrace:
'Into the dropping ſouth and bearing then outright,
'Upon the Solent ſea ſtopt on the Iſle of Wight.
'And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cambria's far-
'ther ſhore,
'Where South-wales now ſhoots forth Saint David's pro-
'montore;
'And, on his mid-way near, did me in England meet;
'Then in his oblique courſe the luſty ſtragling ſtreet
'Soon overtook the Foſs; and toward the fall of Tine,
'Into the German ſea diſſolv'd at his decline.'

Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as having told:
But now this flood, that fain the ſtreet in talk would hold,
Thoſe ancient things to hear, which well old Watling knew,
With theſe enticing words, her fairly forward drew.

'Right noble ſtreet, quoth he, thou haſt liv'd long,
'gone far,
'Much traffick had in peace, much travailed in war;
'And in thy larger courſe ſurvey'ſt as ſundry grounds
'(Where I poor flood am lockt within theſe narrower
'bounds,
'And like my ruin'd ſelf theſe ruins only ſee,
'And there remains not one to pity them or me)
'On with thy former ſpeech: I pray thee ſomewhat ſay.
'For, Watling, as thou art a military way,
'Thy ſtory of old ſtreets likes me ſo wond'rous well,
'That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee tell.

With theſe perſwaſive words, ſmooth Ver the Watling [wan:
Stroking her duſty face, when thus the ſtreet began;

'When

[f] Watling, chiefeſt of the four great ways.

[g] Not far from Dunſtable.

'When once their ſevenfold rule the Saxons came to rear,
'And yet with half this iſle ſufficed ſcarcely were,
'Though from the inland part the Britons they had chas'd,
'Then underſtand how here themſelves the Saxons plac'd.
'Where in great Britain's ſtate four people of her own
'Were by the ſeveral names of their abodes well known
'(As, in that horn which juts into the ſea ſo far,
'Wherein our Devonſhire now, and fartheſt Cornwal are,
'The old Danmonii dwelt: ſo hard again at hand,
'The Durotriges ſat on the Dorſetian ſand:
'And where from ſea to ſea the Belgæ forth were let,
'Even from Southampton's ſhore, through Wilt and Somerſet,
'The Attrebates in Bark unto the bank of Tames,
'Betwixt the Celtick ſleeve and the Sabrinian ſtreams)
'The Saxons there ſet down one kingdom: which inſtall'd,
'And being weſt, they it their [g] weſtern kingdom call'd.
'So eaſtward where by Tames the Trinobants were ſet,
'To Trinovant their town, for that their name in debt,
'That London now we term, the Saxons did poſſeſs,
'And their eaſt kingdom call'd, as [h] Eſſex doth expreſs;
'The greateſt part thereof, and ſtill their name doth bear;
'Though Middleſex therein, and part of Hartford were;
'From Coln upon the weſt, upon the eaſt to * Stour,
'Where mighty Tames himſelf doth into Neptune pour.
'As to our fartheſt riſe, where forth thoſe fore-lands lean,
'Which bear their chalky brows into the German main,
'The Angles, which aroſe out of the Saxon race,
'Allured with delights and fitneſs of that place,
'Where the Iceni liv'd did ſet their kingdom down,
'From where the wallowing ſeas thoſe queachy waſhes drown
'That Ely do iniſle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
'Till thoſe Norfolcian ſhores vaſt Neptune doth inrich:
'Which

[g] For a more plain diviſion of the Engliſh kingdoms ſee to the XI. ſong.

[h] So call'd, of the Eaſt-Saxons.

* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Eſſex.

'Which (fartheſt to the eaſt of this divided iſle)
'Th'Eaſt-Angles kingdom, then, thoſe Engliſh did inſtile.
'And Suſſex ſeemeth ſtill, as with an open mouth,
'Thoſe Saxons rule to ſhew, that of the utmoſt ſouth
'The name to them aſſum'd, who rigorouſly expell'd
The Kentiſh Britons thence, and thoſe rough wood-lands
'held
From where the goodly Tames the Surryan grounds doth
'ſweep,
Until the ſmiling downs ſalute the Celtick deep.
'Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring Ca-
'teuclani,
'Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
'Where Dee and Merſey ſhoot into the Iriſh ſea;
'(Which well-near o'er this part, now called England, lay,
'From Severn to the ditch that cuts New-market plain,
'And from the banks of Tames to Humber, which con-
'tain
'So many goodly ſhires of Merſey, Mercia hight)
'Their mightier empire, there, the middle Engliſh pight.
'Which fartheſt though it raught, yet there it did not end:
'But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
'Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut
'Through Wales from north to ſouth, into wide Mercia put
'Well near the half thereof, and from three peoples there,
'To whom three ſpecial parts divided juſtly were
'(The Ordovices, now which North-wales people be,
'From Cheſhire which of old divided was by Dee:
'And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ then;
'And thoſe Silures call'd, by us the South-wales men)
'Beyond the Severn, much the Engliſh Offa took,
'To ſhut the Britons up within a little nook.
'From whence, by Merſey's banks, the reſt a kingdom
'made:
'Where in the Britons rule (before) the Brigants ſway'd;
'The powerful Engliſh there eſtabliſht were to ſtand:
'Which, north from Humber ſet, they term'd North-
'humberland;

'Two

'Two kingdoms which had been with ſeveral thrones
'inſtall'd.
'Bernitia hight the one; Diera th'other call'd.
'The firſt from Humber ſtretcht unto the bank of Tine;
'Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
'Diera beareth through the ſpacious Yorkiſh bounds,
'From Durham down along to the Lancaſtrian [k] ſounds,
'With Merſey and clear Tine continuing to their fall,
'To England-ward within the Picts renowned wall,
'And did the greater part of [l] Cumberland contain:
'With whom the Britons name for ever ſhall remain;
'Who there amongſt the rocks and mountains lived long,
'When they Loëgria left, inforc'd through powerful
'wrong.
'Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay,
'To where the [m] Frith falls out into the German ſea.

This ſaid, the aged ſtreet ſagg'd ſadly on alone:
And Ver upon his courſe, now haſted to be gone
T'accompany his Coln: which as ſhe gently glides,
Doth kindly him imbrace: whom ſoon this hap betides;
As Coln come on along, and chanc'd to caſt her eye
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow ſtands ſo high,
She [n] Peryvale perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths of wheat,
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her ſeat;
'Why ſhould not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,
'Since this my goodly grain is held of greateſt price?
'No manchet can ſo well the courtly palate pleaſe,
'As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertil leaze.
'Their fineſt of that kind, compared with my wheat,
'For whiteneſs of the bread doth look like common cheat.
'What barley is there found, whoſe fair and bearded ear
'Makes ſtouter Engliſh ale, or ſtronger Engliſh beer?
'The oat, the bean, and peaſe, with me but pulſes are;
'The coarſe and browner rye, no more than fitch and tare.

'What

[k] Sea-depths near the ſhores.
[l] The Cymbries land.
[m] A river running by Edenborough into the ſea.
[n] Peryvale, or Pure-vale, yieldeth the fineſt meal of England.

'What ſeed doth any ſoil in England bring, that I
'Beyond her moſt increaſe yet cannot multiply?
'Beſides, my ſure abode next goodly London is,
'To vent my fruitful ſtore, that me doth never miſs.
'And thoſe poor baſer things, they cannot put away,
'Howe'er I ſet my price, ne'er on my chapmen ſtay.
When prſently the hill that maketh her a vale,
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampſtead being fall'n and High-gate at debate;
As one before them both that would advance his ſtate,
From either for his height to bear away the praiſe,
Beſides that he alone rich Peryvale ſurveys.
But Hampſted pleads, himſelf in ſimples to have ſkill,
And therefore by deſert to be the nobleſt hill;
As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned phyſick's uſe, and ſkilful ſurgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthieſt place her own,
Since that old Watling once, o'er him to paſs was known.
Then High-gate boaſts his way; which men do moſt frequent;
His long-continued fame, his high and great deſcent;
Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
When firſt the mighty Brute that city did begin.
And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath place,
A foreſt for her pride, though titled but a chaſe.
Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as large,
As ſome (perhaps) whoſe ſtate requires a greater charge.
Whoſe [m] holts that view the eaſt, do wiſtly ſtand to look
Upon the winding courſe of Lee's delightful brook.
Where Mimer coming in, invites her ſiſter Bean,
Amongſt the chalky banks t' increaſe their miſtreſs' train;
Whom by the dainty hand obſequiouſly they lead
(By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleaſant mead.
And coming in her courſe to croſs the common fare,
For kindneſs ſhe doth kiſs that hoſpitable Ware.)
Yet ſcarcely comfort Lee (alas!) ſo woe begun,
Complaining in her courſe, thus to herſelf alone;

'How

[m] High woody banks.

'How ſhould my beauty now give Waltham ſuch delight,
'Or I, poor ſilly brook, take pleaſure in her ſight?
'Antiquity (for that it ſtands ſo far from view,
'And would her doating dreams ſhould be believ'd for true)
'Dare loudly lie for Coln, that ſometimes ſhips did paſs,
'To Ver'lam by her ſtream, when Ver'lam famous was;
'But, by the later times, ſuſpected but to feign,
'She planks and anchors ſhews, her error to maintain;
'Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleaſure there to row
'Upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to ſhow,
'When Rome her forces here did every year ſupply,
'And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.
'But I, diſtreſſed Lee, whoſe courſe doth plainly tell,
'That what of Coln is ſaid, of me none could refell,
'Whom [a] Alfred but too wiſe (poor river!) I may ſay
'(When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
'Which Hartford then beſieg'd, whoſe navy there abode,
'And on my ſpacious breaſt before the caſtle rode)
'By 'vantage of my ſoil, he did divide my ſtream;
'That they might ne'er return to Neptune's wat'ry realm.
'And, ſince, diſtreſſed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
'A by-word to each brook, and to the world a ſcorn.'
When Sturt, a nymph of her's (whoſe faith ſhe oft had prov'd,
And whom, of all her train, Lee moſt intirely lov'd)
Leſt ſo exceſſive grief her miſtreſs might invade,
Thus (by fair gentle ſpeech) to patience doth perſuade:
'Though you be not ſo great to others as before,
'Yet not a jot for that diſlike yourſelf the more.
'Your caſe is not alone, nor is (at all) ſo ſtrange;
'Sith every thing on earth ſubjects itſelf to change.
'Where rivers ſometime ran, is firm and certain ground:
'And where before were hills, now ſtanding lakes are found.
'And that which moſt you urge, your beauty to deſpoil;
'Doth recompence your bank with quantity of ſoil,
'Beſet with ranks of ſwans; that, in their wonted pride,
'Do prune their ſnowy plumes upon your pleaſant ſide.
'And

[a] See to the 12th Song.

'And Waltham woes you ſtill, and ſmiles with wonted chear:
'And Tames as at the firſt, ſo ſtill doth hold you dear.
To much-beloved Lee, this ſcarcely Sturt had ſpoke,
But goodly London's ſight their farther purpoſe broke:
When Tames his either banks adorn'd with buildings fair,
The city to ſalute doth bid the muſe prepare.
Whoſe turrets, fanes, and ſpires, when wiſtly ſhe beholds,
Her wonder at the ſite thus ſtrangely ſhe unfolds:
'At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder may?
'Nay, of his wiſdom thus enſuing times ſhall ſay;
'O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!
'Whoſe knowledge found the plot, ſo fit to ſet it in.
'What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in thy breaſt,
'From whom with ſuch ſucceſs thy labours ſhould be bleſt?
'Built on a riſing bank, within a vale to ſtand,
'And for thy healthful ſoil, choſe gravel mix'd with ſand.
'And where fair Tames his courſe into a creſcent caſts
'(That, forced by his tides, as ſtill by her he haſtes,
'He might his ſurging waves into her boſom ſend)
'Becauſe too far in length his town ſhould not extend.
'And to the north and ſouth, upon an equal reach,
'Two hills their even banks do ſomewhat ſeem to ſtretch,
'Thoſe two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
'And only level lies upon the riſe and ſet.
'Of all this goodly iſle, where breathes moſt chearful air,
'And every way thereto the ways moſt ſmooth and fair;
'As in the fitteſt place by man that could be thought,
'To which by land, or ſea, proviſion might be brought.
'And ſuch a road for ſhips ſcarce all the world commands,
'As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's city ſtands.
'Nor any haven lies to which is more reſort,
'Commodities to bring, as alſo to tranſport:
'Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we flouriſh'd long)
'Ere idle gentry up in ſuch abundance ſprung,
'Now peſt'ring all this iſle: whoſe diſproportion draws
'The publick wealth ſo dry, and only is the cauſe

'Our

'Our gold goes out ſo faſt, for fooliſh foreign things,
'Which upſtart gentry ſtill into our country brings;
'Who their inſatiate pride ſeek chiefly to maintain
'By that, which only ſerves to uſes vile and vain:
'Which our plain fathers erſt would have accounted ſin,
'Before the coſtly coach, and ſilken ſtock came in;
'Before that Indian weed [o] ſo ſtrongly was embrac'd,
'Wherein ſuch mighty ſums we prodigally waſte;
'That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceitful ſchool,
'And ſubtly having learn'd to ſooth the humorous fool,
'Preſent their painted toys unto this frantick gull,
'Diſparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;
'When foreigners, with our's them warmly cloath and feed,
'Tranſporting traſh to us, of which we ne'er had need.
But whilſt the angry muſe, thus on the time exclaims,
Sith every thing therein conſiſteth in extremes;
Leſt ſhe inforc'd with wrongs, her limits ſhould tranſcend,
Here of this preſent ſong ſhe briefly makes an end.

[o] Tobacco

ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN wandering paſſage the muſe returns from the wedding, ſomewhat into the land, and firſt to Hartford; whence, after matter of deſcription, to London.

Thou ſaw'ſt when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear.

For, under Nero, the Britons intollerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and eſpecially the Icens (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provok'd by that cruel ſervitude, into which not themſelves only, but the wife alſo and poſterity of their king Praſutagus were, even beyond right of victory, conſtrained, at length breathing for liberty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicea, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebell'd againſt their foreign conqueror, and in martial oppoſition committing a ſlaughter of no leſs than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus miſs 10,000 of this number) ranſack'd and ſpoil'd Maldon (then Camalodunum) and alſo this Verulam near St. Alban's) which were the two [a] chief towns of the iſle; the firſt a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this a [b] municipal city, call'd expreſsly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius,

a *Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.* b *Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.*

Caer-Municip. Out of ‖ Agellius I thus note to you its nature. *Municipes ſunt cives Romani ex municipiis ſuo jure & legibus ſuis utentes, muneris tantum cum pop. Rom. honorarii participes, a quo munere capeſſendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis neceſſitatibus neque ulla pop. Rom. lege aſtricti, quàm nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus eſſet.* It differed from a colony, moſt of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of ſuch as were received into ſtate-favour and friendſhip by the Roman. Perſonating the Genius of Ver'lam, that ever-famous [c] Spenſer ſung:

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and waſteful graſs?

As under the Romans, ſo in the Saxon times afterward it endured a ſecond ruin; and, out of its corruption, after the abbey erected by king Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, [e] in later times moſt of the ſtone-works, and whatſoever fit for building was by the abbots tranſlated. So that,

——— [f] *Now remains no memory,*
Nor any little monument to ſee,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
This once was ſhe, may warned be to ſay.

The name hath been thought from the river there running call'd Ver, and Humfrey [g] Lhuid makes it, as if it were Ver-lhan, i. e. a church upon Ver.

Thou ſaw'ſt great burden'd ſhips through theſe thy vallies paſs.

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the author's charge; he tells you more judiciouſly towards the end of the ſong. But the cauſe why ſome have thought ſo, is for that, [h] Gildas, ſpeaking of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous paſſing thro' the river at Verlamceſtre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thameſis fluvii alveum:* ſo by collection they gueſt that Thames had then his full courſe this way, being thereto farther mov'd by anchors and ſuch like here dig'd up. This conjecture hath been followed by that [i] noble muſe thus in the perſon of Verlam;

And where the cryſtal Thamis wont to ſlide
In ſilver channel down along the Lee,

About

‖ *Noct. Attic. 16. cap. 13.*
c In his ruins of time.
e *Lelaud. ad Cyg. Cant.*
f *Spenſ. ubi ſupra.*
g *In Brev. Brit.*
h *In Epiſt. de Excid. Britan.*
i *Spenſer.*

About whoſe flow'ry banks on either ſide
A thouſand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:
There now no river's courſe is to be ſeen,
But moriſh fens, and marſhes ever green.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeen,
In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;
A thouſand fiſhers number'd to have been
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
Of fiſh, with baits which they us'd to betray,
Is now no lake, nor any fiſher's ſtore,
Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſail there any more.

But, for this matter of the Thames, thoſe two grand antiquaries, Leland and Camden, have join'd in judgment againſt it: and for the anchors, they may be ſuppos'd of fiſh-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relicks of their name.

Since us his kingly ways Molmutius firſt began.

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the Britiſh ſtory) conſtituted divers laws; eſpecially that churches, ploughs, and high-ways ſhould have liberties of ſanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches ſhould be free and enjoy liberty for refuge, conſenting allowance of moſt nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed alſo by conſtitution of [k] king Lucius (a chriſtian) every church-yard was a ſanctuary, until by act of [l] parliament under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abuſed, was taken away; but, whether now reſtored in the laſt [m] parliament, wherein all ſtatutes concerning abjuration or ſanctuary made before 35th Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. The plough and huſbandmen have by our [n] ſtatutes, and eſpecially by [o] civil and [p] Perſian law, great freedoms. High-ways being without exception neceſſary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the [q] Roman laws, and are taken in ours, to be in that reſpect (as they are by implication of the name) the king's highways, and [r] *res ſacræ: & qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ ſuæ, dicitur feciſſe purpreſturam ſuper ipſum regem.* According to this privilege of Molmutius in the ſtatute of Marlbridge [s] it is enacted, that none ſhould diſtrain in the king's highway, or the common ſtreet, but the king and his miniſters, *ſpecialem authoritatem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly tranſcribe, becauſe the printed books are therein ſo generally

k *Florilegus.*
l 22 *Hen.* 8 *cap.* 14.
m *Jacob. Seſſ.* 1. *c.* 25.
n *Weſtm.* 2. *c.* 20 & 21 *Ed.* 1. *Diſtrib. Stuccarii.*
o *C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l.* 7. *Executores & alibi.*
p *Xenoph. Cyropæd.* 8.
q *ff. de via public.*
r *Bract. lib.* 4. *tract. Aſſiſ. Nov. diſſ.* c. 16. §. 8.
s 52 *Hen.* 3. *cap.* 16. & *V. Art. Chr. cap.* 9. *Statutum Marlbridge ſeu reſtitutum.*

nerally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, Distress may be [t] taken, as for an amerciament in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights fees But the old rolls of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the [u] register also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VII. where you read *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum & sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot forestarii, &c.* the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digestion *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. Regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, &c.* as, beside authentick MSS. it is expresly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by king John, and printed in Matthew Paris; 'twixt which, and that of our's commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. When as it is plain that he was not archbishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and returnt o Molmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon his son king Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caus'd more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to such highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit [x] and judicious authority these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikinild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randal of Chester, and by him derived from S. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hereford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and York-shires to Tinmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Bermingham in Warwickshire by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and

t 34. *Ed.* 1. Anbury 232. 8. *Rich* 2. *ibid.* 194. 11 *Hen.* 4. *fol.* 1. 19 *Ed.* 2. Anbury, 221; & 225. *alibi.*

u *Original. fol.* 97. *b. Charta de Foresta ad MS. emendat.*

x *V. Camden Roman.*

and you. Of Watling (who is here perſonated, and ſo much the more proper, becauſe Verlam was called alſo by the Engliſh, [y] Watling-cheſter) it is ſaid that it went from Dover in Kent, and ſo by weſt of London) yet part of the name ſeems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropſhire by Wrekin hill into [z] Cardigan; but [a] others ſay from Verlam to Cheſter; and where all is refer'd to Belin by Geffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another [b] tells you that the ſons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Foſſe is derived, by one conſent out of Cornwall into Devonſhire, through Somerſet, over Coteſwold by Teukeſbury, along near Coventry, to Leiceſter, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithneſs the utmoſt of Scotland. Of reſtitution of the other you may be deſperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon, no ſuch name is found, but with the firſt two, Ickenild and Ermingſtreet. Ickenild, ſaith he, goes from Eaſt to Weſt: Ermingſtreet, from ſouth to north: another tells me, that Ermingſtreet begins at S. Dewy's, and conveys itſelf to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the word's community with Icens) in the eaſtern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all theſe, or elect the beſt; I only add, that Ermingſtreet, which being of Engliſh idiom, ſeems to have had its name from Irmunſull in that ſignification whereby it [c] interprets an univerſal pillar worſhip'd for Mercury, preſident of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from ſouth to north) to have left its part in Stanſtreet in Surrey, where a way made with ſtones and gravel in a ſoil on both ſides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eaſtern ſhore in Suſſex are ſome places ſeeming as other relicks of it. But I here determine nothing.

y *Lhuid. Breviar. Brit.*
z *Polycbron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.*
a *Henric. Huntingd. hiſt. 1.*
b *Roger Hoveden part 1. fol. 248.*
c *Adam. Bremenſ. hiſt. Eccleſ. cap. 5.* and ſee to the 3d ſong.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Medway, Tames a ſuter goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homeſdale, holds her in:
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as king of rivers, ſings
The catalogue of th'Engliſh kings.
Thence the light muſe, to th'ſouthward ſoars,
The Surrian and Suſſexian ſhores;
The Foreſts and the downs ſurveys,
With rillets running to thoſe ſeas;
This ſong of hers then cutteth ſhort,
For things to come, of much import.

AT length it came to paſs, that Iſis and her Tame
Of Medway underſtood, a nymph of wondrous fame;
And much deſirous were, their princely Tames ſhould prove
If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden-love;
That of ſo great deſcent, and of ſo large a dower,
Might well ally their houſe, and much increaſe his power;
And ſtriving to prefer their ſon, the beſt they may,
Set forth the luſty flood in rich and brave array,
Bankt with imbroder'd meads, of ſundry ſutes of flowers,
His breaſt adorn'd with ſwans, oft waſht with ſilver ſhowers:

A train of gallant floods, at ſuch a coſtly rate
As might beſeem their care, and fitting his eſtate.
Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They ſend him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to ſee; yet with a full intent,
To woe the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he went.
Who to his dame and ſire his duty ſcarce had done,
And whil'ſt they ſadly wept at parting of their ſon,
See what the Tames befel, when 'twas ſuſpected leaſt.
As ſtill his goodly train yet every hour increaſt,
And from the Surrian ſhores clear Wey came down to meet
His greatneſs, whom the Tames ſo graciouſly doth greet,
That with the [a] fern-crown'd flood he minion-like doth play:
Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to ſtay.
But as they thus, in pomp, came ſporting on the ſhole,
Gainſt Hampton-court he meets the ſoft and gentle Mole.
Whoſe eyes ſo pierc'd his breaſt, that ſeeming to foreſlow
The way which he ſo long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there;
And that he in her ſight tranſparent might appear,
Applies himſelf to fords, and ſetteth his delight
On that which moſt might make him gracious in her ſight.
Then Iſis and the Tame from their conjoyned bed,
Deſirous ſtill to learn how Tames their ſon had ſped
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had ſo been ſpent,
That he ere this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And ſending to enquire, had news return'd again
(By ſuch as they imploy'd, on purpoſe in his train)
How this their only heir, the Iſle's emperial flood,
Had loitered thus in love, neglectful of his good.
No marvail (at the news) though [b] Ouſe and Tame were ſad,
More comfort of their ſon expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much ſorrow though they ſhow'd:
Who fearing leſt he might thus meanly be beſtow'd,

[a] Coming by Fernham, ſo called of Fern there growing. [b] Iſis.

And knowing danger ſtill increaſed by delay,
Employ their utmoſt power to haſten him away.
But Tames would hardly on: oft turning back, to ſhow
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go.
The mother of the Mole, old [c] Homeſdale, likewiſe bears
Th'affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content
T'have matcht her with a flood of far more mean deſcent.
But Mole reſpects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of Thames;
And headlong holds her courſe, his company to win.
But Homeſdale raiſed hills, to keep the ſtraggler in;
That of her daughter's ſtay ſhe need no more to doubt:
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it out.)
§. Mole digs her ſelf a path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to ſhew her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles ſpace doth creep;
Till gotten out of ſight, quite from her mother's keep,
Her fore-intended courſe the wanton nymph doth run;
As longing to imbrace old Tame and Iſis' ſon.
When Thames now underſtood what pains the Mole did take,
How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his ſake,
Although with Medway matcht, yet never could remove
The often-quick'ning ſparks of his more ancient love.
So that it comes to paſs, when by great nature's guide
The Ocean doth return, and thruſteth-in the tide;
Up tow'rds the place, where firſt his much-lov'd Mole was ſeen,
§. He ever ſince doth flow beyond delightful Shene[d].
Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,
So amiable, fair, ſo pure, ſo delicate,
So plump, ſo full, ſo freſh, her eyes ſo wondrous clear:
And firſt unto her Lord, at Wandſworth doth apppear,
That in the goodly Court of their great ſoveraign Thames,
There might no other ſpeech be had amongſt the ſtreams,
But

[c] A very woody vale in Surry.

[d] Thames ebbs and flows beyond Richmond.

But only of this nymph, ſweet Wandal, what ſhe wore;
Of her complection, grace, and how her ſelf ſhe bore.
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage preſt
(That found how with his ſtrength, his beauties ſtill increaſt,
From where brave Windſor ſtood on tip-toe to behold
The fair and goodly Thames, ſo far as ere he could,
With kingly houſes crown'd, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long courſe purſue,
Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth view,
Then Weſtminſter the next great Tames doth entertain;
That vaunts her palace large, and her moſt ſumptuous fane:
The land's tribunal ſeat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous ſepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous ſtrand,
Expreſſing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many ſumptuous bowers, within ſo little ſpace,
The all-beholding ſun ſcarce ſees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a creſcent lies,
Whoſe windows ſeem to mock the ſtar-befreckled ſkies;
Beſides her riſing ſpires, ſo thick themſelves that ſhow,
As do the briſtling reeds within his banks that grow.
There ſees his crouded wharfs, and people-peſt'red ſhores,
His boſom over-ſpread with ſhoals of labouring oars:
With that moſt coſtly bridge that doth him moſt renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.
Thus furniſhed with all that appertain'd to ſtate,
Deſired by the floods (his greatneſs which await)
That as the reſt before, ſo ſomewhat he would ſing,
Both worthy of their praiſe, and of himſelf their king;
A catalogue of thoſe, the ſceptre here that ſway'd,
The princely Tames recites, and thus his ſong he laid:

'As baſtard William firſt, by conqueſt hither came,
'And brought the Norman rule upon the Engliſh name:
'So with a tedious war, and almoſt endleſs toils,
'Throughout his troubled reign, here held his hard-got ſpoils.

'De-

'Deceaſing at the laſt, through his unſettled ſtate,
'§. Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.
'For, dying at his home, his eldeſt ſon abroad
'(Who in the holy-war his perſon then beſtow'd)
'His ſecond, Rufus, next uſurp'd the wronged reign:
'And by a fatal dart in his new foreſt ſlain,
'Whilſt in his proper right religious Robert ſlept,
'Through craft into the throne, the younger Beauclerk crept.
'From whom his ſceptre, then, whilſt Robert ſtrove to wreſt,
'The other (of his power that amply was poſſeſt)
'With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful day
'(Where Fortune ſhew'd herſelf all human power to ſway)
'Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the flight,
'§. Was by that cruel king deprived of his ſight,
'And in cloſe priſon put; where miſerably he dy'd:
'But Henry's whole intent was by juſt heav'n deny'd,
'For, as of light and life he that ſad Lord bereft;
'So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have left,
'The [h] raging ſeas devour'd, as hitherward they ſail'd.
'When in this line direct, the Conqueror's iſſue fail'd,
'Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain emperor's bride
'(Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)
'And Stephen earl of Blois, the Conqueror's ſiſter's ſon,
'A fierce and cruel war immediately begun;
'Who with their ſeveral powers arrived here from France,
'By force of hoſtile arms their titles to advance.
'But Stephen, what by coin, and what by foreign ſtrength,
'Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious gole at length.
'But, left without an heir, the empreſs' iſſue next,
'No title elſe on foot; upon ſo fair pretext,
'The ſecond Henry ſoon upon the throne was ſet,
'(Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the firſt Plantaginet.
'Who held ſtrong wars with Wales, that his ſubjection ſpurn'd:
'Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, return'd:
With

[h] See the laſt note of the 4th Song.

With his ſtern children vex'd: who (whil'ſt he ſtrove t' advance
His right within this iſle) rais'd war on him in France.
With his high fame in fight, what cold breaſt was not fir'd?
Through all the weſtern world, for wiſdom moſt admir'd.
'Then Richard got the rule, his moſt renowned ſon,
Whoſe courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion* won.
With thoſe firſt earthly Gods had this brave prince been born,
His daring hand had from Alcides' ſhoulders torn
The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy Land
So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptune's hand,
The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he had reft,
And him to rule their charge they only then had left.
'Him John again ſucceeds; who having put away
Young Arthur (Richard's ſon) the ſceptre took to ſway.
Who, of the commonwealth firſt havock having made,
§. His ſacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;
That his outrageous luſt and courſes to reſtrain,
The baronage were forc'd defenſive arms to raiſe,
Their daughters to redeem, that he by force would ſeize;
Which the firſt civil war in England here begun.
'And for his ſake ſuch hate his ſon young Henry won,
'That to depoſe their prince, th' revengeful people thought;
'And from the line of France young Lewis to have brought
'To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the throne,
'By his more forceful friends: who, wiſe and puiſſant grown,
'§. The general charter ſeiz'd: that into ſlavery drew
'The freeſt born Engliſh blood. Of which ſuch diſcord grew,
'And in the barons breaſts ſo rough combuſtions rais'd,
'With much expence of blood as long was not appeas'd,
'By ſtrong and tedious guſts held up on either ſide,
'Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power and pride.
'He knew the worſt of war, match'd with the barons ſtrong;
'Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and long.

'This

'This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next ſucceeded; he,
'Of us, that for a god might well related be.
'Our Longſhanks, Scotland's ſcourge: who to the Orcads raught
'His ſceptre, and with him from wild Albania brought
'The reliques of her crown (by him firſt placed here)
'§. The ſeat on which her kings inaugurated were.
'He tam'd the deſperate Welſh, that out ſo long had ſtood,
'And made them take a [k] prince, ſprung of the Engliſh blood.
'This iſle from ſea to ſea, he generally control'd,
'And made the other parts of England both to hold.
'This Edward, firſt of our's, a ſecond then enſues;
'Who both his name and birth, by looſeneſs did abuſe:
'Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely places;
'And choſe not men for wit, but only for their faces.
'In paraſites and knaves, as he repos'd his truſt,
'Who ſooth'd him in his ways apparently unjuſt;
'For that prepoſterous ſin wherein he did offend,
'In his poſterior parts had his prepoſterous end.
'A third then of that name, amends for this did make:
'Who from his idle ſire ſeem'd nought at all to take.
'But as his grandſire did his empire's verge advance:
'So led he forth his powers into the heart of France.
'And faſt'ning on that right he by his mother had,
'Againſt the Salique law, which utterly forbad
'Their women to inherit; to propagate his cauſe,
'At Creſſey with his ſword firſt cancelled thoſe laws:
'Then like a furious ſtorm, through troubled France he ran;
'And by the hopeful hand of brave Black-Edward wan
'Proud Poictiers, where king John he valiantly ſubdu'd,
'The miſerable French and there in mammocks hew'd;
'Then with his battering rams made earthquakes in their towers,
'Till trampled in the duſt herſelf ſhe yielded our's.

'As

[k] See Song the IXth.

As mighty Edward's heir, to a ſecond Richard then
(Son to that famous prince Black-Edward, man of men,
Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
Too ſoon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth apply'd
To wantonneſs and ſpoil, and did to favour draw
Unworthy ignorant ſots, with whoſe dull eyes he ſaw:
Who plac'd their like in court, and made them great in ſtate
(Which wiſe and virtuous men, beyond all plagues, might hate.)
To whom he blindly gave: who blindly ſpent again,
And oft oppreſt his land, their riot to maintain.
He hated his allies, and the deſerving ſtarv'd;
His minions and his will, the gods he only ſerv'd:
And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
To ribaulds, ſo again by villains had his end.
Henry the ſon of Gaunt, ſupplanting Richard, then
Aſcended to the throne: when diſcontented men,
Deſirous firſt of change, which to that height him brought,
Deceived of their ends, into his actions ſought;
And as they ſet him up, aſſay'd to pluck him down:
For whom he hardly held his ill-atchieved crown;
That treaſons to ſuppreſs which oft he did diſcloſe,
And raiſing public arms againſt his powerful foes,
His uſurpation ſtill being troubled to maintain,
His ſhort diſquiet days ſcarce raught a peaceful reign.
A fifth ſucceeds the fourth: but how his father got
The crown, by right or wrong, the ſon reſpecteth not.
Nor farther hopes for that ere leaveth to purſue;
But doth his claim to France courageouſly renew;
Upon her wealthy ſhores unlades his warlike fraught;
And ſhewing us the fields where our brave fathers fought,
Firſt drew his ſun-bright ſword, reflecting ſuch a light,
As put ſad guilty France into ſo great a fright,
That her pale genius ſunk; which trembling ſeem'd to ſtand,
When firſt he ſet his foot on her rebellious land.
That all his grandſire's deeds did over, and thereto
Thoſe high atchievements add the former could not do:

'And through his awful might, for temporal ends did ſave,
'To other uſes erſt what frank devotion gave;
'And here the papal power, firſt utterly deny'd,
'*Defender of the faith* that was inſtil'd, and dy'd.
'His ſon the empire had, our Edward firſt that made;
'Untimely as he ſprang, untimely who did fade.
'A proteſtant being bred; and in his infant reign,
'Th' religion then receiv'd, here ſtoutly did maintain:
'But ere he raught to man, from his ſad people reft,
'His ſceptre he again unto his ſiſters left.
'Of which the eldeſt of two, queen Mary, mounts the chair:
'The ruin'd Roman ſtate who ſtriving to repair,
'With perſecuting hands the Proteſtants purſu'd;
'Whoſe martyr'd aſhes oft the wond'ring ſtreets beſtrew'd.
'She match'd herſelf with Spain, and brought king Philip hither,
'Which with an equal hand, the ſceptre ſway'd together.
'But iſſueleſs ſhe dy'd; and under ſix years reign,
'To her wiſe ſiſter gave the kingdom up again.
'Elizabeth, the next, this falling ſceptre hent;
'Digreſſing from her ſex, with man-like government
'This iſland kept in awe, and did her power extend
'Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
'Againſt th'Iberian rule, the Flemings ſure defence:
'Rude Ireland's deadly ſcourge; who ſent her navies hence
'Unto the either Inde, and to that ſhore ſo green,
'Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:
'In Portugal 'gainſt Spain, her Engliſh enſigns ſpread;
'Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia fled.
'Moſt flouriſhing in ſtate: that, all our kings among
'Scarce any rul'd ſo well: but [1] two, that reign'd ſo long.

Here ſuddenly he ſtaid: and with his kingly ſong,
Whilſt yet on every ſide the city loudly rung,
He with the eddy turn'd, a ſpace to look about:
The tide, retiring ſoon, did ſtrongly thruſt him out.

And

[1] Hen. III. & Ed. III.

And ſoon the pliant muſe, doth her brave wing advance,
Tow'rds thoſe ſea-bord'ring ſhores of our's, that point at France;
The harder Surreyan heath, and the Suſſexian down,
Which with ſo great increaſe though nature do not crown,
As many other ſhires of this inviron'd Iſle,
Yet on the [l] weather's head, when as the ſun doth ſmile,
Nurſt by the Southern winds, that ſoft and gently blow,
Here doth the luſty ſap as ſoon begin to flow;
The earth as ſoon puts on her gaudy ſummer's ſute;
The woods as ſoon in green, and orchards great with fruit.

To ſea-ward, from the ſeat where firſt our ſong begun,
Exhaled to the ſouth by the aſcending ſun,
Four ſtately wood-nymphs ſtand on the Suſſexian ground,
Great [m] Andredſweld's ſometime: who, when ſhe did abound
In circuit and in growth, all other quite ſuppreſt:
But in her wane of pride, as ſhe in ſtrength decreaſt,
Her nymphs aſſum'd the names, each one to her delight.
As, Water-down, ſo call'd of her depreſſed ſite:
And Aſh-down, of thoſe trees that moſt in her do grow,
Set higher to the downs, as th'other ſtandeth low.
Saint Leonard's, of the ſeat by which ſhe next is plac'd,
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be grac'd.
Theſe foreſts, as I ſay, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breaſts had long their grief conceal'd)
Foreſeeing their decay each hour ſo faſt came on,
Under the ax's ſtroak fetcht many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful ſound,
Even rent the hollow woods, and ſhook the queachy ground.
So that the trembling nymphs, oppreſt through ghaſtly fear,
Ran madding to the downs, with looſe diſhevell'd hair.
The Sylvans that about the neighbouring woods did dwell,
Both in the tufty frith and in the moſſy fell,
Forſook their gloomy bow'rs, and wandred far abroad,

[l] The ſun in Aries.
[m] A foreſt, containing moſt part of Kent, and Surrey.

Expell'd their quiet ſeats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they ſaw to hold their daily trade,
Where they in ſummer wont to ſport them in the ſhade.
'Could we, ſay they, ſuppoſe, that any would us cheriſh,
'Which ſuffer (every day) the holieſt things to periſh?
'Or to our daily want to miniſter ſupply?
'Theſe iron times breed none that mind poſterity.
''Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
'Or changes of the world, that we in time have ſeen;
'When, not deviſing how to ſpend our wealth with waſte,
'We to the ſavage ſwine let fall our larding maſt,
'But now, alas, our ſelves we have not to ſuſtain,
'Nor can our tops ſuffice to ſhield our roots from rain.
'Jove's oak, the warlike aſh, vein'd elm, the ſofter beech,
'Short hazel, maple plain, light aſp, the bending wych,
'Tough holly, and ſmooth birch, muſt altogether burn:
'What ſhould the builder ſerve, ſupplies the forger's turn;
'When under publick good, baſe private gain takes hold,
'And we poor woful woods to ruin laſtly ſold.
This uttered they with grief: and more they would have ſpoke,
But that the envious downs, int'open laughter broke;
As joying in thoſe wants, which nature them had given,
Sith to as great diſtreſs the foreſts ſhould be driven.
Like him that long time hath another's ſtate envy'd,
And ſees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is depreſt, and bruis'd with fortune's might,
The larger rein his foe doth give to his deſpight:
So did the envious downs; but that again the floods
(Their fountains that derive from theſe unpitied woods,
And ſo much grace thy downs, as through their dales they creep,
Their glories to convey unto the Celtick deep)
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their pride.
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian ſide
(Dividing it well near from the Suſſexian lands
That Selſey doth ſurvey, and Solent's troubled ſands)

To

To Chicheſter their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
§. And Arun (which doth name the beauteous Arundel)
As on her courſe ſhe came, it to her foreſt told.
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wiſht tempeſts them might rive;
And on their barren ſcalps, ſtill flint and chalk might thrive,
The brave and nobler woods which baſely thus upbraid.
§. And Adur coming on, to Shoreham ſoftly ſaid,
"The downs did very ill, poor woods ſo to debaſe."
But now, the Ouſe, a nymph of very ſcornful grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was ſo ſqueamiſh grown,
That her old name ſhe ſcorn'd ſhould publickly be known.
Whoſe haven out of mind when as it almoſt grew,
The lately-paſſed times denominate the new.
So Cucmer with the reſt, put to her utmoſt might:
As Aſhburn undertakes to do the foreſts right
(At Pemſey, where ſhe pours her ſoft and gentler flood)
And Aſten, once diſtain'd with native Engliſh blood:
(Whoſe ſoil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
§. Doth bluſh; as put in mind of thoſe there ſadly ſlain,
When Haſtings harbour gave unto the Norman powers,
Whoſe name and honors now are denizen'd for ours)
That boding ominous brook, it through the foreſts rung:
Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,
Great ſtir was like to grow; but that the muſe did charm
Their furies, and her ſelf for nobler things did arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

After your travels (thus led by the muſe) through the inlands, out of the Welſh coaſt maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Suſſex, the ſouthern ſhires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, ſummarily ſings the kings of England, from Norman William to yeſterday's age.

Mole digs her ſelf a path, by working day and night.

This Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Darking in Surrey, and after ſome two miles ſees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of

the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) call'd Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixt with the sea, which hath been both tried by a [a] cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old [b] oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

——————— Ἰν Αλφεῦ ϛομα βλύξει,
Μισγόμενον πηγαῖς Εὐριπείης Ἀρεθούσης.

Like this, [c] Pausanias reckons more; [d] Erasin in Grece, Lycus [e] that runs into Meander, [f] Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the antient limit of Portugal and the Bætique Spain) is specially famous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that [g] Country, is put for an unfeigned truth.

He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sheene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creeky, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the heavens, because such [h] testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; [i] *I constitute no heir of the crown of England: but to the universal creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I commend it. For I had it not by inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much effusion of blood I took it from that perjur'd Harold,*

a *Strab. Geograph.* 5.
b *Pausan. Eliac.* 1.
c There *Alpheus* springeth again, embracing fair *Arethusa.*
d *Herodot. hist.* 5.
e *Idem.* & *Polibym.*
f *Justin. hist.* 42.
g *Ludov. Nonius in Flum. Hispa.*
h *Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat.* 52.
i Guil. Pictavens. in hist. *Cadomens.*

Harold, and by death of his favorites, have I ſubdued it to my empire. And ſomewhat after: *Therefore I dare not bequeath the ſcepter of this kingdom to any but to God alone, leſt after my death worſe troubles happen in it by my occaſion. For my ſon William (always, as it became him, obedient to me) I wiſh that God may give him his graces, and that, if ſo it pleaſe the Almighty, he may reign after me.* This William the ſecond (called Rufus) was his ſecond ſon, Robert his eldeſt having upon diſcontent (taken becauſe the dukedom of Normandy, then as it were by birth-right, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or dutchy of Cornwal at this day, belonging to our kings heirs apparent, was deny'd him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war againſt him, aided by Philip I. of France, which cauſed his merited diſinheritance. Betwixt this William and Robert, as alſo betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and ſons to the conqueror) were divers oppoſitions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our ſtories in every hand inform you: and will diſcover alſo the conqueror's adoption by the Confeſſor, Harold's oath to him, and ſuch inſtitutions of his lawful title enforced by a caſe [k] reported of one Engliſh, who, deriving his right from Seiſin before the conqueſt, recovered by judgment of king William I. the mannor of Sharbon in Norfolk againſt one Warren a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjuſt, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had [l] all titles of ſubjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this caſe as you pleaſe, or any cauſe of right beſide his ſword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (mov'd by their rebellions which had ſtood for the ſworn Harold) diſpos'd all things as a conqueror: Upon obſervation of his ſubjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, diſinheriting the Engliſh, and ſuch other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was univerſally acquired into the prince's hand) and in reading the diſgraceful account then made of the Engliſh name, it will be manifeſt.

Who by a fatal dart in vaſt New Foreſt ſlain.

His death by an infortunate looſing at a deer out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Foreſt, his brother Richard being blaſted there with infection, and Richard, duke Robert's ſon, having his neck broken there in a bough's twiſt catching him from his horſe, have been thought as divine revenges on William the firſt, who deſtroy'd in Hantſhire 36 pariſh churches to make dens for wild beaſts; although it is probable enough, that it was for ſecurity of landing new forces there, if the wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, ſhould have diſpoſſeſt him of the Engliſh crown. Our ſtories will of theſe things better inſtruct you: but, if you ſeek Matthew Paris for it, amend the abſurdity of both the London and Tigurin prints in An. 1086. and for *Rex magnificus & bonæ indolis*

k *Antiq. Sched. in Iceu. Camd.*

l *Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatiùs diluci-dandam, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano, viſendi ſunt Hottoman. Illuſt. quæſt.* 5. *Alberic. Gentil. de Jure Belli.* 3 *cap.* 5. & *caſ. Calv. in D. Coke l.* 7.

indolis adoleſcens, read *Rich. magnificus &c.* for Richard brother to thi Red William

Was by that cruel king deprived of his ſight.

Thus did the conqueror's poſterity unquietly poſſeſs their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, juſtly grudging at his uſurping the crown from right of primogeniture; but ſo much the leſs, in that Robert with divers other German and French princes left all private reſpects for the holy war, which after the croſs undertaken (as thoſe times uſed) had moſt fortunate ſucceſs in recovery of Paleſtine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without ſwords often drawn, before his holy expedition: about which (having firſt offer of, but refuſing the kingdom of Jeruſalem) after he had ſome five years been abſent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldeſt ſon of the conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown (beſide the means of his working favorites) was, that he was the only iſſue born after his father was a king: upon which point a great queſtion is diſputed among [o] civilians. Robert was no ſooner return'd into Normandy, but preſently (firſt animated by Randal biſhop of Durham, a great diſturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and ſubject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injuſtice under William II. whoſe [p] chief juſtice it ſeems he was, newly eſcaped out of priſon (whither for thoſe ſtate-miſdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he diſpatches and interchanges intelligence with moſt of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture-right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gain'd to him moſt of the Engliſh nobility, he lands with forces at Portſmouth, thence marching towards Wincheſter: but before any encounter the two brothers were perſwaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of twelve barons, on both parts, that Henry ſhould pay him yearly 2000 pounds of ſilver, and that the ſurvivor of them ſhould inherit, the other dying without iſſue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, becauſe, at requeſt of queen Maud, the duke prodigally releaſed his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was ſoon broken. The king (to prevent what miſchief might follow a ſecond arrival of his brother) aſſiſted by the greateſt favours of Normandy and Anjou, beſieged duke Robert in one of his caſtles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length uſing that courſe (next ſecure to death) ſo often read of in Choniates, Cantucuzen, and other oriental ſtories, put out his eyes, being all this time impriſoned in Cardiff Caſtle in Glamorgan, where he miſerably breathed his laſt. It is by Polydore added, out of ſome authority, that king Henry after a few years impriſonment releaſed him, and commanded that within 40 days and 12 hours

o *Hottom. Illuſt. queſt.* 2.
p *Placitator & Exactor totius regni, Fitz, Wig. & Monachorum turba.*

12 hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile; and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: Yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of [q] Clarindon, which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner [r] persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessaries, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; *I will* (proceeds the oath) *diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help, &c.* So here the forty days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary; compare this with other [s] authorities, and you shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (earl of Kent, and chief justice of England under Henry III.) having incurr'd the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decernentes* [t] *ibi XL. dierum excubijs observare:* And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarquement out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for

 return?

q *Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved. fol.* 314.

r *Glanvil. lib.* 14. *cap.* 1. *cæterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib.* 2. §. 67.

s *Itin. North.* 3. *Ed.* 3. *Coron.* 313. *Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron.* 181. *V. Stamfordum lib.* 2. *cap.* 40. *qui de his gravitèr & modestè, sed* ἐφεκτικῶς.

t *Math. Par. pag.* 507.

return? as in caſe of *diſſeiſin*, the law hath [u] been that the diſſeiſee could not reenter without action, unleſs he had as it were made a preſent and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in ſingle pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's ſervice in France, or ſo, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been ſo beyond ſea, he might have been eſſoigned *de ultra Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is eaſily underſtood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the ſpace of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the aſſiſe of Freſhforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's Quarentine, which ſeems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of adminiſtration, as in another [x] country the reaſon of the like is given; or elſe from the forty days in the eſſoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman cuſtoms. But you miſlike the digreſſion. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry aſked him what he would give him? 100. *pounds of ſilver* (ſaith he) *and be contented, my ſon; for, in time, thou ſhalt have all which I poſſeſs, and be greater than either of thy brethren.*

His ſacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid.

The great controverſy about electing the arch-biſhop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John biſhop of Norwich ſhould have the prelacy, the pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with ſome diſloyal monks of Canterbury, deſiring, and at laſt conſecrating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was firſt cauſe of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjuſt election at Rome, but baniſhed the monks, and ſtoutly menaces the pope. He preſently makes delegation to William biſhop of London, Euſtace of Ely, and Malgere of Worceſter, that they ſhould, with monitory advice, offer perſwaſion to the king of conformity to the Romiſh beheſt; if he perſiſted in conſtancy, they ſhould denounce England under an interdict. The biſhops tell king John as much, who ſuddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and ſcorn of papal uſurpation, ſwears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadviſed attempt, ſubject his kingdom to an interdict, he would preſently drive every prelate and prieſt of England to the pope, and confiſcate all their ſubſtance, and of all the Romans amongſt them, he would firſt pull out their eyes, and cut off their noſes, and then ſend them all packing,* with other like threatning terms, which notwithſtanding were not able to cauſe them to deſiſt; but within little time following in publick denunciation they performed their authority; and the king, in ſome ſort, his threat-

[u] *Bract. lib. 4. tract. aſſiſ. Nov. Diſſ. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Eſſon. cap. 3.* *Vid. de Conſuetudine in Oxeniâ 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.*

[x] *Cuſt. Generaulx, de Artois art. 164.*

threatnings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymens cuſtody, and compelling every prieſt's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine ſacraments or exerciſe, excepted only confeſſion, extream unction, and baptiſm; the king being alſo excommunicated, and burials allowed only in high-ways and ditches without eccleſiaſtick ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by archbiſhop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monaſteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine ſervice once a week) had no change for ſome four or five years, when the pope in a ſolemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with ſuſpicion of the ſubjects hearts at home, and another cauſe then more eſteemed than either of theſe, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkſhire, foretelling to his face *that before holy-Thurſday following he ſhould be no king*, altered his ſtiff, and reſolute, but too diſturbed affections; and perſwaded him by oath of himſelf and ſixteen more of his barons, to make ſubmiſſion to the church of Rome, and condeſcended to give for ſatisfaction, Iɔɔ. cIɔ. cIɔ. cIɔ. pounds ſterling (that name of Sterling [y] began, as I am inſtructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from ſome eſterling, making that kind of mony, which hath its eſſence in particular weight and fineneſs, not of the ſtarling bird, as ſome, nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others abſurdly; for in [z] records much more ancient the expreſs name *Sterlingorum* I have read) to the clergy, and ſubject [a] all his dominions to the pope; and ſo had abſolution, and after more than four years, releaſe of the interdict [b]. I was the willinger to inſert it all, becauſe you might ſee what injurious oppoſition, by papal uſurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings againſt the church were not without intolerable provocation, which madded rather then amended his troubled ſpirits. Eaſily you ſhall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cauſe than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exaſperated deſire of revenge. Moſt kind habitude then was betwixt him and the pope, and for alms toward Jeruſalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and cauſed his baronage to ſecond his example. Although therefore he be no ways excuſable of many of thoſe faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was ſo beſieged with continual and undigeſtable incentives of the clergy with traiterous confidence ſtriking at his crown, and in ſuch ſort, as humanity muſt have exceeded itſelf, to have indured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever ſhall I impute that his wicked attempt of ſending ambaſſadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, ſo much to his own will and nature, as to the perſecuting bulls, in-

y *Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini pag.* 52. *Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alios.*

z *Polydor. hiſt.* 16.

a *Norff.* 6. *Ricb.* 1. *fin. rot.* 13. & *alibi in eiſdem Archivis V.*

b *Ante alios de his conſulendus ſit Matth. Paris.*

muſt underſtand thoſe charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppoſitions, the king at laſt, by oath of himſelf and his ſon Edward, in full parliament [h] (having nevertheleſs oft times before made ſhow of as much) granted again their deſired freedom: which in his ſpacious reign was not ſo much impeach'd by himſelf, as through ill counſel of alien-caterpillers crawing about him, being as ſcourges then ſent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloceſter ſhall ſummarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

The meſte wo that here bel bi king Henry's day
In this lond, icholle beginne to tell yuf ich may.
Pe abbe [i] thre brethren that is modre's ſons were,
And the [k] king of Almaine the berthe that to heie them here,
Ac ſir William de Valence and ſir [l] Eimer thereto,
Elit of Wincetre and ſir Guy de Liſewi alſo
Thoru hom and thoru the [m] quene was ſo much Frenſs folc ibrought
That of Engliſh men me told as right nought,
And the king hom let her will that each was as king
And nome poure men god, and ne paiede nothing.
Mo eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinide eny wight
Hii ſede, yuf we doth ou wrong, wo ſhall ou do right:
As wo ſeith we beth kings, ur wille we mowe do,
And many Engliſs alas huldе mid hom alſo.
So that thoru Godes grace the erles at laſt,
And the biſhops of the lond, and barons beſpeake baſte,
That the kind Engliſmen of Londe hii wolde out caſte,
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer laſte.
Thereof [n] hii nome conſeil, and to the king hii ſend,
To [o] abbe pite of his lond and ſuiche manners amend.
So ther at laſte hii brought him therto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond wor to ſeyte,
Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and eyghte,
Right aboute miſſomer fourtene night it laſte
The erles and the barons were well [p] ſtude baſte
Wor to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,
Sir Richard, and ſir Simond erle of Leicetre

And

h 42. *Hen.* 3.

i Guy of Luſignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, ſons of Iſabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar earl of Engoliſme, married to Hugh Brown earl of March in Poiters.

k Richard earl of Cornwal, ſon to king John.

l Athelmarus.

m Elianor daughter to Raymund earl of Provence.

n They took.

o Have.

p Stedfaſt.

And ſir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,
So that at laſt the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the Frenſs men to [q] libbe beyonde ſe
Bi hor londs her and ther and ne come noght [r] age.
And to granti [s] god lawes and the Old Charter alſo
That ſo ofte was igranted er, and ſo ofte undo.
Hereof was the chartre imade and aſeled vaſt there
Of the king and of other heye men that there were,
Tho nome [t] teilde tapers the biſhops in hor hond
And the king himſelf and other heye men of the lond,
The biſhops [u] amanſed all that there agon were
And ever eft undude the lawes that loked were there,
Vid berninge taperes; and ſuch as laſte,
Ths king and others ſeid Amen and the tapers adoun caſte.

If particulars of the ſtory, with precedents and conſequents be deſired, above all I ſend you to Matthew Paris, and William Riſhanger, and end in adding, that theſe ſo controverted charters had not their ſettled ſurety until Ed. I. ſince whom they have been more than thirty times in parliament confirmed.

The ſeat on which her kings inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and ſtone at Weſtminſter, whereon our ſovereigns are inaugurated. The [w] Scottiſh ſtories (on whoſe credit, in the firſt part hereof) I importune you not to rely) affirm that the ſtone was firſt in Gallicia of Spain at Brigantia (whether that be Compoſtella, as Francis Tarapha wills, or Corunna as Florian del Campo conjectures, or Betanſos according to Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scots there, ſat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought into Ireland by Simon Brech 1ſt king of Scots tranſplanted into that iſle about 700 years before Chriſt; out of Ireland king Ferguze (in him, by ſome, is the beginning of the now continuing Scottiſh reign) about 370 years afterwards, brought it into Scotland; king Kenneth ſome 850 of the incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in the ſheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of his ſucceſſors was uſual, as of our monarchs now at Weſtminſter, and in the Saxon times at Kingſton upon Thames. This Kenneth, ſome ſay, caus'd that diſtich to be engraven on it,

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

—(Whereupon it is called *fatale marmor* in Hect. Boetius) and inclos'd it in a wooden chair. It is now at Weſtminſter, and on it are the coronations of

q Live.
r Again.
s Good.
t Kindled *tapers.*
u Curſed.
w *Hector Boeth. biſt.* 1. 10. & 14. *Buchan. rer. Scotic.* 6. & 8.

of our ſovereigns; thither firſt † brought (as the author here ſpeaks) among infinite other ſpoils, by Edward Longſhanks after his wars and victories againſt king John Balliol.

Their women to inherit———

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of ſovereignty to their women coſt the lives of many thouſands of their men, both under this victorious Edward, and his ſon the Black Prince, and others of his ſucceſſors. His caſe ſtood briefly thus: Philip IV. ſurnamed the Fair, had iſſue three ſons, Lewis the [x] Contentious, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all theſe ſucceſſively reign'd after him, and died without iſſue inheritable:) he had likewiſe a daughter Iſabel (I purpoſely omit the other, being out of the preſent matter,) married to Edward II. and ſo was mother to Edward III. The iſſue male of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip ſon and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alenſon, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France as next heir male againſt this Edward, who anſwered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their aſſertion was, yet) he was heir male although deſcended of a daughter: and in a publick aſſembly of the ſtates firſt about protectorſhip of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards dutcheſs of Orleans) was this had in a ſolemn diſputation by lawyers on both ſides, and applied at length alſo to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given againſt his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his Engliſh, recorded in Walſingham, Froiſſart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected ſtories make manifeſt. But for the law itſelf every mouth ſpeaks of it; few, I think, underſtand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the ſame with Franks) under king Pharamond about 1200 years ſince, hath thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from Sal, which in contraction he makes from Sadel [y] * (inventors whereof the Franks, ſaith he, were) interprets them as it were Horſemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and moſt noble of any nation, as [z] *Chivalers* in French, and *Equites* in Latin allows likewiſe. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *quæ ad equeſtris ordinis dignitatem & in capite ſummo, & in cæteris membris conſervandum pertinebat*: which very well agrees with a [a] ſentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient teſtament deviſing all the teſtator's ſalique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted

† 1297. 24 *Ed.* I.
x *Hunting.*
y *Franciſc. lib.* 2.
* As our word ſaddle.

z Knights.
a *Bodin. de Repub.* 6. *cap.* 5. *vid. Barth. Chaſſan. Conſ. Burgund. Rubric,* 3. §. 5. *num.* 70.

ed [b] Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if ſo, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is meerly without tenure? Therefore [c] *Ego ſcio* (ſaith a later lawyer) *legem privato ſalicam agere de patrimonio tantum.* It was compos'd (not this alone, but with others as they ſay) by Wiſogaſt, Bodogaſt, Salogaſt, and Windogaſt, wiſe counſellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seiſſell biſhop of Marſilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in theſe words *De terra ſalica nulla portio hæreditatis mulieri veniat, ſed ad virilem ſexum tota terræ hereditas perveniat*; and in ſubſtance, as refer'd to the perſon of the king's heir female; ſo much is remembered by that great civilian [d] Baldus, and divers others, but rather as cuſtom than any particular law, as one [f] of that kingdom alſo hath expreſly and newly written; *Ce n'eſt point une loy écritte, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventee, mais l'avons puiſſe de la nature même, qui le nous a ainſi apris & donné cet inſtinct:* But why the ſame author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, ſeeing all ſtory and carriage of ſtate in thoſe times is ſo manifeſtly oppoſite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the firſt cauſe, which excluded Gynæcocracy among them, gueſſing it to be upon their obſervation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yſſel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, firſt derive the Franks) endur'd in time of Veſpaſian, under the conduct and empire of one [g] Velleda, a lady even of divine eſteem amongſt them. But howſoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill beſeem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an uſe of ancient [h] time which commits to the care of ſome of the greateſt peers, that they, when the queen is in child-birth, be preſent, and warily obſerve leſt the ladies privily ſhould counterfeit the inheritable ſex, by ſuppoſing ſome other made when the true birth is female, or, by any ſuch means, wrong their ancient cuſtom royal, as of the birth of this preſent Lewis the XIII. on the laſt of September in 1601, is, after other ſuch remembered.

Of theſe two factions ſtil'd, of York and Lancaſter.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the IIId had ſeven ſons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt duke of Lancaſter, Edmund of Langley duke of York, Thomas of Woodſtock, and William of Windſor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the II.) William of Hatfield died

b Knights fees, or lands held.
c *Paul. Merul. Coſmog. part.* 2. *l.* 3. *cap.* 17.
d *Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.*
f *Hieronme Bignon, de l'excel. des Rois, Livre* 3.
g *V. Tacit. hiſt.* 4.
h *Rodulph. Boter. Commentar.* 8.
† *Ex Archiv. Parl.* 1. *Ed.* 4. *in lucem edit.* 9 *Ed.* 4. *fol.* 9.

died without iſſue; Henry duke of Lancaſter (ſon to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) depoſed Richard the IId. and to the Vth and VIth of his name left the kingdom deſcending in right line of the family of Lancaſter. On the other ſide Lionel duke of Clarence, the 3d brother, had only iſſue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer earl of March, (who upon this title was deſigned heir apparent to Richard IId.) Edmund, by her had Roger; to Roger was iſſue two ſons and two daughters; but all died without poſterity, excepting Anne; through her, married to Richard earl of Cambridge, ſon to Edmund of Langley was conveyed (to their iſſue Richard duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whoſe heir ſhe was) had before the reſt of that royal ſtem. So that Lancaſter derived itſelf from the fourth brother; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the ſixth Henry was this fatal and enduring miſery over England, about determination of theſe titles, firſt conceived in the 30th year of his reign, by Richard duke of York, whoſe ſon Edward IV. depoſed Henry ſome nine years after; and having reigned near like ſpace, was alſo, by readoption of Henry, depriv'd for a time, but reſtored, and died of it poſſeſt, in whoſe family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaſter, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referr'd the utmoſt [i] root of the Lancaſtrian title to Edmund, indeed eldeſt ſon to Henry III. but that by reaſon of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the ſucceſſion, which is abſurd and falſe. For one whom I believe before moſt of our monks, and the king's chronologer of thoſe times, Matthew Paris, tells expreſly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crook-back. All theſe had that moſt honour'd ſurname [k] Plantagenet; which hath been extinct among us ever ſince Margaret counteſs of Saliſbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reaſon of John of Gaunt's device being a red roſe, and Edmund of Langley's a white roſe, theſe two factions afterward, as for cognizances of their deſcent and inclinations, were by the ſame flowers diſtinguiſh'd.

Yet jealous of his right, deſcended to his grave.

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancaſtrian faction, nought but death (as, there, reaſon of ſtate was enough) was his kindneſs. Towards ſtrangers, whoſe ſlipping words were in wreſted ſenſe, ſeeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himſelf, the relations of Sir John Markham, his chief juſtice, Thomas Burdet an eſquire of Warwickſhire, and ſome citizens, for idle ſpeeches are teſtimony. How to his own blood in that miſerable end of his brother George duke of Clarence, is ſhewed: Whoſe death hath divers reported cauſes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is ſuppoſed upon a prophecy forefpeaking that Edward's ſucceſſor's name ſhould begin with G; which made him ſuſpect this George (a kind of ſuperſtition not exampled, as I remember, among

i *Ap. Polyd. hiſt.* 16. k 33 Hen. 8. J. Stow. p. 717.

among our princes; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as paſſages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, diſcover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more ſerious, yet inſufficient faults (taſting of Richard duke of Glocester's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the reſt diſcloſe them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly ſeen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was drowned in a hogſhead of malmſey at the tower. One [l] that very lately would needs diſſuade men from drinking healths to their princes, friends, and miſtreſſes, as the faſhion is, a bachelor of divinity, and profeſſor of hiſtory and greek at Cologn, in his diviſion of drunken natures, makes one part of them, *Qui in balænas mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generoſiſſimum vinum transformaretur:* and for want of another example, dares deliver, that, *ſuch a one was George* [m] *earl of Clarence, who, when for ſuſpicion of treaſon he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmſey.* Firſt, why he calls him earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profeſt hiſtory can juſtify; neither indeed was ever among us any ſuch honour. Earls of [n] Clare long ſince were: but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) duke of Clarence third ſon to Ed. III. ſince whom never have been other than dukes of that dignity. But unto what I ſhould impute this inexcuſable injury to the dead prince, unleſs to Icarius's ſhadow dazling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful cauſing him to ſlip in matter of his own profeſſion, I know not. Our ſtories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any ſuch election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been ſo kind as to have imparted it.

Upon a daughter born to John of Somerſet.

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaſter, had iſſue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort earl of Somerſet, and marquis Dorſet: To him ſucceeded his ſecond ſon, John (Henry the eldeſt dead) and was created firſt duke of Somerſet by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made earl Richmond by Henry VI.) ſon to Owen Tyddour (deriving himſelf from the Britiſh Cadwallader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

Defender of the faith.——

When amongſt thoſe turbulent commotions of Lutherans and Romaniſts under Charles V. ſuch oppoſitions increaſed, that the pope's three crowns

l *Franciſc. Matenef. de ritu bibend.* 1. *cap.* 1. *edit. ſuperioribus Nundinis.*

m *Comes Clarentiæ. Cæterum ævo Normanico indiſcriminatim* Comes & Dux *aſſurpatur, &* Will. Conqueſtor *ſæpius dictus* Comes *Norm.*

n From Clare in Suffolk, *V. Polydor. hiſt.* 19. & Cond. in Icenis.

even tottered at such arguments as were published against his pardons, mass, monastic profession, and the rest of such doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no sort of antagonists) wrote particularly against him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their seven sacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the [o] Vatican at Rome, and with the king's own hand thus inscribed,

Anglorum Rex, HENRICUS, LEONI X.
mittit hoc opus, & fidei testem & amicitiæ.

Hereupon, this Leo sent him the title of [p] *Defender of the faith*: which was as ominous to what ensu'd. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began so to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his son Edward VI. queen Elizabeth, and our present sovereign, hath been to this piously established and defended,

To ease your conceit of these kings here sung, I add this Chronology of them.

1066. William I. conquered England.
1087. William the Red (Rufus) second son of the conqueror.
1100. Henry I. surnamed Beauclerc, third son to the first William.
1135. Stephen earl of Moreton and Bologne, son to Stephen earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (Anno 1086) you must mend Beccensis Comitis, and read Blesensis Comitis; and howsoever it comes to pass, he is, in the same author, made son to Tedbald earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
1154. Henry II. son to Geffery Plantagenest earl of Anjou, and Maude the empress, daughter to Henry Beauclerc.
1189. Richard I. *Cœur de Lion*, son to Henry II.
1199. John, brother to *Cœur de Lion*.
1216. Henry III. son to king John.
1273. Edward I. Longshanks, son to Henry III.
1308. Edward II. of Caernarvan, son to Edward I. deposed by his wife and son.
1326. Edward III. son to Edward II.
1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (son to Edward the Black Prince, son to Ed. III.) deposed by Henry duke of Lancaster.
1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke; son to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, 4th son to Edward III.
1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, son to Henry IV.

1422.

o *Francisc. Swert. in Delic. orbis Christ.* p *Defensor. Ecclesiæ I. Sleidano Comment.* 3.

1422. Henry VI. of Windſor, ſon to Henry V. depoſed by Edward earl of March, ſon and heir to Richard duke of York, deriving title from Lionel duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, 3d and 5th ſons of Edward III.

1460. Edward IV. of Roan, ſon and heir of York. In the 10th of his reign Henry VI. got again the crown, but ſoon loſt both it and life.

1483. Edward V. ſon to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard duke of York, by his uncle Richard duke of Gloceſter.

1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. ſlain at Boſworth field, by Henry earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.

1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancaſtrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the houſe of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.

1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, ſon to Hen. VII.

1546. Edward VI. of Hampton-court, ſon to Henry VIII.

1553. Mary, ſiſter to Edward VI.

1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

Great Andredſwalde ſometime——

All that maritime tract comprehending Suſſex, and part of Kent, (ſo much as was not mountains, now call'd the Downs, which in [q] Britiſh, old Gauliſh, Low Dutch, and our Engliſh, ſignifies but hills) being all woody, was called Andredſweald, i. e. [r] Andred's wood, often mentioned in our ſtories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredcheſter (as moſt learned Camden upon good reaſon gueſſes) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call thoſe woody lands, by north the downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of thoſe parts, and diſcontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the pariſhes terminations on this ſide the Downs, that is, Herſt, or Hurſt, i. e. a wood. It is called by Ethelwerd expreſly *Immanis ſylva, quæ vulgo Andredſuuda nuncupatur*, and was [s] 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of theſe foreſts being nymphs of this great Andredſuuda, and their complaint for loſs of woods in Suſſex, ſo decay'd, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.

So it is conjectured and is without controverſy juſtifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of

q Dunum *uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & Dunnen Belgis dicuntur tumuli Arenarij, & Q. Curt. Oceano objecti Europ. Gallic. 1. alij.*

r We yet call a deſert, a wilderneſs from this root.

s *Hen. Huntingd. hiſt. 5. in Alfredo.*

Bevis' horſe: it were ſo as tolerable as [t] Bucephalon, from Alexander's horſe, [u] Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name, and ſuch like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the conqueſt, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time of king Alfred [w] who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men [x] Goropius had ſomewhat a violent conjecture, when he deriv'd Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmoſt of the now Jutland) part of whom he imagines (about the Saxon and Daniſh irruptions) planted themſelves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch ſprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be underſtood in that [y] port of Adur, about this coaſt, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here ſo calls it Adur.

Doth bluſh, as put in mind of thoſe there ſadly ſlain.

In the plain near Haſtings, where the Norman William after his victory found king Harold ſlain, he built Battle-abbey, which at laſt (as divers other monaſteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which ſome [z] have (by that authority the muſe alſo) attributed to a very bloody ſweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of ſo great a ſlaughter.

t *Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib.* 9.
u *Steph. περὶ πολ.*
w *Teſtament Alfred. ubi etiam,* Rithe-ramſeild, Diccalingam, Angmeringum, Peltham, *& aliæ in hoc agro villæ legantur Oſfertho ejuſdem cognat.*
x *Gothodanic. lib.* 7.
y *Portus Adurni innotit. provinc.*
z *Guil. Parvus hiſt.* 1. *cap.* 1.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Rother thro' the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in love:
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the iſle.
Medway, with her attending ſtreams,
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames:
And where in breadth ſhe her diſperſes,
Our famous captains ſhe rehearſes,
With many of their valiant deeds.
Then with Kent's praiſe the muſe proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er ſea rode,
How he his daughter-iſles beſtow'd;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets:
Where to this Song an end ſhe ſets.

OUR Argas ſcarcely yet delivered of her ſon,
When as the river down, thro' Andredſweald doth run:
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild;
His banks with aged oaks, and buſhes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans kind he hardly could be known:
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which hapt this flood to ſee,
Fled from him, whom they ſure a ſatyr thought to be;
As ſatyr-like he held all pleaſures in diſdain,
And would not once vouchſafe, to look upon a plain;

Till chancing in his courſe to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a ſea-nymph got,
For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly chaſte,
And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.
But, what obdurate heart was ever ſo perverſe,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could not pierce?
For, in this conflict ſhe being laſtly overthrown,
In-iſled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being groſs and black, ſhe lik'd the river well.

Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marſh heard tell,
Whilſt in his youthful courſe himſelf he doth apply,
And falleth in her ſight into the ſea at Rye,
She thinketh with herſelf how ſhe a way might find
To put the homely iſle quite out of Rother's mind;
Appearing to the flood, moſt bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy ſummer's green;
Her mantle richly wrought, with ſundry flowers and weeds;
Her moiſtful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering reeds:
Which looſely flowing down, upon her luſty thighs,
Moſt ſtrongly ſeem to tempt the river's amorous eyes.
And on her loins a frock, with many a ſwelling plait,
Emboſs'd with well-ſpread horſe, large ſheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the graſs, there lie a while to batten;
Some ſent away to kill; ſome thither brought to fatten;
With villages amongſt, oft powthered here and there;
And (that the ſame more like to landſkip ſhould appear)
With lakes and leſſer fords, to mitigate the heat
(In ſummer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,
Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brouz'd the velvet buds)
In which, they lick their hides, and chew their ſavoury cuds.

Of theſe her amorous toys, when Oxney came to know,
Suſpecting leſt in time her rival ſhe might grow,
Th' allurements of the marſh the jealous iſle doth move,
That to a conſtant courſe, ſhe thus perſuades her love:
'With Rumney though for dower I ſtand in no degree;
'In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than ſhe:

'Though

'Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour lack.
'The ſoul is ſaid deform'd: and ſhe, extremely black.
'And though her rich attire, ſo curious be and rare,
'From her there yet proceeds unwholſome putrid air:
'Where my complexion more ſuits with the higher ground,
'Upon the luſty Weald, where ſtrength doth ſtill abound.
'The wood-gods I refus'd, that ſu'd to me for grace,
'Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee ſuff'ring to embrace;
'Where, to great Neptune ſhe may one day be a prey:
'The ſea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
'And what, tho' of her ſtrength ſhe ſeem to make no doubt?
'Yet put unto the proof ſhe'll hardly hold him out.'
With this perſwaſive ſpeech which Oxney lately us'd;
With ſtrange and ſundry doubts, whilſt Rother ſtood confus'd,
Old [a] Andredſweald at length doth take her time to tell
The changes of the world, that ſince her youth befell,
When yet upon her ſoil, ſcarce human foot had trod;
A place where only then the Sylvans made abode.
Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
And every where walk'd free, a burgeſs of the wood;
Until thoſe Daniſh routs, whom hunger-ſtarv'd at home,
(Like wolves purſuing prey) about the world did roam.
And ſtemming the rude ſtream dividing us from France,
Into the ſpacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
§. That Lymen then was nam'd, when (with moſt irkſome care)
The heavy Daniſh yoke, the ſervile Engliſh bare.
And when at laſt ſhe found, there was no way to leave
Thoſe, whom ſhe had at firſt been forced to receive;
And by her great reſort, ſhe was through very need,
Conſtrained to provide her peopled towns to feed.
She learn'd the churliſh ax and twybill to prepare,
To ſteel the coulter's edge, and ſharp the furrowing ſhare:
And more induſtrious ſtill, and only hating ſloth,
A houſewife ſhe became, moſt ſkill'd in making cloth.

a See ſong 17.

That now the draper comes from London every year,
And of the Kentiſh ſorts makes his proviſion there.
Whoſe ſkirts ('tis ſaid) at firſt that fifty furlongs went,
Have loſt their ancient bounds, now [b]limited in Kent.
Which ſtrongly to improve, ſhe Medway forth did bring,
From Suſſex who ('tis known) receives her ſilver ſpring.
Who tow'rds the lordly Thames, as ſhe along doth ſtrain,
Where Teiſe, clear Beule, and Len bear up her limber train
As ſhe removes in ſtate: ſo for her more renown,
Her only name ſhe leaves, t'her only [c]chriſtned town;
And Rocheſter doth reach, in entring to the bower
Of that moſt matchleſs Thames, her princely paramour.
Whoſe boſom doth ſo pleaſe her ſovereign (with her pride)
Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,
That where ſhe told her Thames, ſhe did intend to ſing
What to the Engliſh name immortal praiſe ſhould bring;
To grace his goodly queen, Thames preſently proclaims,
That all the Kentiſh floods, reſigning him their names,
Should preſently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the poſting tides, towards London ſends to call
Clear Ravenſburn (though ſmall, remembred them among)
At Deptford entring. Whence as down ſhe comes along,
She Darent thither warns: who calls her ſiſter Cray,
Which haſten to the court with all the ſpeed they may.
And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd ſuch grace,
Except her country nymphs, that none ſhould be in place,
More rivers from each part, had inſtantly been there,
Than at their marriage, firſt, by [d]Spenſer numbred were.
This Medway ſtill had nurſt thoſe navies in her road,
Our armies that had oft to conqueſt born abroad;
And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
Whom ſhe not going out, or coming in hath ſeen:
Or by ſome paſſing ſhip, hath news to her been brought,
What brave exploits they did; as where, and how, they fought.

Where-

[b] The Weald of Kent.
[c] Maidſtone, i. e. Medway's town.
[d] In the Fairy Queen.

Wherefore, for audience now, ſhe to th'aſſembly calls,
The captains to recite when ſeriouſly ſhe falls.
'Of noble warriors now, ſaith ſhe, ſhall be my ſong;
'Of thoſe renowned ſpirits, that from the conqueſt ſprung,
'Of th'engliſh Norman blood: which, matchleſs for their
'might,
'Have with their flaming ſwords, in many a dreadful fight,
'Illuſtrated this iſle, and bore her fame ſo far;
'Our Heroes, which the firſt wan, in that holy war,
'Such fear from every foe, and made the eaſt more red,
'With ſplendor of their arms, than when from Tithon's bed
'The bluſhing dawn doth break; towards which our fame
'begun,
'By Robert (Curt-hoſe call'd) the Conqueror's eldeſt ſon,
'Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit went
'The ſepulchre to free, with moſt devout intent.
'And to that title which the Norman William got,
'When in our conqueſt here, he ſtrove t'include the Scot,
'The general of our power, that ſtout and warlike earl,
'Who Engliſh being born, was ſtil'd of Aubemerle;
'Thoſe Lacyes then no leſs courageous, which had there
'The leading of the day, all brave commanders were.
'Sir Walter Eſpeck, matcht with Peverel, which as far
'Adventur'd for our fame: who in that biſhops war,
'Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign:
'That day ten thouſand Scots upon the field were ſlain.
'The earl of Strigule then our Strong-bow, firſt that
'won
'Wild Ireland with the ſword (which, to the glorious ſun,
'Lifts up his nobler name) amongſt the reſt may ſtand.
'In cœur de Lyon's charge unto the holy-land,
'Our earl of Le'ſter, next, to rank with them we bring:
'And Turnham, he that took th'impoſt'rous Cyprian king.
'Strong Tuchet choſe to weild the Engliſh ſtandard there;
'Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mortimer:
'And more, for want of pens whoſe deeds not brought to
'light,
'It grieves my zealous ſoul, I can not do them right.

'The

'The noble Pembroke then, who, Strong-bow did ſucceed,
'Like his brave grand-ſire, made th'revolting Iriſh bleed,
'When yielding oft, they oft their due ſubjection broke;
'And when the Britons ſcorn'd to bear the Engliſh yoke,
'Lewellin prince of Wales in battel overthrew,
'Nine thouſand valiant Welſh and either took or ſlew.
'Earl Richard, his brave ſon, of Strong-bow's matchleſs ſtrain,
'As he a Marſhal was, did in himſelf retain
'The nature of that word, being martial, like his name:
'Who, as his valiant ſire, the Iriſh oft did tame.
'With him we may compare Mariſco (king of men)
'That lord chief juſtice was of Ireland, whereas then
'Thoſe two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, had their place,
'Which through the bloodied bogs, thoſe Iriſh oft did chaſe;
'Whoſe deeds may with the beſt deſervedly be read.
As thoſe two Lacyes then, our Engliſh powers that led:
'Which twenty thouſand, there, did in one battel quell,
'Amongſt whom (trodden down) the king of Conaught fell.
'Then Richard, that lov'd earl of Cornwal, here we ſet:
'Who, rightly of the race of great Plantagenet,
'Our Engliſh armies ſhipt, to gain that hallowed ground,
'With Long-ſword the brave ſon of beauteous Roſamond:
'The pagans through the breaſts, like thunderbolts that ſhot;
'And in the utmoſt eaſt ſuch admiration got,
'That the ſhril-ſounding blaſt, and terror of our fame
'Hath often conquered, where our ſwords yet never came:
'As Gifford, not forgot, their ſtout aſſociate there.
'So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous here,
'Guy Beauchamp, that great earl of Warwick, place ſhall have:
'From whom the Cambrian hills the Welſh-men could not ſave;
'Whom he, their general plague, impetuouſly purſu'd,
'And in the Britiſh gore his ſlaughtering ſword imbru'd.
'In order as they riſe (next Beauchamp) we prefer
The Lord John Gifford, matcht with Edmond Mortimer;
'Men

'Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous deeds.
'In this renowned rank of warriors then ſucceeds
'Walwin, who with ſuch ſkill our armies oft did guide;
'In many a dangerous ſtraight, that had his knowledge try'd,
'And in that fierce aſſault, which caus'd the fatal flight,
'Where the diſtreſſed Welſh reſign'd their ancient right,
'Stout Frampton: by whoſe hand, their prince Lewellin 'fell.
'Then followeth (as the firſt who have deſerved as well)
'Great Saint John; from the French, which twice recovered 'Guyn:
'And he, all him before that clearly did out-ſhine,
'Warren, the puiſſant earl of Surrey, which led forth
'Our Engliſh armies oft into our utmoſt north;
'And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to hear,
'When Tweed hath ſunk down flat, within her banks for 'fear.
'On him there ſhall attend, that moſt adventurous Twhing,
'That at Scambekin fight, the Engliſh off did bring
'Before the furious Scot, that elſe were like to fall.
'As Baſſet, laſt of theſe, yet not the leaſt of all
'Thoſe moſt renowned ſpirits that Fowkerk bravely fought;
'Where Long-ſhanks, to our lore, Albania laſtly brought.
'As, when our Edward firſt his title did advance,
'And led his Engliſh hence, to win his right in France,
'That moſt deſerving earl of Derby we prefer,
'Henry's third valiant ſon, the earl of Lancaſter,
'That only Mars of men; who (as a general ſcourge,
'Sent by juſt-judging heaven, outrageous France to purge)
'At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that ſhe rais'd,
'Againſt the Engliſh force: which as a hand-fell ſeas'd,
'Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wiſe;
'Took Bergera, Langobeck, Mountdurant, and Mount-guyſe;
'Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forſa, won;
'Mountpeſans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguillon,
'Roch-

'Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angoliſme ſurpriz'd;
'With caſtles, cities, forts, nor provinces ſuffic'd.
'Then took the earl of Leyle: to conduct whom there came
'Nine viſcounts, lords, and earls, aſtoniſht at his name.
'To Gaſcoyne then he goes (to plague her, being preſt)
'And manfully himſelf of Mirabel poſſeſt;
'Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain ſtruck:
'And with a fearful ſiege, he Taleburg laſtly took;
'With proſperous ſucceſs, in leſſer time did win
'Maximien, Luſingham, Mount-ſorrel, and Bovin;
'Sackt Poictiers: which did, then, that country's treaſure
'hold;
'That not a man of ours would touch what was not gold.
'With whom our 'Maney here deſervedly doth ſtand,
'Which firſt inventor was of that courageous band,
'Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be freed,
'Till there they had atchiev'd ſome high advent'rous deed.
'He firſt into the preſs at Cagant conflict flew;
'And from amidſt a grove of gleaves, and halberds drew
'Great Derby beaten down; t'amaze the men of war,
'When he for England cry'd, St. George, and Lancaſter:
'And as mine author tells (in his high courage proud)
'Before his going forth, unto his miſtreſs vow'd,
'He would begin the war: and, to make good the ſame,
'Then ſetting foot in France, there firſt with hoſtile flame
'Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neighbouring
towns to light;
'That ſuddenly they caught a fever with the fright.
'Thin caſtle (near the town of Cambray) ours he made;
'And when the Spaniſh powers came 'Britain to invade,
'Both of their aids and ſpoyls, them utterly bereft.
'This Engliſh Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,
'Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis fly,
'And fame her ſelf, to him, ſo amply did apply,
'That when the moſt unjuſt Calicians had forethought,
'Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to have brought,
'The

'Sir Walter Maney. 'Little Britain in France.

'The[a] king of England's ſelf, and his renowned ſon
'(By thoſe perfidious French to ſee what would be done)
'Under his guydon marcht, as private ſoldiers there.
'So had we ſtill of ours, in France that famous were;
'Warwick, of England then high-conſtable that was,
'As other of that race, here well I cannot paſs;
'That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps, which ſo long
'Them earls of Warwick held; ſo hardy, great, and ſtrong,
'That after of that name it to an adage grew,
'If any man himſelf advent'rous hapt to ſhew,
'[b]Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none ſo bold as he.
'With thoſe our Beauchamps, may our Bourchers reck'ned be.
'Of which, that valiant lord, moſt famous in thoſe days,
'That hazarded in France ſo many dangerous frays:
'Whoſe blade in all the fights betwixt the French and us,
'Like to a blazing ſtar was ever ominous;
'A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
'Next him, ſtout Cobham comes, that with as proſp'rous lot
'Th'Engliſh men hath led; by whoſe auſpicious hand,
'We often have been known the Frenchmen to command.
'And Harcourt, though by birth an alien; yet, ours won,
'By England after held her dear adopted ſon:
'Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to do,
'Who with the hard'ſt attempts fame earneſtly did wooe:
'To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by ſtealth
'(Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their wealth)
'Before her bulwark'd gates the burgeſſes he took;
'Whilſt the Pariſians, thence that ſadly ſtood to look,
'And ſaw their faithful friends ſo wofully beſtead,
'Not once durſt iſſue out to help them, for their head.
'And our John Copland; here courageouſly at home
'(Whilſt every where in France, thoſe far abroad do roam)
'That at Newcaſtle fight (the battel of the queen,
'Where moſt the Engliſh hearts were to their ſovereign ſeen)
'Took

[a] Edward III. and the Black-prince.

[b] Bold Beauchamp; a proverb.

'Took David king of Scots, his priſoner in the fight.
'Nor could theſe wars imploy our only men of might:
'But as the queen by theſe did mighty things atchieve;
'So thoſe, to Britain ſent the counteſs to relieve,
'As any yet of ours, two knights as much that dar'd,
'Stout Dangorn, and with him ſtrong Hartwel honor ſhar'd;
'The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdarren beat,
'And on the royal ſeat, the counteſs Mountfort ſet.
'In each place where they came ſo fortunate were ours.
'Then, Audley, moſt renown'd amongſt thoſe valiant powers,
'That with the prince of Wales at conquer'd Poictiers fought;
'Such wonders that in arms before both armies wrought;
'The firſt that charg'd the French; and, all that dreadful 'day,
'Through ſtill renewing worlds of danger made his way;
'The man that ſcorn'd to take a priſoner (through his pride)
'But by plain down-right death the title to decide.
'And after the retreat, that famous battel done,
'Wherein rich ſpacious France was by the Engliſh won,
'Five hundred marks in fee, that nobleſt prince beſtow'd
'For his ſo brave attempts, through his high courage ſhow'd.
'Which to his four Eſquires [1] he freely gave, who there
'Vy'd valour with their lord; and in deſpight of fear,
'Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds gap'd wide 'as hell;
'And cries, and parting groans, whereas the Frenchmen fell,
'Even made the victors grieve, ſo horrible they were.
'Our Dabridgcourt the next ſhall be remembred here,
'At Poictiers who brake in upon the Alman horſe
'Through his too forward ſpeed: but, taken by their force,
'And after, by the turn of that ſo doubtful fight,
'Being reſcu'd by his friends in Poictiers' fearful fight,
'Then like a lion rang'd about th'enemy's hoſt:
'And where he might ſuppoſe the danger to be moſt,
'Like lightning entred there, to his French foes diſmay,
'To gratify his friends which reſcued him that day.
'Then

[1] The honorable bounty of the lord Audley.

'Then Chandos: whoſe great deeds found fame ſo much
'to do,
That ſhe was laſtly forc'd, him for her eaſe to wooe;
That minion of dread Mars, which almoſt over-ſhone
All thoſe before him were, and for him none ſcarce known,
At Cambray's ſcaled wall his credit firſt that won;
And by the high exploits in France by him were done,
Had all ſo over-aw'd, that by his very name
He could remove a ſiege: and cities where he came
Would at his ſummons yield. That man, the moſt belov'd,
In all the ways of war ſo ſkilful and approv'd,
The [k] prince at Poictiers choſe his perſon to aſſiſt.
This ſtout Herculean ſtem, this noble martialiſt,
In battel 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mountfort, try'd
At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
Rag'd like a furious ſtorm beyond the power of man,
Where valiant Charles was ſlain, and the ſtern Engliſh
'wan
The royal Britiſh rule to Mountfort's nobler name.
He took ſtrong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did tame.
Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
Where-ever lay'd he ſiege that he inveſted not?
'As this brave warrior was, ſo no leſs dear to us,
The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,
Renown'd ſir Robert Knowles, that in his glories ſhar'd,
His chivalry and oft in preſent perils dar'd;
As nature ſhould with time, at once by theſe conſent
To ſhow, that all their ſtore they idly had not ſpent.
He Vermandoiſe o'er-ran with ſkill and courage high:
Notoriouſly he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time within)
A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
'Then thoſe ſtout Percyes, John, and Thomas, men
of name.
The valiant Gourney, next, deſervedly we grace,
And Howet, that with him aſſumes as high a place.
'Strong

[k] The Black Prince.

'Strong Trivet, all whoſe ends at great adventures ſhot:
'That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and caſtle Carcilot,
'As famous in the French, as in the Belgick war;
'Who took the lord Brimewe; and with the great Navarre,
'In Papaloon, attain'd an everlaſting praiſe.
'Courageous Carill next, than whom thoſe glorious days
'Produc'd not any ſpirit that through more dangers ſwam.
'That princely Thomas, next, the earl of Buckingham,
'To Britany through France that our ſtout Engliſh brought,
'Which under his command with ſuch high fortune fought
'As put the world in fear Rome from her cinders roſe,
'And of this earth again meant only to diſpoſe.
'Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-ſhining all the reſt,
'From London at the firſt a poor mean ſoldier preſt
'(That time but very young) to thoſe great wars in France,
'By his brave ſervice there himſelf did ſo advance,
'That afterward, the heat of thoſe great battels done
'(In which he to his name immortal glory won)
'Leading ſix thouſand horſe, let his brave guydon fly.
'So, paſſing through eaſt France, and entring Lombardy,
'By th'greatneſs of his fame, attain'd ſo high command,
'That to his charge he got the white Italian band.
'With [1] Mountferato then in all his wars he went:
'Whoſe clear report abroad by fames ſhrill trumpet ſent,
'Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan after won,
'To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then begun;
'By [m] Barnaby, there made the Milaneſes guide:
'His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.
'For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous battels ſtroke,
'And with a noble ſiege revolted Pavia took.
'And there, as fortune roſe, or as ſhe did decline,
'Now with the Piſan ſerv'd, then with the Florentine:
'The uſe of th'Engliſh bows to Italy that brought;
'By which he, in thoſe wars, ſeem'd wonders to have
'wrought.

'Our

[1] The marqueſs of Mountferato.
[m] Brother to Galeazo, Viſcount of Milan.

'Our Henry Hotſpur next, for high atchievement meet,
'Who with the thundring noiſe of his ſwift courſers feet,
'Aſtun'd the earth, that day, that he in Holmdon's ſtrife
'Took Douglas, with the earls of Angus, and of Fyfe.
'And whilſt thoſe hardy Scots, upon the firm earth bled,
'With his revengeful ſword ſwitcht after them that fled.
'Then Calverly, which kept us Calais with ſuch ſkill,
'His honor'd room ſhall have our catalogue to fill:
'Who, when th'rebellious French, their liberty to gain,
'From us our ancient right unjuſtly did detain
'(T'let Bullen underſtand our juſt conceived ire)
'Her ſuburbs, and her ſhips, ſent up to heaven in fire;
'Eſtaples then toke in that day ſhe held her fair,
'Whoſe merchandiſe he let his ſoldiers freely ſhare;
'And got us back ſaint Marks, which looſely we had loſt.
'Amongſt theſe famous men, of us deſerving moſt,
'In theſe of great'ſt report, we glorioufly prefer,
'For that his naval fight, John duke of Exeter;
'The puiſſant fleet of Jean (which France to her did call)
'Who mercileſly ſunk, and ſlew her admiral.
'And one, for ſingle fight, amongſt our martial men,
'Deſerves remembrance here as worthily again;
'Our Clifford, that brave, young, and moſt courageous
'ſquire:
'Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great deſire
'Unto the Engliſh name a high report to win,
'Slew Bockmel hand to hand at caſtle Jocelin,
'Suppos'd the nobleſt ſpirit that France could then produce.
'Now, forward to thy taſk proceed, induſtrious muſe,
'To him, above them all, our power that did advance;
'John duke of Bedford, ſtil'd the fire-brand to ſad France:
'Who to remove the foe from ſieged Harflew, ſent,
'Affrighted them like death; and as at ſea he went,
'The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Neptune roar'd,
'The whilſt thoſe mighty ſhips out of their ſcuppers pour'd
'Their trayterous cluttred gore upon his wrinkled face.
'He took ſtrong Ivery in: and like his kingly race,

'There down before Vernoyle the Engliſh ſtandard ſtuck:
'And having on his helm his conquering brother's luck,
'Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglaſs laid,
'Which brought the Scottiſh power unto the Dauphin's aid;
'And with his fatal ſword, gave France her fill of death,
'Till wearied with her wounds, ſhe gaſping lay for breath.
'Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there abet,
'Still did one noble ſpirit, a noble ſpirit beget.
'So, Saliſbury aroſe; from whom, as from a ſource
'All valour ſeem'd to flow, and to maintain her force.
'From whom not all their forts could hold our treacherous
'foes.
'Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did loſe.
'Againſt the envious French, at Cravant then came on;
'As ſometime at the ſiege of high-rear'd Ilion,
'The gods deſcending, mix'd with mortals in the fight:
'And in his leading, ſhow'd ſuch valour and ſuch might,
'As though his hand had held a more than earthly power;
'Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
'The French and Scottiſh force that day, which bravely led;
'Where few at all eſcap'd, and yet the wounded fled.
'Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Saliſbury ſurpriz'd:
'§. What time (I think in hell) that [p] inſtrument devis'd,
'The firſt appear'd in France, as a prodigious birth
'To plague the wretched world, ſent from the envious earth;
'Whoſe very roaring ſeem'd the mighty round to ſhake,
'As though of all again it would a chaos make.
'This famous general then got Gwerland to our uſe,
'And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and La Suiſe,
'St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Suſan, Mayon, Lyle,
'The Hermitage, Mountſeure, Baugency, and Yanvile.
'Then he (in all her ſhapes that dreadful war had ſeen,
'And that with danger oft ſo converſant had been,
'As for her threats at laſt he ſeem'd not once to care,
'And fortune to her face advent'rouſly durſt dare)
'The earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marſhal that great day
'At Agincourt, where France before us proſtrate lay
'Our

[p] Great ordnance.

'(Our battles every where that Hector-like ſupply'd,
'And march'd o'er murder'd piles of Frenchmen as they dy'd)
'Inveſted Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,
'And at the Biſhop's Park o'erthrew the Dauphin's powers.
'Through whoſe long time in war, his credit ſo increas'd,
'That he ſupply'd the room of Saliſbury deceas'd.
'In this our warlike rank, the two ſtout Aſtons then,
'Sir Richard and Sir John, ſo truly valiant men,
'That ages yet to come ſhall hardly over-top 'em,
'Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton, Popham.
'All men of great command, and highly that deſerv'd:
'Courageous Ramſton next, ſo faithfully that ſerv'd
'At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we gave
'The French thoſe deadly foils, that ages ſince deprave
'The credit of thoſe times, with theſe ſo wond'rous things,
'The memory of which, great Warwick forward brings.
'Who (as though in his blood he conqueſt did inherit,
'Or in the very name there were ſome ſecret ſpirit)
'Being choſen for theſe wars in our great regent's place
'(A deadly foe to France, like his brave Roman race)
'The caſtilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
'Mountdublian, and the ſtrong Pountorſon beat to ground.
'Then he, above them all, himſelf that ſought to raiſe,
'Upon ſome mountain top, like a Piramides;
'Our Talbot, to the French ſo terrible in war,
'That with his very name their babes they us'd to ſcar,
'Took in the ſtrong Lavall, and Main all over-ran,
'As the betrayed Mons he from the marſhal wan,
'And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suffolk freed.
'His ſharp and dreadful ſword made France ſo oft to bleed,
'Till fainting with her wounds, ſhe on her wreck did fall;
'Took Ioïng, where he hung her traitors on the wall;
'And with as fair ſucceſs won Beaumant upon Oyſe,
'The new town in Eſmoy, and Criſpin in Valloyes:
'Creile, with St. Maxine's-bridge; and at Auranche's aid,
'Before whoſe batter'd walls the foe was ſtrongly laid,

'March'd in, as of the ſiege at all he had not known;
'And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
'Who at the very hint came with auſpicious feet,
'Whereas the traiterous French he miſerably beat.
'And having over-ſpread all Picardy with war,
'Proud Burgaine to the field he laſtly ſent to dare,
'Which with his Engliſh friends ſo oft his faith had broke:
'Whoſe countries he made mourn in clouds of ſmouldring ſmoak:
'Then Gyſors he again, then did St. Denis raze:
'His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we praiſe;
'Which oft put ſword to ſword, and foot to foot did ſet:
'And that the firſt alone the garland might not get,
'With him hath hand in hand leap'd into danger's jaws;
'And oft would forward put, where Talbot ſtood to pauſe;
'Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
'Both at St. Denis' ſiege, and batter'd Guyſors got.
'Before Pont-Orſon's walls, who, when great Warwick lay
'(And he with ſoldiers ſent a foraging for prey)
'Six thouſand French o'erthrew with half their numbred powers,
'And abſolutely made both Main and Anjou our's.
'To Willoughby the next, the place by turn doth fall;
'Whoſe courage likely was to bear it from them all:
'With admiration oft on whom they ſtood to look,
'St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges ſhook:
'In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to fly,
'And beat the rebels down diſordering Normandy:
'That Amiens near laid waſte (whoſe ſtrengths her could not ſave)
'And the perfidious French out of the country drave.
'With theſe, another troop of noble ſpirits there ſprung,
'That with the foremoſt preſt into the warlike throng.
'The firſt of whom we place that ſtout Sir Philip Hall,
'So famous in the fight againſt the Count St. Paul,
'That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict 'twixt
'The Engliſh and the French, that with the Scot were mix'd,

'On

'On proud Charles Clermont won that admirable day.
'Strong Faſtolph with this man compare we juſtly may,
'By Saliſbury who oft being ſeriouſly employ'd
'In many a brave attempt, the general foe annoy'd;
'With excellent ſucceſs in Main and Anjou fought:
'And many a bulwark there into our keeping brought;
'And choſen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
'Moſt reſolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
'The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and Sir John,
'By any Engliſh ſpirits yet hardly over-gone;
'The fame they got in France, with coſtly wounds that bought:
'In Gaſcony and Guyne, who oft and ſtoutly fought.
'Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom the Engliſh were
'Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles there,
'Or ſieging or beſieg'd that never fail'd our force,
'Oft hazarding his blood in many a deſperate courſe.
'He beat the Baſtard Balme with his ſelected band,
'And at his caſtle-gate ſurpriz'd him hand to hand,
'And ſpight of all his power away him priſoner bare.
'Our hardy Burdet then with him we will compare,
'Beſieg'd within St. James de Beneon, iſſuing out,
'Crying Saliſbury, St. George, with ſuch a horrid ſhout,
'That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his valiant crew
'Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
'And Arthur earl of Eure and Richmont took in fight:
'Then following them (in heat) the army put to flight:
'The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a general ſack,
'As, flying, one fell ſtill upon another's back;
'Where our ſix hundred ſlew ſo many thouſands more.
'At our ſo good ſucceſs that once a Frenchman ſwore
'That God was wholly turn'd unto the Engliſh ſide,
'And to aſſiſt the French the Devil had deny'd.
'Then here our Kerril claims his room amongſt the reſt,
'Who juſtly if compar'd might match our very beſt.
'He in our wars in France with our great Talbot oft,
'With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and then aloft,

'Endur'd the ſundry turns of often varying fate;
'At Clermont ſeiz'd the earl before his city gate,
'Eight hundred faithleſs French who took or put to ſword;
'And, by his valour, twice to Artois us reſtor'd.
'In this our ſervice then great Arondel doth enſue,
'The marſhal Bouſack who in Beuvoys overthrew;
'And, in deſpight of France and all her power, did win
'The caſtles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bomelin;
'Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin ſubdu'd,
'Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he imbru'd:
'Revolted Loveers ſack'd, and manfully ſuppreſt
'Thoſe rebels that ſo oft did Normandy moleſt.
'As Poynings, ſuch high praiſe in Guelderland that got,
'On the Savoyan ſide, that with our Engliſh ſhot
'Struck warlike Aiſk, and Straule, when Flanders ſhook with fear.
'As Howard, by whoſe hand we ſo renowned were;
'Whoſe great ſucceſs at ſea, much fam'd our Engliſh fleet:
'That in a naval fight the Scottiſh Barton beat;
'And ſetting foot in France, her horribly did fright:
'(As if great Chandos' ghoſt, or feared Talbot's ſp'rit
'Had come to be their ſcourge, their fame again to earn)
'Who having ſtoutly ſack'd both Narbin and Deverne,
'The caſtles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
'Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Daveere;
'In Scotland, and again the marches eaſt to weſt,
'Did with invaſive war moſt terribly infeſt.
'A nobler of that name, the earl of Surrey then,
'That famous heroe fit both for the ſpear and pen
'(From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward Scottiſh king
'In his victorious troop who home with him did bring)
'Rebellious Ireland ſcourg'd, in Britany and wan
'Us Morles. Happy time that bred'ſt ſo brave a man!
'To Cobham, next, the place deſervedly doth fall:
'In France who then employed with our great admiral,
'In his ſucceſsful road blew Sellois up in fire,
'Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke and Manſier.

'Our

'Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, ſhall be hid,
'That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn ſtoutly did.
'Sands, Guyldfard, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams, and with them,
'Brave Dacres, Muſgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton, Jerningham,
'Great martialiſts, and men that were renowned far
'At ſea; ſome in the French, ſome in the Scottiſh war.
'Courageous Randolph then, that ſerv'd with great command,
'Before Newhaven firſt, and then in Ireland.
'The long-renown'd lord Gray, whoſe ſpirit we oft did try;
'A man that with dread Mars ſtood in account moſt high.
'Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us that wan,
'When in our maiden reign the Belgick war began:
'Who with our friends the Dutch, for England ſtoutly ſtood,
'When Netherland firſt learn'd to laviſh gold and blood.
'Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales might vaunt)
'His martial compeer then, and brave commilitant:
'Whoſe conflicts, with the French and Spaniſh manly fought,
'Much honour to their names, and to the Britons brought.
'Th' lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd with the reſt,
'Inferior not a whit to any of our beſt;
'A man ſo made for war, as though from Pallas ſprung.
'Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
'Himſelf in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did bear;
'Our only ſchools of war this later time that were.
'As Stanly whoſe brave act at Zutphen's ſervice done,
'Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood won.
'Our nobleſt Norris next, whoſe fame ſhall never die
'Whilſt Belgia ſhall be known; or there's a Britany:
'In whoſe brave height of ſpirit, time ſeem'd as to reſtore
'Thoſe, who to th'Engliſh name ſuch honour gain'd of yore.
'Great Eſſex of our peers the laſt that ere we knew;
'Th' old world's heroes lives who likeli'ſt did renew;
'The ſoldier's only hope, who ſtoutly ſerv'd in France;
'And on the towers of Cales as proudly did advance
'Our

'Our Engliſh enſigns then, and made Iberia quake,
'When as our warlike fleet rode on the ſurging lake,
'T' receive that city's ſpoil, which ſet her batter'd gate
'Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to ſee her wretched ſtate.
'Next, Charles, lord Mountjoy, ſent to Ireland to ſuppreſs
'The envious rebel there; by whoſe moſt fair ſucceſs,
'The trowzed Iriſh led by their unjuſt Tyrone,
'And the proud Spaniſh force were juſtly overthrown.
'That ſtill Kingſale ſhall keep and faithful record bear,
'What by the Engliſh proweſs was executed there.
'Then liv'd thoſe valiant Veres, both men of great command
'In our imployments long: whoſe either martial hand
'Reach'd at the higheſt wreath, it from the top to get,
'Which on the proudeſt head, fame yet had ever ſet.
'Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bagnall, then
'Stout Lambert, ſuch as well deſerve a living pen;
'True martialiſts, and knights, of noble ſpirit and wit.
'The valiant Cecil laſt, for great employment fit,
'Deſervedly in war the lat'ſt of our's that roſe:
'Whoſe honour every hour, and fame ſtill greater grows.'
When now the Kentiſh nymphs do interrupt her ſong,
By letting Medway know ſhe tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent ſhe nought or little ſaid.
When as the pliant muſe, ſtraight turning her about,
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear ſoil, 'O famous Kent, quoth ſhe,
'What country hath this iſle that can compare with thee,
'Which haſt within thyſelf as much as thou canſt wiſh?
'Thy conies, ven'ſon, fruit, thy ſorts of fowl and fiſh:
'As what with ſtrength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood:
'Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
'Where Thames-ward to the ſhore, which ſhoots upon the riſe,
'Rich Tenham undertakes thy cloſets to ſuffice

'With

'With cherries, which we ſay, the ſummer in doth bring,
'Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and luſtful ſpring;
'From whoſe deep ruddy cheek, ſweet Zephyr kiſſes ſteals,
'With their delicious touch his love-ſick heart that heals.
'Whoſe golden gardens ſeem th'Heſperides to mock:
'Nor there the damſon wants, nor dainty apricock,
'Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the king,
'The apple-orange; then the ſavoury ruſſettan:
'The pear-main, which to France long ere to us was known,
'Which careful fruit'rers now have denizen'd our own.
'The rénat: which though firſt it from the pippin came,
'Grown through his pureneſs nice, aſſumes that curious name,
'Upon the pippin ſtock, the pippin being ſet;
'As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget
'(Both by the ſire and dame being anciently deſcended)
'The iſſue born of them, his blood hath much amended.
'The ſweeting, for whoſe ſake the plow-boys oft make war:
'The wilding, coſtard, then the well-known pomwater,
'And ſundry other fruits, of good, yet ſeveral taſte,
'That have their ſundry names in ſundry countries plac'd:
'Unto whoſe dear increaſe the gardener ſpends his life,
'With piercer, wimble, ſaw; his mallet, and his knife;
'Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moiſt'ned root,
'As faintly they miſlike, or as they kindly ſute:
'And their ſelected plants doth workman-like beſtow,
'That in true order they conveniently may grow.
'And kills the ſlimy ſnail, the worm, and labouring ant,
'Which many times annoy the graft and tender plant:
'Or elſe maintains the plot much ſtarved with the wet,
'Wherein his daintieſt fruits in kernels he doth ſet:
'Or ſcrapeth off the moſs, the trees that oft annoy.

But with theſe trifling things why idly do I toy,
Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
To thoſe Thamiſian iſles now nimbly turns my Song,
Fair Shepey and the Greane ſufficiently ſupply'd,
To beautify the place where Medway ſhows her pride.

But

But Greane ſeems moſt of all the Medway to adore,
And Tenet ſtanding forth to the [q]Rhutupian ſhore,
By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was ſlain.
For earth-born Albion, then great Neptune's eldeſt ſon,
Ambitious of the fame by ſtern Alcides won,
Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard fight,
Twelve labours which before accompliſh'd by his might;
His daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)
Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:
With whom thoſe iſles he left; and will'd her for his ſake,
That in their grandſire's court ſhe much of them would make:
But Tenet, th' eld'ſt of three, when Albion was to go,
Which lov'd her father beſt, and loth to leave him ſo,
There at the giant raught; which was perceiv'd by chance:
This loving iſle would elſe have followed him to France;
To make the channel wide that then he forced was,
§. Whereas (ſome ſay) before he us'd on foot to paſs.
Thus Tenet being ſtay'd, and ſurely ſettled there,
Who nothing leſs than want and idleneſs could bear,
Doth only give herſelf to tillage of the ground.
With ſundry ſorts of grain whilſt thus ſhe doth abound,
She falls in love with Stour, which coming down by Wye,
And towards the goodly iſle, his feet doth nimbly ply.
To Canterbury then as kindly he reſorts,
His famous country thus he glorioufly reports;
'O noble Kent, quoth he, this praiſe doth thee belong,
'The hard'ſt to be control'd, impatienteſt of wrong.
'Who, when the Norman firſt with pride and horror ſway'd,
'Threw'ſt off the ſervile yoke upon the Engliſh laid;
'And with a high reſolve, moſt bravely didſt reſtore
'That liberty ſo long enjoy'd by thee before.
'§. Not ſuff'ring foreign laws ſhould thy free cuſtoms bind,
'Then only ſhow'd'ſt thyſelf of th' ancient Saxon kind.
'Of all the Engliſh ſhires be thou ſurnam'd the Free,
'§. And foremoſt ever plac'd, when they ſhall reck'ned be.
'And

[q] Near Sandwich.

'And let this town, which chief of thy rich country is,
'Of all the Britiſh ſees be ſtill Metropolis.'

Which having ſaid, the Stour to Tenet him doth hie,
Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth lay,
The other thruſting out into the Celtick ſea.

§. Grim Goodwin all this while ſeems grievouſly to lowre,
Nor cares he of a ſtraw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain chance.
Who, ſince his wiſh'd revenge not all this while is had,
'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
That when the rolling tide doth ſtir him with her waves,
Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he raves,
And ſtrives to ſwallow up the ſea-marks in his deep,
That warn the wand'ring ſhips out of his jaws to keep.

The ſurgeons of the ſea do all their ſkill apply,
If poſſibly, to cure his grievous malady:
As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmoſt prove,
By all the means they could, his madneſs to remove.
From Greenwich to theſe ſands, ſome ſcurvy-graſs do bring,
That inwardly apply'd's a wond'rous ſovereign thing.
From Shepey, ſea-moſs ſome, to cool his boiling blood;
Some, his ill-ſeaſon'd mouth that wiſely underſtood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of ſampyre, to excite
His dull and ſickly taſte, and ſtir up appetite.

Now, Shepey, when ſhe found ſhe could no farther wade
After her mighty ſire, betakes her to his trade,
With ſheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,
And cheriſheth the kind of thoſe choice Kentiſh breed.
Of villages ſhe holds as huſbandly a port,
As any Britiſh iſle that neighboureth Neptune's court.
But Greane, as much as ſhe her father that did love
(And, then the inner land, no farther could remove)
In ſuch continual grief for Albion doth abide,
That almoſt under-flood ſhe weepeth every tide.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUT of Suſſex, into its eaſtern neighbour, Kent, this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whoſe running through the woods, iniſling Oxney, and ſuch like, poetically here deſcribed is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's ſong of our martial and heroic ſpirits, becauſe a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in leſs comprehenſion, without wrong to many worthies it is not performable, I have omitted all illuſtration of that kind, and left you to the muſe herſelf.

That Limen *then was named.*———

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in the time of king Alfred made irruption; which he muſt (I think) maintain by adding likelihood that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith; where (as the reliques of the name in Lime, and the diſtance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making [a] Portus Lemanis, which is miſprinted in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, fixteen miles off) it ſeems Limen, then alſo, there was it diſcharged out of the land. But for the author's words read this; *Equeſtris Paganorum exercitus cum ſuis equis C C L. navibus Cantiam tranſvectus in Oſtio* Amnis Limen *qui de ſylva magna* Andred *nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus oſtio IIII. milliarijs in eandem ſylvam naves ſuas ſurſum traxit, ubi quandam arcem ſemiſtructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque ſibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur* Apultrea *conſtruxerunt*, which are the ſyllables of *Florence* of *Worceſter*; and with him in ſubſtance fully agrees Matthew of Weſtminſter; nor can I think but that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muſe here; if you reſpect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdon names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum* 250 *navibus qui portus eſt in Orientali parte Cnet juxta magnum nemus Andredſlaige.* How Rother's mouth can be properly ſaid in the eaſt (but rather in the ſouth part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverſe part, thinking clearly that Hith muſt be Portus Lemanis, which is that coaſt, as alſo learned Camden teaches, whoſe authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the ſame time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witneſs (that [b] lived not much paſt L. years after his arrival) in theſe words, *In Limneo portu conſtituunt puppes,* Apuldre (ſo I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco condicto Orientali Cantiæ parte, deſtruuntque ibi priſco opere caſtrum propter quod ruſtica manus exigua quippe intrinſecus erat, illicque hiberna caſtra confirmant.* Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is ſpoken of, and that the ſhips were left in the ſhore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelwerd

I

[a] Lemanis in not't. utr. provinc.
[b] Ethelwerd. lib. 4 cap. 4.

I reſpect much more than the later ſtories, and I would adviſe my reader to incline ſo with me.

What time I think in hell that inſtrument deviſed.

He means a gun; wherewith that moſt noble and right martial Thomas Montague earl of Saliſbury at the Siege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was ſlain. The firſt inventor of them (I gueſs you diſlike not the addition) was one [c] Berthold Swartz (others ſay Conſtantius Anklitzen a Dutch Monk and Chymiſt) who having in a mortar, ſulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a ſtone, a ſpark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the ſtone; which he obſerving, made uſe afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and ſhewed the uſe to the Venetians in their war with the Genoeſe at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common aſſertion: but I ſee as good [d] authority, that it was uſed above twenty years before in the Daniſh ſeas. I will not diſpute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoneus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and ſuch like; nor tell you that the Chineſe had it, and printing, ſo many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffy and others deliver; but not with perſuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas ſome ſay before he uſed on foot to paſs.

The alluſion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this ſtraight betwixt Dover and Calais (ſome thirty miles over) as ſome moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it, and derives the name from Wiht ſignifying (as he ſays) as much as Guith, i.e. a ſeparation in Welſh, whence the [e] iſle of Wight was ſo called; Guith and Wight being ſoon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verſtegan, as you may read in him; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity Camden hath propoſed divers conſiderations, in which, experience of particulars muſt direct. Howſoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for ought I ſee, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucoſia to Thrace, as is [f] affirmed; and Sicily (whoſe like our iſland is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expreſly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and alſo the names of Rhegium, [g] παρὰ τὸ [h] Ῥηγνυσθαι, and of the ſelf Sicily; which rather than from *Secare*, I derive from [h] *Sicilire*, which is of the ſame ſignification and nearer in analogy: Claudian calls the iſle

——— *Diducta*

c *v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 2. cap. 3. & Salmuth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.*
d *Achilles Gaſſar. ap. Munſt. Coſmog. 3.*
e *Sam. Beulan. ad. Nennium.*
f *Plin. hiſt. Nat. 2. cap. 88.*
g From breaking off. *Trog. hiſt. 4. & Strab. 2.*
h *Varr. de re ruſtic. 1. cap. 49.*

——— *Diducta Britannia Mundo*;

and Virgil hath

——— *Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, as foxes and such like, came first into this island (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had store of wolves, until some three hundred years since) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow passage of swiming, might receive them from that continent where the ark rested, which is Armenia. That men desired to transport them, is not likely; and a learned [i] jesuit hath conjectured, that the West-Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, because they have lions, wolves, panthers, and such like, which in the Bermudas, Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind.

To explain it, I thus english you a fragment of an old [k] monk: *When the Norman conqueror had the day, he came to Dover castle, that he might with the same subdue Kent also; wherefore, Stigand archbishop, and Egelsin abbot, as the chief of that shire, observing that now whereas heretofore no Villains* (the latin is, nullus fuerat servus, and applying it to our law-phrase, I translate it) *had been in England, they should be now all in bondage to the Normans, they assembled all the county, and shewed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of Villainage: They, resolving all rather to die than lose their freedom, purpose to encounter with the duke for their country's liberty. Their captains are the archbishop and the abbot. Upon an appointed day they meet all at Swanescomb, and harbouring themselves in the woods, with boughs in every man's hand, they incompass his way. The next day, the duke coming by Swanescomb, seemed to see with amazement, as it were a wood approaching towards him; the Kentish men at the sound of a trumpet take themselves to arms, when presently the archbishop and abbot were sent to the duke and saluted him with these words: Behold, sir duke, the Kentish men come to meet you, willing to receive you as their liege lord, upon that condition, that they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties and laws used among their ancestors; otherwise presently offering war; being ready rather to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage, and lose their ancient laws. The Norman in this narrow pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted the desire; and hostages given on both sides, the Kentish men direct the Normans to Rochester, and deliver them the county and the castle of Dover.* Hither is commonly refered the retaining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certain that special customs they have in their Gavelkind (although now many of their gentlemen's possessions

i *Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbis* 1. cap. 20. & 21.

k *Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.*

poſſeſſions [l] are altered in that part) *ſuffering for felony, without forfeiture* of eſtate, and ſuch like, as in particular, with many other diligent traditions you have in Lambard's Perambulation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not, methinks, of clear credit, as well by reaſon that no warrant of the hiſtorians about the Conqueſt affirms it (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as alſo for his commixture of a fauxete about villainage, ſaying it was not in England before that time, which is apparently falſe by divers teſtimonies. [m] Gif peop (ſays king Ines's laws) ryncе onSunnan æg. be hir Hlaforder hæfe fy hepneo; and, under Edward the Confeſſor, Thorold of Beauchenale grants to the abbey of Crowland his mannor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, *ſcilicet Colgrimum præpoſitum meum, & totam ſequelam ſuam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam ſequelam ſuam*; and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, ſeeing ſince that time it hath been adjudged in our [n] law, that one born there could not without coniſans of record be a villain.

And foremoſt ever plac'd when they ſhall reckon'd be.

For this honour of the Kentiſh, hear one [o] that wrote it about Henry II. *Enudus* (as ſome copies are, but others, Cinidus; and perhaps it ſhould be ſo, or rather Cnudus, for king Cnut; or elſe I cannot conjecture what) *quantâ virtute Anglorum, Dacos Danoſque fregerit motùſque compeſcuerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perſpicuum eſt, quod ob egregiæ virtutis meritum quam ibidem potentèr & patentèr exercuit,* Cantia noſtra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congreſſus *hoſtium uſque in hodiernum diem in omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno uſu & nomine ab incolis Wilteſira vocatur, eadem jure ſibi vendicat Cohortem ſubſidiariam, adjectâ ſibi Devoniâ & Cornubiâ.* Briefly, it had the firſt Engliſh king, in it was the firſt chriſtianity among the Engliſh, and Canterbury then honoured with the metropolitic ſee; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the while ſeems grievouſly to lowre.

That is Goodwin ſands, which is reported to have been the patrimony of that Goodwin earl of Kent, under Edward the Confeſſor, ſwallowed into the ocean by a ſtrange tempeſt ſomewhat after the conqueſt, and is now as a floating iſle or quickſand, very dangerous to ſailors, ſometimes as fixt, ſometimes moving, as the muſe deſcribes.

POLY-

l *Stat.* 31. *Hen.* 8. *cap.* 3.

m If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's command, he ſhall be free.

n *Itin. Cornub.* 30. *Ed.* 1. Villenage 46. *& Mich.* 5. *Ed.* 2. *Ms. in Bibliotec. Int. Templ. caſ. John de Garton.*

o *Joh. Sariſbur. de Nugis curial.* 6. *cap.* 18.

p *Hect. Boeth. hiſt. Scotic.* 12. *& Jo. Twin. Albionic.* 1.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE NINETEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The muſe, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progreſs to the north,
From Cauney with a full carreer,
She up againſt the ſtream doth bear;
Where Waltham Foreſt's pride expreſt,
She points directly to the Eaſt,
And ſhews how all thoſe rivers ſtrain
Through Eſſex, to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,
Our Britiſh brave ſea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them ſhe takes,
Where of this ſong an end ſhe makes.

BEar bravely up my muſe, the way thou went'ſt before,
And croſs the kingly Thames to the Eſſexian ſhore,
Stem up his tydeful ſtream, upon that ſide to riſe,
Where [a] Cauney, Albion's child in-iſled richly lies,
Which, though her lower ſcite doth make her ſeem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would depart,
With Hercules to fight, ſhe took it ſo to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,
By Thames ſhe well near is ſurrounded every tyde:

And

[a] An iſland lying in the Thames, on Eſſex ſide.

And ſince of worldly ſtate, ſhe never taketh keep,
But only gives her ſelf, to tend and milk her ſheep.
But muſe, from her ſo low, divert thy high-ſet ſong
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along
The foreſts, and the floods, and moſt exactly ſhow,
How theſe in order ſtand, how thoſe directly flow:
For in that happy ſoil, doth pleaſure ever won,
Through foreſts, where clear rills in wild meanders run;
Where dainty ſummer bowers, and arborets are made,
Cut out of buſhy thicks, for coolneſs of the ſhade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th'country let me go,
To climb the eaſy hill, then walk the valley low;
No gold-emboſſed roofs, to me are like the woods;
No bed like to the graſs, no liquor like the floods:
A city's but a ſink, gay houſes gawdy graves,
The muſes have free leave, to ſtarve or live in caves.
But [b] Waltham foreſt ſtill in proſperous eſtate,
As ſtanding to this day (ſo ſtrangely fortunate)
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head aloft;
A turf beyond them all, ſo fleke and wondrous ſoft,
Upon her ſetting ſide, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her ſouth by Thames embrac'd.
Upon her riſing point, ſhe chanced to eſpy,
A dainty foreſt-nymph of her ſociety.
Fair [c] Hatfield, which in height all other did ſurmount,
And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in reſpect of her ſtood far out of the way,
Who doubting of her ſelf, by others late decay,
Her ſiſter's glory view'd with an aſtoniſh'd eye,
Whom Waltham wiſely thus reproveth by and by.
'Dear ſiſter reſt content, nor our declining rue,
'What thing is in this world, that we can ſay is new;
'The ridge and furrow ſhews, that once the crooked plow,
'Turn'd up the graſſy turf, where oaks are rooted now:

[b] The ſcituation of Waltham foreſt.

[c] Hatfield foreſt lying lower towards the eaſt, between Stortford and Dunmow.

'And at this hour we ſee, the ſhare and coulter tear
'The full corn-bearing glebe, where ſometimes foreſts
'were;
'And thoſe but caitifs are, which moſt do ſeek our ſpoil,
'Who having ſold our woods, do laſtly ſell our ſoil;
''Tis virtue to give place to theſe ungodly times,
'When as the foſtred ill proceeds from others crimes;
'Gainſt lunaticks, and fools, what wiſe folk ſpend their
'force;
'For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the courſe:
'And when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd and vile,
'Of underſtanding he deprives them quite, the while
'They into error run, confounded in their ſin,
'As ſimple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.
'And for thoſe pretty birds, that wont in us to ſing,
'They ſhall at laſt forbear to welcome in the ſpring,
'When wanting where to perch, they ſit upon the ground,
'And curſe them in their notes, who firſt did woods con-
'found.
'Dear ſiſter Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,
'We feel no ſuch decay, nor is all ſuccour fled:
'For Eſſex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
'With every ſimple good, that in the iſle is found:
'And though we go to wreck in this ſo general waſte,
'This hope to us remains, we yet may be the laſt.

When Hatfield taking heart, where late ſhe ſadly ſtood,
Sends little Roding forth, her beſt beloved flood;
Which from her chriſtal font, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as ſhe wandreth on, through Waltham holds her way,
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wond'rous
gay;
But making at the laſt into the watry marſh,
Where though the blady graſs unwholeſome be and harſh,
Thoſe wreaths away ſhe caſts, which bounteous Waltham
gave,
With bulruſh, flags, and reed, to make her wond'rous brave,
And

And her ſelf's ſtrength divides, to ſundry leſſer ſtreams,
So wantoning ſhe falls into her ſovereign Thames.
From whoſe vaſt beechy banks a rumor ſtraight reſounds,
Which quickly ran it ſelf through the Eſſexian grounds,
That Crouch amongſt the reſt, a river's name ſhould ſeek,
As ſcorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furniſh'd with a ſtream, that from the fill to fall,
Wants nothing that a flood ſhould be adorn'd withal.
On [d] Benge's batful ſide, and at her going out,
With Walnot, Foulneſſe fair, near watred round about.
Two iſles for greater ſtate to ſtay her up that ſtand,
Thruſt far into the ſea, yet fixed to the land;
As nature in that ſort them purpoſely had plac'd,
That ſhe by ſea and land, ſhould every way be grac'd.
Same ſea-nymphs and beſides, her part (there were) that took,
As angry that their Crouch ſhould not be call'd a brook;
And bad her to complain to Neptune of her wrong.
But whilſt theſe grievous ſtirs thus hap'ned them among,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph moſt neatly clear,
Which well near through the midſt doth cut the wealthy ſhire,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chaſe,
To which ſhe gives the name, which as ſhe doth imbrace
Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer cloſe:
With whoſe ſupply (though ſmall as yet) ſhe greater grows.
She for old Maldon makes, where in her paſſing by,
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all thoſe ominous ſigns her fall that did forego,
As that which moſt expreſs'd their fatal overthrow;
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas ſhe ſtood,
And the vaſt greeniſh ſea, diſcolour'd like to blood.
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that ſee their deaths at hand,
The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the ſand.
When Chelmer ſcarce arrives in her moſt wiſhed bay,
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crooked way,

[d] The fruitfulleſt hundred of Eſſex.

Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time exil'd,
She Froſhwell after hight, then Blackwater inſtil'd,
But few ſuch titles have the Britiſh floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' iſle of Ouſey rung
With ſhouts the ſea-nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive,
As either of thoſe iſles in courteſy do ſtrive,
To Tethis' darlings, which ſhould greateſt honour do
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colcheſter her name,
(On all th' Eſſexian ſhore, the town of greateſt fame)
Perceiving how they ſtill in courtſhip did contend,
Quoth ſhe, 'Wherefore the time thus idly do you ſpend?
'What is there nothing here, that you eſteem of worth,
'That our big-bellied ſea, or our rich land brings forth?
'Think you our oyſters here, unworthy of your praiſe?
'Pure [e] Walfleet, which do ſtill the daintieſt palates pleaſe,
'As excellent as thoſe, which are eſteemed moſt.
'The [f] Cyzic ſhells, or thoſe on the Lucrinian coaſt;
'Or cheeſe, which our fat ſoil to every quarter ſends;
'Whoſe tack the hungry clown, and plow-man ſo commends.
'If you eſteem not theſe, as things above the ground,
'Look under, where the urns of antient times are found;
'The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the duſt,
'And warlike weapons, now conſum'd with cankering ruſt;
'The huge and maſſy [g] bones, of mighty fearful men,
'To tell the world's full ſtrength, what creatures lived then;
'When in her height of youth, the luſty fruitful earth
'Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants in their birth.'
Thus ſpoke ſhe, when from ſea they ſuddenly do hear
A ſtrong and horrid noiſe, which ſtruck the land with fear;
For

[e] Walfleet oyſters.
[f] Cyzicum is a city of Bythinia.—Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic ſea; the oyſters of which places were reckoned for great delicates with the Romans.
[g] The bones of giant-like people found in thoſe parts.

For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Neptune ſent,
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they incontinent
Should ſtraight repair to Stour, in Orwell's pleaſant road;
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two, that each other's good, intended every way,
Prepar'd to ſing a ſong, that ſhould preciſely ſhew,
That [h] Medway for her life, their ſkill could not out-go;
For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this ſhire, upon her other ſide;
By Clare firſt coming in, to Sudbury doth ſhow,
The even courſe ſhe keeps; when far ſhe doth not flow,
But Breton a bright nymph, freſh ſuccour to her brings;
Yet is ſhe not ſo proud of her ſuperfluous ſprings,
But Orwell coming in from Ipſwich thinks that ſhe,
Should ſtand for it with Stour, and laſtly they agree,
That ſince the Britons hence their firſt diſcoveries made,
And that into the eaſt they firſt were taught to trade.
Beſides, of all the roads, and havens of the eaſt,
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the beſt.
Our voyages by ſea, and brave diſcoveries known,
Their argument they make, and thus they ſing their own;
'In [i] Severn's late tun'd lay, that empreſs of the weſt,
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life expreſs'd;
His conqueſts to the North, who Norway did invade,
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland laſtly made
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons acts among,
This god-like hero's deeds exactly have been ſung;
His valiant people then, who to thoſe countries brought,
Which many an age ſince that, our great'ſt diſcoveries thought.
This worthieſt then of ours, our [k] Argonauts ſhall lead.
Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's ſteps to tread,
Succeeding him in reign, in conqueſts ſo no leſs,
Plow'd up the frozen ſea, and with as fair ſucceſs,

[h] Medway in the 18th ſong, reciteth the catalogue of the Engliſh warriors.

[i] See the 4th ſong.
[k] Sea-voyages.

By that great conqueror's claim, firſt Orkney over-ran;
Proud Denmark then ſubdu'd, and ſpacious Norway won,
Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each ſhore,
Where Arthur's full-ſail'd fleet had ever touch'd before.
And when the Britons reign came after to decline,
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine,
The Saxon ſwaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Out Engliſh Octer put a fleet to ſea again,
Of th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hither bring,
Whoſe tops are hardly wrought in twelve days travelling.
But leaving Norway then a ſtarboard, forward kept,
And with our Engliſh ſails that mighty ocean ſwept,
Where thoſe ſtern people won, whom hope of gain doth call,
In hulks with grapling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;
And great [l] Duina down from her firſt ſpringing place,
Doth roll her ſwelling waves in churliſh Neptune's face.
Then Woolſtan after him diſcovering Dantzick found,
Where [m] Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd into the ſound,
And towing up his ſtream, firſt taught the Engliſh oars,
The uſeful way of trade to thoſe moſt gainful ſhores.
And when the Norman Stem here ſtrong and potent grew,
And their ſucceſsful ſons did glorious acts purſue,
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where firſt he breath'd the air,
Though Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him dear;
I'th' mathematicks learn'd (altho' a friar profeſs'd)
To ſee thoſe northern climes, with great deſire poſſeſs'd,
Himſelf he thither ſhip'd, and ſkilful in the globe,
Took every ſeveral height with his true aſtrolobe;
The [n] whirpools of the ſeas, and came to underſtand,
From the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that command;

Int'

[l] The great river of Ruſſia.
[m] The greateſt river of Dantzick.
[n] The greateſt wonder of nature.

Int' any of whoſe falls, if th' wandering barque doth light,
It hurried is away with ſuch tempeſtuous flight,
Into that ſwallowing gulph, which ſeems as it would draw
The very earth itſelf into th' infernal maw.
Four ſuch immeaſur'd pools, philoſophers agree,
I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;
From which they have ſuppoſed, nature the winds doth raiſe,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the ſeas.
And when our civil wars began at laſt to ceaſe,
And theſe late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
Gave leiſure to great minds, far regions to deſcry;
That brave advent'rous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,
Ship'd for the northern ſeas, 'mongſt thoſe congealed piles,
Faſhion'd by laſting froſts, like mountains, and like iſles,
(In all her fearful'ſt ſhapes ſaw horror, whoſe great mind,
In leſſer bounds than theſe, that could not be confin'd;
Adventur'd on thoſe parts, where winter ſtill doth keep;
When moſt the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,
Where Kegor from her ſcite, on thoſe grim ſeas doth look.
Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jenkinſon;
For Ruſſia both embark'd, the firſt arriving there,
Entring Duina's mouth, up her proud ſtream did ſteer,
To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Ruſſian ſtate,
Muſcovia meaſuring then; the other with like fate,
Both thoſe vaſt realms ſurvey'd, then into Bactria paſt,
To Boghor's bulwark walls, then to the liquid waſte,
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far diſtant ſhores,
And o'er the Caſpian main, with ſtrong untired oars,
Adventured to view rich Perſia's wealth and pride,
Whoſe true report thereof, the Engliſh ſince have tried.
With Fitch, our Eldred next, deſerv'dly placed is,
Both travelling to ſee the Syrian Tripolis.

The firſt of which (in this whoſe noble ſpirit was ſhown)
To view thoſe parts, to us that were the moſt unknown,
On thence to Ormus ſet, Goa, Cambaya, then,
To vaſt Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again
Croſs'd Ganges' mighty ſtream, and his large banks did view,
To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin caſt,
Meaſuring with many a ſtep, the great Eaſt-Indian waſte.
The other from that place, the firſt before had gone,
Determining to ſee the broad-wall'd Babylon,
Croſs'd Euphrates, and row'd againſt his mighty ſtream;
Licia, and Gaza ſaw, with great Hieruſalem,
And our dear Saviour's ſeat, bleſs'd Bethlem did behold,
And Jordan, of whoſe waves much is in ſcripture told.
Then Macham, who (through love to long adventures led)
Madera's wealthy iſles, the firſt diſcovered,
Who having ſtole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,
Yet her rich parents ſtill her marriage rites deny'd,
Put with her forth to ſea, where many a danger paſs'd,
Upon an iſle of thoſe, at length by tempeſt caſt;
And putting in, to give his tender love ſome eaſe,
Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boiſtrous ſeas;
And lingring for her health, within the quiet bay,
The mariners moſt falſe, fled with the ſhip away,
When as it was not long, but ſhe gave up her breath;
When he whoſe tears in vain bewail'd her timeleſs death;
That their deſerved rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
When with his folk but few, not paſſing two or three,
* There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
Put forth again to ſea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themſelves, ſcarce mortal ever ſaw;
Nor miſerable men could poſſibly ſuſtain,
Now ſwallowed with the waves, and then ſpew'd up again;
At

* The wonderful adventure of Macham.

At length were on the coaſt of ſun-burnt Afric thrown,
T'amaze that further world, and to amuſe our own.
Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours to try,
For great Morocco made, diſcovering Barbary.
Lock, Towerſon, Fenner next, vaſt Guinea forth that ſought,
And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.
Th' Eaſt-indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lancaſter,
To Buona Eſperance, Comara, Zanziber,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his ſtrong bottom ſtruck Mollucco's continent;
And ſailing to Brazil another time he took
Olynda's chiefeſt town, and harbour Farnambuke,
And with their precious wood, ſugar and cotton fraught,
It by his ſafe return into his country brought.
Then Forbiſher, whoſe fame flew all the ocean o'er,
Who to the north-weſt ſought huge China's wealthy ſhore,
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring ſea-man ſet,
Where he in our hot'ſt months of June and July met
With ſnow, froſt, hail, and ſleet, and found ſtern winter ſtrong,
With mighty iſles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal Light
Makes half the year ſtill day, and half continual night.
Then for thoſe bounds unknown, he bravely ſet again,
As he a ſea-god were, familiar with the main.
The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,
Both voyagers, that were with famous Forbiſher.
And Davies, three times forth that for the north-weſt made;
Still ſtriving by that courſe, t'inrich the Engliſh trade;
And as he well deſerv'd to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty ſea, immortaliz'd his name.
With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took in hand,
To clear the courſe ſcarce known into the Newfound land,
And view'd the plenteous ſeas, and fiſhful havens, where
Our neighbouring nations ſince have ſtor'd them every year.

Then

Then globe-engirdling Drake, the naval palm that won,
Who ſtrove in his long courſe to emulate the ſun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a propheſy to tell,
That from the Britiſh iſles ſhould riſe a dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, ſhould ſtrike th' Iberian main,
And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.
This more than man (or what) this demi-god at ſea,
Leaving behind his back, the great America,
Upon the ſurging main his well-ſtretch'd tacklings flew'd,
To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude;
Unto that land before to th' Chriſtian world unknown,
Which in his country's right he nam'd New Albion;
And in the weſtern Inde, ſpight of the power of Spain,
He ſaint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;
And leaving of his proweſs, a mark in every bay,
Saint Auguſtine ſurpriz'd, in Terra Florida.
Then thoſe that forth for ſea, induſtrious Rawleigh wrought,
And them with every thing, fit for diſcovery fraught;
That Amadas, (whoſe name doth ſcarcely Engliſh ſound)
With Barlow, who the firſt Virginia thoroughly found.
As Greenvile, whom he got to undertake that ſea,
Three ſundry times from hence, who touch'd Virginia.
(In his ſo rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;
That with ſo brave a ſpirit, his turn ſo well could fit.
O Greenvile, thy great name for ever be renown'd,
And borne by Neptune ſtill, about this mighty round;
Whoſe naval conflict won thy nation ſo much fame,
And in th' Iberians bred fear of the Engliſh name.
Nor ſhould fame ſpeak her loud'ſt, of Lane, ſhe could not lie,
Who in Virginia left, with th' Engliſh colony,
Himſelf ſo bravely bare, amongſt our people there,
That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear.
And from thoſe barbarous, brute, and wild Virginians wan
Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man.

Then

Then he which favoured ſtill ſuch high attempts as theſe,
Rawleigh, whoſe reading made him ſkill'd in all the ſeas,
Imbarqu'd his worthy ſelf, and his adventurous crew,
And with a proſperous ſail to thoſe fair countries flew,
Where Oronoque, as he, on in his courſe doth roll,
Seems as his greatneſs meant, grim Neptune to controul;
Like to a puiſant king, whoſe realms extend ſo far,
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches ſeas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana:
And on the ſpacious firm Manoa's mighty ſeat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders moſt repleto.

So Leigh, Cape Breton ſaw, and Ramea's iſles again;
As Thompſon undertook the voyage to New-Spain:
And Hawkins not behind the beſt of theſe before,
Who hoiſting ſail, to ſeek the moſt remoteſt ſhore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney fought his prize,
As one whoſe mighty mind ſmall things could not ſuffice,
The ſon of this brave ſire, who with his furrowing keel,
Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.

Courageous Ca'ndiſh then, a ſecond Neptune here,
Whoſe fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.
What man could in his time diſcourſe of any ſeas,
But of brave Ca'ndiſh talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the ſouth-ſeas paſs'd, about this earthly ball,
And ſaw thoſe ſtars, to them that only riſe and fall,
And with his ſilken ſails, ſtain'd with the richeſt ore,
Dar'd any one to paſs where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, ſo hence to ſeek th' Azores ſent,
And to the Weſtern-Indies, to Porto Rico went,
And with the Engliſh power it bravely did ſurprize.

Sir Robert Dudley then, by ſea that ſought to riſe,
Hoiſt'd ſails with happy winds to th' iſles of Trinidado:
Paria then he paſs'd, the iſlands of Granado;
As thoſe of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico: then
Amongſt the famous rank of our ſea-ſearching men,

Is

Is Preſton ſent to ſea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Weſtern-Inde;
Porto Santo who ſurpriz'd, and Coches, with the fort
Of Coro, and the town, when in ſubmiſſive ſort,
Cumana ranſom crav'd, St. James of Leon ſack'd;
Jamaica went not free, but as the reſt they wreck'd.
Then Sherley, (ſince whoſe name ſuch high renown hath won)
That voyage undertook, as they before had done:
He St. Iago ſaw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma ſail'd to th' iſlands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a proſperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-found-land,
Where at Jamaica's iſles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce ſet,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own courſe he ran,
And took Campeche's town, the chief'ſt of Jucatan.
A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,
With moſt ſtrange tribute fraught, due to that Indian king.
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their ſong,
When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and ſhouts were heard reſounding to the ſhore,
Wherewith th'Eſſexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,
From the Suffolcean ſide yet thoſe which Stour prefer
Their princely Orwell praiſe, as much as th'other her:
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her ſpring,
Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,
Yet Deben of herſelf a ſtout and ſtedfaſt friend,
Her ſuccour to that ſea, near Orwel's road doth ſend.
When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,
As Stour upon the north, from Eſſex parts this ſhire;
Leſt Stour and Orwell thus might ſteal her nymphs away,
In Neptune's name commands, that here their force ſhould ſtay:
For that herſelf and Yar in honour of the deep,
Were purpoſed a feaſt in Loving-land to keep.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTIETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The muſe that part of Suffolk ſings,
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to gueſt
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feaſt;
To Ouze the leſs then down ſhe takes,
Where ſhe a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marſh-land ſhe deſcends,
With whoſe free praiſe this ſong ſhe ends.

FRom Suffolk roſe a ſound, through the Norfolcean ſhore
That ran itſelf, the like had not been heard before:
For he that doth of ſea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphall to be held
In honour of himſelf, in Loving-land, where he
The moſt ſelected nymphs appointed had to be.
Thoſe ſeamaids that about his ſecret walks do dwell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fiſhes fell,
As of the rivers thoſe, amongſt the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and ſport on every bank,
Were ſummon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's hate:
For he would have his feaſt, obſerv'd with god-like ſtate.
When thoſe Suffolcean floods that ſided not with Stour,
Their ſtreams but of themſelves into the ocean pour,

As

As Or, through all the coaſt a flood of wond'rous fame,
Whoſe honoured fall begets a [a] haven of her name.
And Blyth a dainty brook, their ſpeedy courſe do caſt,
For Neptune with the reſt, to Loving-land to haſte:
When Waueney in her way, on this Septentrial ſide,
That theſe two eaſtern ſhires doth equally divide,
From Laphamford leads on, her ſtream into the eaſt,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when poſſeſt
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms ſhe throws,
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who incloſe,
And her an iſland make, fam'd for her ſcite ſo far.
But leave her muſe a while, and let us on with Yar,
Which Gariena ſome, ſome Hier, ſome Yar do name;
Who riſing from her ſpring not far from Walſingham,
Through the Norfolcean fields ſeems wantonly to play,
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth on her way,
Where Wentſum from the ſouth, and Bariden do bear
Up with her, by whoſe wealth ſhe much is honoured there,
To entertain her Yar, that in her ſtate doth ſtand,
With towns of high'ſt account the fourth of all the land:
That hoſpitable place to the induſtrious Dutch,
Whoſe ſkill in making ſtuffs, and workmanſhip is ſuch,
(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deſerve,
By labour ſore that live, whilſt oft the Engliſh ſtarve;
On roots and pulſe that feed, on beef and mutton ſpare,
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.

But from my former theme, ſince thus I have digreſs'd
I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be dreſs'd:
And ſince theſe floods fall out ſo fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.

The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their ſeaſon,
The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening peaſon;
The onion, ſcallion, leek, which houſewives highly rate;
Their kinſman garlick then, the poor man's Mithridate;
The ſavoury parſnip next, and carrot pleaſing food;
The ſkirret (which ſome ſay) in ſallads ſtirs the blood;

The

[a] Orford-haven.

The turnip, taſting well to clowns in winter weather:
Thus in our verſe we put, roots, herbs and fruits together.
The great moiſt pumpion then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of this kind, the ſweet muſk-mellon by;
Which dainty palates now, becauſe they would not want,
Have kindly learnt to ſet, as yearly to tranſplant:
The radiſh ſomewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke;
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
The citrons, which our ſoil not eas'ly doth afford;
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in theſe trivial things, muſe, wander not too long,
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active ſong,
Which in her winding courſe, from Norwich to the main,
By many a ſtately ſeat laſciviouſly doth ſtrain,
To Yarmouth till ſhe come, her only chriſtned town,
Whoſe fiſhing thro' the realm doth her ſo much renown,
Where thoſe that with their nets ſtill haunt the boundleſs lake,
Her ſuch a ſumptuous feaſt of ſalted herrings make,
As they had robb'd the ſea of all his former ſtore,
And paſt that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her own ſelves harbour here, when Yar doth hardly win,
But kindly ſhe again, ſaluted is by Thrin,
A fair Norfolcean nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to call,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them bravely bear,
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that were,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy plaſhes,
Or play them on the ſands, upon the foamy waſhes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the German deeps,
Upon whoſe briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their beſt attires,
That meeting to obſerve, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's ſon by Venus, to the ſhore
To ſee them ſafely brought, their herald came before,
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn
Of that ſo-much-eſteem'd, ſea-honouring unicorn.

Next

Next [k] Proto wond'rous ſwift, led all the reſt the way,
Then ſhe which makes the calms, the mild [k] Cymodice,
With god-like [k] Dorida, and [k] Galatea fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, caſt o'er their braided hair:
[k] Analiis which the ſea doth ſalt, and ſeaſoned keep;
And [k] Batheas, moſt ſupreme and ſovereign in the deep,
Brings [k] Cyane, to the waves which that green colour gives;
Then [k] Atmis, which in fogs and miſty vapours lives:
[k] Phrinax, the billows rough, and ſurges that beſtrides,
And [k] Rothion, that by her on the wild waters rides;
With [k] Icthias, that of frye the keeping doth retain,
As [k] Pholoë, moſt that rules the monſters of the main:
Which brought to bear them out, if any need ſhould fall,
The Dolphin, Sea-horſe, Gramp, the Wherlpoole, and the Whale.
An hundred more beſides, I readily could name,
With theſe as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that came.
Theſe nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the ſea-gods to delight:
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the white;
With many ſundry ſhells, the ſcallop large and fair;
The cockle ſmall and round, the periwinkle ſpare,
The oyſter, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,
The muſſel, which retains that dainty orient ſeed:
In chains and bracelets made, with links of ſundry twiſts,
Some worn about their waiſts, their necks, ſome on the wriſts.
Great ſtore of amber there, and jet they did not miſs;
Their lips they ſweet'ned had with coſtly ambergreaſe.
Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the ſeas,
But from the freſher ſtreams the brighter Naides,
To Loving-land make haſte with all the ſpeed they may,
For fear their fellow-nymphs ſhould for their coming ſtay.
Glico the running ſtreams in ſweetneſs ſtill that keeps,
And Clymene which rules, when they ſurround their deeps.
Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide:
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the tide.

Semaia

[k] The virtual properties incident to waters, as well ſeas, as rivers, expreſſed by their names in the perſons of nymphs, as hath been us'd by the ancients.

Semaia that for ſights doth keep the water clear:
Zanthe their yellow ſands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that ſhadow every bank,
Phylodice, the boughs for garlands freſh and rank.
Which the clear Naides make them Anadems withal,
When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty hall.
Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmonious lays,
Which ſing on rivers banks amongſt the ſlender ſprays,
With Rhodia, which for them doth nurſe the roſeat ſets,
Ioida, which preſerves the azure violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general charge,
And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the marge.
Some of theſe lovely nymphs wore on their flaxen hair
Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd were:
With water-cans again, ſome wantonly them dight,
Whoſe larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight
To thoſe that wiſtly view'd their beauties: ſome again,
That ſovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the ſedge doth grow,
Which neatly woven were, and ſome to grace the ſhow,
Of lady-ſmocks moſt white, do rob each neighbouring mead,
Wherewith their looſer locks moſt curiouſly they braid.
Now thus together come, they friendly do deviſe,
Some of light toys, and ſome of matters grave and wiſe.
But to break off their ſpeech, her reed when Syrinx ſounds,
Some caſt themſelves in rings, and fell to hornpipe rounds:
They ceaſing, as again to others turns it falls,
The luſty galiards tread, ſome others jiggs, and braules.
This done, upon the bank together being ſet,
Proceeding in the cauſe, for which they thus were met,
In mighty Neptune's praiſe, theſe ſea-born virgins ſing:
'Let earth, and air, ſay they, with the high praiſes ring,
'Of Saturn by his Ops, the moſt renowned ſon,
'From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,
'Whoſe off-ſpring wiſe and ſtrong, dear nymphs, let us relate,
'On mountains of vaſt waves, know he that ſits in ſtate,

'And with his trident rules the univerſal ſtream,
'To be the only ſire of mighty Polypheme.
'On fair Thooſa got old Phorcus loved child,
'Who in a feigned ſhape that god of ſea beguil'd.
'Three thouſand princely ſons, and lovely nymphs as we,
'Were to great Neptune born, of which we ſparing be:
'Some by his goodly queen, ſome in his lemmans bed;
'Chryaſor grim begot, on ſtern Meduſa's head.
'Swart Brontes, for his own ſo mighty Neptune takes,
'One of the Cyclops ſtrong, Jove's thunder-bolts that makes.
'Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wiſdom ſeek)
'Who was old Neſtor's ſire, the grav'ſt and wiſeſt Greek.
'Or from this king of waves, of ſuch thou lov'ſt to hear,
'Of famous nations firſt, that mighty founders were;
'Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes contriv'd,
'From Neptune god of ſea, his pedigree deriv'd,
'By Agenor his old ſire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:
'So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and ſtrong
'Claim'd kindred of this king, and by ſome beauteous neice,
'So did Pelaſgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.
'A world of mighty kings and princes I could name,
'From our god Neptune ſprung; let this ſuffice, his fame
'Incompaſſeth the world; thoſe ſtars which never riſe,
'Above the lower ſouth, are never from his eyes:
'As thoſe again to him do every day appear,
'Continually that keep the northern hemiſphere;
'Who like a mighty king, doth caſt his watched robe,
'Far wider than the land, quite round about the globe.
'Where is there one to him that may compared be,
'That both the poles at once continually doth ſee;
'And giant-like with heaven as often maketh wars;
'The iſlands in his power as numberleſs as ſtars,
'He waſheth at his will, and with his mighty hands,
'He makes the even ſhores, oft mountainous with ſands:
'Whoſe creatures, which obſerve his wide imperial ſeat,
'Like his immeaſured ſelf, are infinite and great.'

Thus ended they their ſong, and off th'aſſembly brake,
When quickly towards the weſt, the muſe her way doth take;

Where

Whereas the ſwelling ſoil, as from one bank doth bring
This [1] Waueney ſung before and [1]Ouſe-the-leſs, whoſe ſpring
Towards Ouſe-the-greater points, and down by Thetford glides;
Where ſhe clear Thet receives, her glory that divides,
With her new-named town, as wondrous glad that ſhe,
For frequency of late, ſo much eſteem'd ſhould be:
Where ſince theſe confluent floods, ſo fit for hawking lie,
And ſtore of fowl entice ſkill'd falconers there to flie.
Now of a flight at Brooke ſhall my deſcription be:
What ſubject can be found, that lies not fair for me.
Of ſimple ſhepherds now, my muſe exactly ſings,
And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
Then in a buſkin'd ſtrain, the warlike ſpear and ſhield,
And inſtantly again of the diſports of field;
What can this iſle produce, that lies from my report,
Induſtrious muſe, proceed then to my hawking ſport.
When making for the brook, the falconer doth eſpy,
One river, plaſh, or mere, where ſtore of fowl doth lie,
Whence forced over land, by ſkilful falconer'e trade,
A fair convenient flight, may eaſily be made.
He whiſtleth off his hawks, whoſe nimble pinions ſtreight,
Do work themſelves by turns, into a ſtately height:
And if that after check, the one or both do go,
Sometimes he them the lure, ſometimes doth water ſhew;
The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-bells ring,
And find it is too late, to truſt them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilſt the high-mounted hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their etherial walks,
Aloft ſo bravely ſtir, their bells ſo thick that ſhake,
Which when the falconer ſees, that ſcarce one plane they make;
The gallant'ſt birds, ſaid he, that ever flew on wing,
And ſwears there is a flight, were worthy of a king.
Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to riſe,
The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the ſkies,

[1] The fountains of theſe rivers, not far aſunder, yet one running northward, the other to the eaſt.

Make ſundry canceleers e'er they the fowl can reach,
Which then to ſave their lives, their wings do lively ſtretch.
But when the whizzing bells the ſilent air do cleave,
And that their greateſt ſpeed, them vainly do deceive;
And the ſharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do view,
Themſelves for very fear they inſtantly [m] ineaw.

The hawks get up again into their former place,
And ranging here and there, in that their airy race;
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'ſcape away,
With many a ſtouping brave, them in again they lay.
But when the falconers take their hawking-poles in hand,
And croſſing of the brook, do put it over land;
The hawk gives it a ſouſe, that makes it to rebound,
Well near the height of man, ſometimes above the ground;
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth ſhread.
With many a wo ho ho, and jocond lure again,
When he his quarry makes upon the graſſy plane.

But to my floods again; when as this Ouſe-the-leſs,
Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free acceſs,
To Ouſe-the-great ſhe goes, her queen that cometh crown'd,
As ſuch a river ſits, ſo many miles renown'd;
And pointing to the north, her chriſtal front ſhe daſhes,
Againſt the ſwelling ſands of the ſurrounded waſhes;
And Neptune in her arms, ſo amply doth embrace,
As ſhe would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her place.
Which when rich Marſh-land ſees, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe her ſtate,
With that fair river thus, ſhe gently doth debate.

'Diſdain me not, dear flood, in thy exceſſive pride,
'There's ſcarcely any ſoil that ſitteth by thy ſide,
'Whoſe turf ſo batful is, or bears ſo deep a ſwath;
'Nor is there any Marſh in all Great Britain, hath
'So many goodly ſeats, or that can truly ſhew,
'Such rareties as I, ſo that all Marſhes owe
'Much honour to my name, for that exceeding grace,
'Which they receive by me, ſo ſovereign in my place.

'Though

[m] Lay the fowls again in water.

'Though Rumney, as ſome ſay, for fineneſs of her graſs,
'And for her dainty ſcite, all others doth ſurpaſs;
'Yet are thoſe ſeas but poor, and rivers that confine,
'Her greatneſs but mean rills, be they compar'd with mine.
'Nor hardly doth ſhe tythe th' abundant fowl and fiſh,
'Which nature gives to me, as I myſelf can wiſh.
'As Amphitrite oft, calls me her ſweet and fair,
'And ſends the northern winds to curl my braided hair,
'And makes the Waſhes ſtand, to watch and ward me ſtill,
'Leſt that rough god of ſea, on me ſhould work his will.
'Old Wiſbitch to my grace, my circuit ſits within,
'And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of Lynn.
'Both towns of ſtrength and ſtate, my profits ſtill ſhall vent,
'No Marſh hath more of ſea, none more of continent.'
Thus Marſh-land ends her ſpeech, as one that thoroughly knew,
What was her proper praiſe, and what was Ouſe's due.
With that the zealous muſe, in her poetic rage,
To Walſingham would needs have gone a pilgrimage,
To view thoſe fartheſt ſhores, whence little Niger flows,
Into the northern main, and ſee the glebe where grows,
That ſaffron (which men ſay) this land hath not the like,
All Europe that excels; but here ſhe fail doth ſtrike.
For that Apollo pluck'd her eaſily by the ear;
And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
Ought worthy of reſpect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater Ouſe, her wing ſhe doth diſplay.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Now from New-market comes the muſe,
Whoſe ſpacious heath, ſhe wiſtly views,
Thoſe ancient ditches and ſurveys,
Which our firſt Saxons here did raiſe;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And ſhews you Ring-tail's pleaſant vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The muſes to her town invites.
And laſtly, Ely's praiſe ſhe ſings,
An end which to this canto brings.

BY this our little reſt, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon New-market-heath;
That great and antient [a] ditch, which us expected long,
Inſpired by the muſe, at her arrival ſong;
'O time, what earthly thing with thee itſelf can truſt,
'When thou in thine own courſe art to thy ſelf unjuſt!
'Doſt thou contract with death, and to oblivion give
'Thy glories, after them, yet ſhamefully dar'ſt live?
'O time, had'ſt thou preſerv'd, what labouring man hath done,
'Thou long before this day, might'ſt to thy ſelf have won
'A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
'But ſacrilegious thou, haſt all great works defac'd;
'For

[a] The devil's ditch.

'For though the things themſelves have ſuffer'd by thy theft,
'Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'ſt have left,
'Thoſe monuments who rear'd, and not have ſuffer'd thus
'Poſterity ſo much, t' abuſe both thee and us.
'I, by th' Eaſt Angles firſt, who from this heath aroſe,
'The long'ſt and largeſt ditch, to check their Mercian foes;
'Becauſe my depth, and breadth, ſo ſtrangely doth exceed,
'Men's low and wretched thoughts, they conſtantly decreed,
'That by the devil's help, I needs muſt raiſed be,
'Wherefore the Devil's-ditch they baſely named me;
'When ages long before, I bare ſaint Edmond's name,
'Becauſe up to my ſide, (ſome have ſuppoſed) came
'The liberties bequeath'd to his moſt ſacred ſhrine.
'Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye antient friends of mine,
'That out of earth were rais'd, by men whoſe minds were great,
'It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
'Firſt, Flemditch next myſelf, that art of greateſt ſtrength,
'That do'ſt extend thy courſe full ſeven large miles in length;
'And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not leſs dear to me,
'With Brenditch, that again is ſhorteſt of the three,
'Can you ſuppoſe yourſelves at all to be reſpected,
'When you may ſee my truth's bely'd, and ſo neglected;
'Therefore dear Heath, live ſtill in proſperous eſtate,
'And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to evening late,
'(By careful ſhepherds kept) rejoice thee with their praiſe,
'And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
'Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
'(Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye.'

Thus ſaid, theſe antient Dykes neglected in their ground,
Through the ſad aged earth, ſent out a hollow ſound,
To gratulate her ſpeech; when as we met again,
With one whoſe conſtant heart, with cruel love was ſlain;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
Which near to Cambridge ſet, o'er-looks that learn'd town.
Of Balſham's pleaſant hills, that by the name was known,
But with the monſtrous times, he rude and barbarous grown,
A giant was become; for man he cared not,
And ſo the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
Who long had born good-will to moſt delicious Grant,
But doubting leſt ſome god his greatneſs might ſupplant.
For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her courſe,
He found the muſes left their old Bœotian ſource;
Reſorting to her banks, and every little ſpace,
He ſaw bright Phœbus gaze upon her chryſtal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red,
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down to bed.
Wherefore this hill with love, being fouly overgone;
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
Thus wooes her; 'Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
'I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in ſtore for thee,
'A neſt of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins too,
'Nay, nymph take heed of me, when I begin to wooe:
'And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,
'A curld-pate calf it is, and oft could have been ſold:
'And yet beſide all this, I've goodly bear-whelps twa,
'Full dainty for my joy, when ſhe's diſpos'd to play,
'And twenty ſowes of lead, to make our wedding ring;
'Beſides, at Sturbridge Fair, I'll buy thee many a thing:
'I'll ſmouch thee every morn, before the ſun can riſe,
'And look my manly face, in thy ſweet glaring eyes.'
Thus ſaid, he ſmug'd his beard, and ſtroked up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offered fair:
Which to the muſes, Grant did preſently report,
Wherewith they many a year ſhall make them wond'rous ſport.
When Ringdale in her ſelf, a moſt delicious dale,
Who having heard too long the barbarous mountain's tale,

Thus

Thus thinketh in herſelf, 'Shall I be ſilenc'd, when
' Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by diſcontented men,
' Are aided by the muſe; their minds at large to ſpeak,
' Beſides my ſiſter vales ſuppoſing me but weak,
' Judge meanly of my ſtate, when ſhe no longer ſtaid,
' But in her own behalf, thus to the other ſaid.
' What though betwixt two [b] ſhires, I be by fortune thrown,
' That neither of them both can challenge me her own;
' Yet am I not the leſs, nor leſs my fame ſhall be;
' Your figures are but baſe, when they are ſet by me:
' For nature in your ſhapes, notoriouſly did err,
' But ſkilful was in me, caſt pure orbicular.
' Nor can I be compar'd ſo like to any thing,
' By him that would expreſs my ſhape, as to a ring:
' For nature bent to ſport, and various in her trade,
' Of all the Britiſh vales, of me a circle made:
' For in my very midſt, there is a ſwelling ground.
' About which Ceres nymphs dance many a wanton round.
' The friſking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
' Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
' And catching drops of dew in their laſcivious chaces,
' Do caſt the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
' What they in largeneſs have, that bear themſelves ſo high,
' In my moſt perfect form, and delicacy, I,
' For greatneſs of my grain, and fineneſs of my graſs;
This iſle ſcarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth ſurpaſs.'
When more ſhe would have ſaid, but ſuddenly there ſprung,
A confident report, that through the country rung,
That Cam her daintieſt flood, long ſince entitled Grant,
Whoſe fountain Aſhwell crown'd, with many an upright plant.
In ſallying on for Ouſe, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the muſes with a lay.

Where-

[b] This vale ſtandeth part in Hertfordſhire, part in Cambridgeſhire.

Wherefore to ſhew herſelf ere ſhe to Cambridge came,
Moſt worthy of that town to which ſhe gives the name,
Takes in her ſecond head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having ſlid, which ſtraightway ſhe doth win:
Than which, a purer ſtream, a delicater brook,
Bright Phœbus in his courſe, doth ſcarcely overlook.
Thus furniſhing her banks; as ſweetly ſhe doth glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either ſide;
And with the muſes oft, did by the way converſe:
Wherefore it her behoves, that ſomething ſhe rehearſe,
The ſiſters that concern'd, who whiſper'd in her ear,
Such things as only ſhe, and they themſelves ſhould hear,
A wond'rous learned flood; and ſhe that had been long,
(Though ſilent, in herſelf, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to Apollo's prieſts, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthleſs world, unworthily abus'd:
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well,
She meant to have a bout, even in deſpight of hell,
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a Satyr ſhe, deliberately begun.

'My invective, thus quoth ſhe, I only aim at you,
'(Of what degree ſo'er) ye wretched worldly crew,
'In all your brainleſs talk, that ſtill direct your drifts
'Againſt the muſes ſons, and their moſt ſacred gifts,
'That hate a poet's name, your vileneſs to advance,
'For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
'Slave, he whom thou doſt think, ſo mean and poor to be,
'Is more than half divine, when he is ſet by thee.
'Nay more, I will avow, and juſtify him then,
'He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
'His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth dwell,
'Above thoſe worldly cares, that ſinks ſuch ſots to hell;
'A caitif if there be yet viler than thy ſelf,
'If he through baſeneſs light upon this worldly pelf,
'The chimney-ſweep, or he that in the dead of night,
'Doth empty loathſome vaults, nay purchaſe all your right;

'When

'When not the greateſt king, ſhould he his treaſure rain,
'The muſes ſacred gifts, can poſſibly obtain;
'No, were the monarch of the univerſal earth,
'Except that gift from heaven, be breath'd into his birth.
'How tranſitory be thoſe heaps of rotting mud,
'Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefeſt good?
'Perhaps to your fond ſons, your ill-got goods you leave,
'You ſcarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceive.
'Have I not known a wretch, the purchaſe of whoſe ground,
'Was valued to be ſold, at threeſcore thouſand pound;
'That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
'Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a ſilly groat!
'When nothing hath of yours, or your baſe broods been left,
'Except poor widows cries, to memorize your theft.
'That curſe the ſerpent got in paradiſe for hire,
'Deſcend upon you all, from him your deviliſh ſire,
'Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your breaſt,
'And lick the loathſome duſt, like that abhorred beaſt.
'But leave theſe hateful herds, and let me now declare,
'I' th' Heliconian fount, who rightly chriſt'ned are;
'Not ſuch as baſely ſooth the humour of the time,
'And ſlubberingly patch up ſome ſlight and ſhallow rhyme,
'Upon Parnaſſus' top, that ſtrive to be inſtall'd,
'Yet never to that place were by the muſes call'd.
'Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging pride,
'That fain would ſeem to be, what nature them deny'd;
'Whoſe verſes hobling run, as with disjointed bones,
'And make a viler noiſe, than carts upon the ſtones;
'And theſe forſooth muſt be, the muſes only heirs,
'When they but baſtards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
'Inforcing things in verſe for poetry unfit,
'Mere filthy ſtuff, that breaks out of the ſores of wit;
'What poet recks the praiſe upon ſuch anticks heap'd,
'Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?
'Though ſome fantaſtick fool promove their ragged rhymes,
'And do tranſcribe them o'er a hundred ſeveral times,

'And

'And ſome fond women wins, to think them wond'rous rare,
'When they lewd beggary traſh, nay very gibb'riſh are.
'Give me thoſe lines (whoſe touch the ſkilful ear to pleaſe)
'That gliding flow in ſtate, like ſwelling Euphrates,
'In which things natural be, and not in falſely wrong;
'The ſounds are fine and ſmooth, the ſenſe is full and ſtrong;
'Not bombaſted with words, vain tickliſh ears to feed,
'But ſuch as may content the perfect man to read.
'What is of painters ſaid, is of true poets rife,
'That he which doth expreſs things neareſt to the life,
'Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add thereto,
'For that the utmoſt is, that art doth ſtrive to do.
'Had Orpheus, whoſe ſweet harp (ſo muſically ſtrung)
'Inticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
'Th' morality of which, is that his knowledge drew,
'The ſtony, blockiſh rout, that nought but rudeneſs knew,
'T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.
'Had he compos'd his lines, like many of theſe days,
'Which to be underſtood, do take it in diſdain,
'Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would mean.
'If Orpheus had ſo play'd, not to be underſtood,
'Well might thoſe men have thought the harper had been wood;
'Who might have ſit him down, the trees and rocks among,
'And been a verier block than thoſe to whom he ſung.
'O noble Cambridge then, my moſt beloved town,
'In glory flouriſh ſtill, to heighten thy renown;
'In woman's perfect ſhape, ſtill be thy emblem right,
'Whoſe one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.
'Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnaſſus fall,
'Let Cirrha ſeek to her, nor be you leaſt of all,
'Ye fair Bœotian Thebes, and Theſpia ſtill to pay
'My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea ſend this way.
'O let the thrice-three maids, their dews upon thee rain,
'From Aganippa's fount, and hoof-plow'd Hippocrane.

'Mount

'Mount Pindus, thou that art the muſes ſacred place
'In Theſſaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
'They choſe for their own hill, then thou Parnaſſus high,
'Upon whoſe by-clift top, the ſacred company
'About Apollo ſit; and thou, O flood, with theſe
'Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides.
'With Tempe, let thy walks, and ſhades, be brought to her,
'And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer.'
This ſaid, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on along,
To meet the mighty Ouſe, which with her watry throng,
The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in
Th' in-iſled Ely's earth, which ſtrongly ſhe doth win
From Grant's ſoft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruitful iſle,
Much wondering at herſelf, thought ſurely all this while,
That by her ſilence ſhe had ſuffered too much wrong,
Wherefore in her ſelf-praiſe, lo thus the iſland ſung.
'Of all the Marſhland iſles, I Ely am the Queen,
'For winter each where ſad, in me looks freſh and green.
'The horſe, or other beaſt, o'erweigh'd with his own maſs,
'Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in graſs;
'And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
'The turf which bears the hay, is wond'rous needful peat:
'My full and batning earth, needs not the plowman's pains,
'The rills which run in me, are like the branched veins
'In human bodies ſeen; thoſe ditches cut by hand,
'From the ſurrounding Meres, to win the meaſur'd land,
'To thoſe choice waters, I moſt fitly may compare,
'Wherewith nice women uſe to blanch their beauties rare.
'Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew
'Of Waterſey the Lame, or th' other call'd the New.
'The Frithdike near'ſt my midſt, and of another ſort,
'Whoever fiſh'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make report
'Of ſundry Meres at hand, upon my weſtern way,
'As Ramſey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whittelſey;
'Of the abundant ſtore of fiſh and fowl that bred,
'Which whilſt of Europe's iſles Great Britain is the head.

'No

Ouſe having Ouleney paſt, as ſhe were waxed mad,
From her firſt ſtayder courſe immediately doth gad;
And in meandred gyres doth whirl herſelf about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through thoſe rich fields doth run, till laſtly in her pride,
The ſhire's hoſpitious town, ſhe in her courſe divide,
Where ſhe her ſpacious breaſt in glorious breadth diſplays
And varying her clear form a thouſand ſundry ways,
Streaks through the verdant meads; but far ſhe hath not gone,
When Ivel a clear nymph from Shefford ſallying on,
Comes deftly dancing in through many a dainty ſlade,
Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickleſwade,
Encouraged the more her miſtreſs to purſue,
In whoſe clear face the ſun delights himſelf to view:
To mix her ſelf with Ouſe, as on ſhe thus doth make,
And lovingly at laſt hath hapt to overtake;
She in her chryſtal arms her ſovereign Ouſe doth cling,
Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into thoſe nether grounds,
Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bedfordian bounds.
Scarce is ſhe entred yet upon this ſecond ſhire,
Of which ſhe ſovereign is, but that two fountains clear,
At Harlweſton near hand, th'one ſalt, the other ſweet,
At her firſt entrance, thus her greatneſs gently greet.
'Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortunately prov'd,
'The pleaſures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd
'Of two ſuch Sylvan gods, by hap that found us here;
'For then their Sylvan kind moſt highly honoured were,
'When this whole country's face was foreſty, and we
'Liv'd looſely in the weilds, which now thus peopled be.
'Oft interchang'd we ſighs, oft amorous looks we ſent,
'Oft whiſpering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did we vent
'Amongſt

'Amongſt the ſecret ſhades, oft in the groves did play,
'And in our ſports our joys, and ſorrows did bewray.
'Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then imbrac'd,
'Still languiſh'd in deſire, yet liv'd we ever chaſt.
'And quoth the ſaltiſh ſpring, as one day mine and I,
'Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye
'The briniſh tears drop'd down, on mine impierced breaſt,
'And inſtantly therein ſo deeply were impreſt,
'That brackiſh I became: he finding me depriv'd
'Of former freſhneſs quite, the cauſe from him deriv'd,
'On me beſtow'd this gift, my ſweetneſs to requite,
'That I ſhould ever cure the dimneſs of the ſight.
'And, quoth the freſher ſpring, the wood-god me that woo'd,
'As one day by my brim, ſurpriz'd with love he ſtood,
'On me beſtow'd this gift, that ever after I
'Should cure the painful itch, and lothſome leproſy.'

Held on with this diſcourſe, ſhe on not far hath run,
But that ſhe is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;
Where ſhe no ſooner views her darling and delight,
Proud [a]Portholme, but became ſo raviſh'd with the ſight,
That ſhe her limber arms laſciviouſly doth throw
About the iſlet's waſte, who being imbraced ſo,
Her flowry boſom ſhews to the inamour'd brook;
On which when as the Ouſe amazedly doth look
On her brave damask'd breaſt, bedeck'd with many a flow'r
(That grace this godly mead) as though the ſpring did pour
Her full abundance down, whoſe various dyes ſo thick,
Are intermix'd as they by one another ſtick,
That to the gazing eye that ſtandeth far, they ſhow
Like thoſe made by the ſun in the celeſtial bow.
But now t'advance this flood, the fates had brought to paſs,
As ſhe of all the reſt the only river was:
That but a little while before that fatal war,
'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaſter,
Near Harleſwood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
By keeping back her ſtream, for near three furlongs ſpace,

[a] A little iſland made by this river, lying near Huntingdon.

Laying her boſom bare unto the publick view;
Apparently was prov'd by that which did enſue,
In her prophetick ſelf, thoſe troubles to foreſee:
Wherefore (even as her due) the deſtinies agree,
She ſhould the glory have our civil fights to ſing,
When ſwelling in her banks, from her abundant ſpring,
Her ſober ſilence ſhe now reſolutely breaks,
In language fitting war, and thus to purpoſe ſpeaks.

'With that moſt fatal field, I will not here begin,
'Where Norman William firſt the Conqueror, did win
'The day at [b] Haſtings, where the valiant Harold ſlain,
'Reſign'd his crown, whoſe ſoil the colour doth retain,
'Of th'Engliſh blood there ſhed, as th'earth ſtill kept the ſcar:
'Which ſince not our's begot, but an invaſive war,
'Amongſt our home-fought fields, hath no deſcription here.
'In Normandy nor that, that ſame day forty year,
'That baſtard William brought a conqueſt on this iſle,
'Twixt Robert his eld'ſt ſon, and Henry, who the while
'His brother's warlike tents in Paleſtine were pight,
'In England here uſurp'd his eld'ſt-born brother's right;
'Which ſince it foreign was, not ſtruck within this land,
'Amongſt our civil fights here number'd ſhall not ſtand.
'But Lincoln battle now we as our firſt will lay,
'Where Maud the empreſs ſtood to try the doubtful day,
'With Stephen, when he here had well-near three years reign'd,
'Where both of them their right courageouſly maintain'd,
'And marſhalling their troops, the king his perſon put,
'Into his well-arm'd main, of ſtrong and valiant foot:
'The wings that were his horſe, in th'one of them he plac'd
'Young Alan that brave duke of Britain whom he grac'd
'With th'earls of Norfolk, and Northampton, and with thoſe,
'He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did diſpoſe.
'The other no whit leſs, that this great day might ſted;
'The earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.

'The

[b] In Suſſex, near the ſea.

'The empreſs' powers again, but in two ſquadrons were:
'The vaward Cheſter had, and Glouceſter the rear;
'Then were there valiant Welſh, and deſperate men of our's,
'That when ſupplies ſhould want, might reinforce their powers.
'The battles join, as when two adverſe ſeas are daſh'd
'Againſt each other's waves, that all the plains were waſh'd
'With ſhowers of ſweltering blood, that down the furrows ran,
'Ere it could be diſcern'd which either loſt or won.
'Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurſe thoſe valiant knights, were ſeen
'To charge the empreſs' horſe, as though dread Mars had been
'There in two ſundry ſhapes; the day that beauteous was,
'Twinkled as when you ſee the ſun-beams in a glaſs,
'That nimbly being ſtir'd, flings up the trembling flame
'At once, and on the earth reflects the very ſame.
'With their reſplendent ſwords, that gliſter'd 'gainſt the ſun;
'The honour of the day, at length the empreſs won.
'King Stephen priſoner was, and with him many a lord,
'The common ſoldiers put together to the ſword.
'The next, the battle near St. Edmundſbury fought,
'By our Fitz-empreſs' force, and Flemings hither brought
'By th'earl of Le'ſter, bent to move inteſtine ſtrife,
'For young king Henry's cauſe, crown'd in his father's life;
'Which to his kingly ſire much care and ſorrow bred,
'In whoſe defiance then that earl his enſigns ſpread,
'Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the earl of Norfolk then,
'By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
'Gainſt Bohun, England's great high conſtable that ſway'd
'The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid
'Chief juſtice, and with them the German powers, t'expel
'The earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ſter, and Arundell,
'From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's banner bring,
'Their battles in array: both wiſely ordering
'The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marſhy ground,
'Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Fornham (fitly found)

'Henry the ſecond;

'The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the charge,
'The trumpets rend the air, the enſigns let at large,
'Like waving flames far off, to either hoſt appear:
'The briſtling pikes do ſhake, to threat their coming near;
'All clouded in a miſt they hardly could them view,
'So ſhadow'd with the ſhafts from either ſide that flew.
'The wings came wheeling in, at joining of whoſe forces,
'The either part were ſeen to tumble from their horſes,
'Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves and piles,
'Leſt elſe by running looſe, they might diſrank their files.
'The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel thwacks,
'The ground lay ſtrew'd with male, and ſhreds of tatter'd jacks:
'The plains like to a ſhop, look'd each where to behold,
'Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to be ſold;
'Stern diſcontented war did never yet appear
'With a more threatning brow, than it that time did there.
'O Leiceſter (alas) in ill time waſt thou won
'To aid this graceleſs youth, the moſt ingrateful ſon
'Againſt his natural ſire, who crown'd him in his days,
'Whoſe ill-requited love did him much ſorrow raiſe,
'At Le'ſter by this war againſt king Henry ſhow'd,
'Upon ſo bad a cauſe, O courage ill beſtow'd;
'Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thy ſelf was ſkill'd
'In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had fill'd
'This iſle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field:
'But Bigot and this lord, inforc'd at length to yield
'Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
'Of th'Engliſh and the Dutch, ten thouſand men lay ſlain.
'As for the ſecond fight at Lincoln, betwixt thoſe
'Who ſided with the French, by ſeeking to depoſe
'Henry the ſon of John, then young, and to advance
'The Dauphin Lewis, ſon to Philip king of France,
'Which Lincoln caſtle, then moſt ſtraightly did beſiege;
'And William Marſhal earl of Pembroke for his liege,
'(Who led the faithful lords) although ſo many there,
'Or in the conflict ſlain, or taken priſoners were;

'Yet

'Yet but for a ſurprize, no field appointed fight,
'Mongſt our ſet battles here, may no way claim a right.
'The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry fought,
'Who Edward his brave ſon unto that conflict brought;
'With Richard then the king of Almain, and his ſon
'Young Henry, with ſuch lords as to his part he won,
'With him their ſovereign liege, their lives that durſt engage.
'And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
'By Simon Mountford earl of Le'ſter their chief head,
'And th'earl of Glo'ſter, Clare, againſt king Henry led;
'For th'ancient freedoms here that bound their lives to ſtand,
'The aliens to expulſe, who troubled all the land,
'Whilſt for this dreadful day, their great deſigns were meant;
'From Edward the young prince, defiances were ſent
'To Mountford's valiant ſons, lord Henry, Sim, and Guy,
'And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly
'To th'earl of Le'ſter's tents, and publickly proclaim
'Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's name,
'And ſay to his proud ſons, ſay boldly thus from me;
'That if they be the ſame, that they would ſeem to be,
'Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls known,
'Where as I make no doubt, their valour ſhall be ſhown:
'Which if they dare to do, and ſtill uphold their pride,
'There will we vent our ſpleens, where ſwords ſhall it decide.
'To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave man of hope,
'He ſhall the Mountfords find in th'head of all their troop,
'To anſwer his proud braves; our bilbows be as good
'As his, our arms as ſtrong; and he ſhall find our blood
'Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
'Tell him we'll hold ſo faſt, his crown ſhall go withal.
'The king into three fights his forces doth divide,
'Of which his princely [d] ſon the vaward had to guide:
'The ſecond to the king of Almain, and his ſon,
'Young Henry he betook, in the third legion

[d] Prince Edward, after called Edward the firſt.

'Of knights, and men of arms, in perſon he appears.
'Into four ſeveral fights, the deſperate barons theirs.
'I'th' firſt thoſe valiant youths, the ſons of Le'ſter came,
'Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the name:
'The earl of Glo'ſter brought the ſecond battle on,
'And with him the lords Mountchency, and Fitz-John:
'The third wherein alone the Londoners were plac'd,
'The ſtout lord Segrave led; the greateſt, and the laſt,
'Brave Leiceſter himſelf, with courage undertook.
'The day upon the hoſt affrightedly doth look,
'To ſee the dreadful ſhock, their firſt encounter gave,
'As though it with the roar, the thunder would out-brave.
'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
'The Mountfords all in plumes, like oſtriches were ſeen,
'To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death they go;
'The crouds like to a ſea ſeem'd waving to and fro.
'Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:
'He breath'd, doth charge afreſh; he wounded, doth retire.
'The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all the day,
'Which ſhould for knightly deeds excel, or he, or they,
'To them about his head, his gliſt'ring blade he throws,
'They waft him with their ſwords, as long with equal ſhows:
'Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngeſt Guy,
'Kept by his brothers back, thus ſtoutly doth reply,
"What tho' I be but young, let death me overwhelm,
"But I will break my ſword upon his plumed helm."
'The younger Bohun there, to high atchievements bent,
'With whom two other lords, Lucy and Haſtings went,
'Which charging but too home, all ſorely wounded were,
'Whom living from the field, the barons ſtrove to bear,
'Being on their party fix'd; whilſt ſtill prince Edward ſpurs,
'To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
'T'whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their force,
'Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern horſe,
'He putting them to flight, four miles in chaſe them flew:
'But ere he could return, the conqueſt wholly drew

'To

'To the ſtout Barons ſide: his father fled the field,
'Into the abbey there, conſtrained thence to yield.
'The lords Fitz-warren ſlain, and Wilton that was then
'Chief Juſtice (as ſome ſay) with them five thouſand men;
'And Bohun that great earl of Her'ford overthrown,
'With Bardolfe, Somery, Patſhul, and Percie known.
'By their coat-armours they, for barons, priſoners ta'en;
'Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ſter yet did reign.
'Now for the conflict next, at Cheſterfield that chanc'd
'Gainſt Robert that proud earl of Derby, who advanc'd
'His enſigns 'gainſt the king, (contrary to his oath)
'Upon the barons part, with the lord Deuell, both
'Surpriz'd by Henry prince of Almain with his power,
'By coming at ſo ſtrange an unexpected hour:
'And taking them unarm'd; ſince meerly a defeat,
'With our well-ordered fights, we will not here repeat.
'The fatal battle then at fertile Euſham ſtruck,
'Though with the ſelf-ſame hands, not with the ſelf-ſame luck:
'For both the king and prince at Lewes priſoners taken,
'By fortune were not yet ſo utterly forſaken;
'But that the prince was got from Le'ſter, and doth gather
'His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his father;
'And th' earl of Glo'ſter won, who through the Mountfords' pride
'Diſgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial ſide.
'When now thoſe lords, which late at Lewes won the day,
'The ſacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to lay,
'Until the king ſhould yield th'old charter to maintain.
'King Henry and his ſon prince Edward ſwore again,
'They would repeal thoſe laws that were at Oxford made,
'Or through this bloody war to their deſtruction wade.
'But ſince the king remain'd in puiſſant Le'ſter's power,
'The remnant of his friends, whom death did not devour
'At Lewes' battle late, and durſt his part partake.
'The prince excites again, an army up to make,

' Whom Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, doth aſſiſt,
' England's high marſhal then, and that great martialiſt,
' Old Henry Bohun, earl of Her'ford, in this war,
' Gray, Baſſet, and Saint-John, Liſle, Percie, Latimer,
' All barons, which to him their utmoſt ſtrengths do lay,
' With many a knight for power their equal every way;
' And William Valence, earl of Pembroke, who had fled
' From Lewes' field, to France, then with freſh ſuccour ſped,
' Young Humphry Bohun ſtill, doth with great Le'ſter go,
' Who for his country's cauſe becomes his father's foe.
' Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Roſſe, Segrave, Veſ-
ſey, Gifford,
' Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Haſtings,
Clifford.
' In that black night before this ſad and diſmal day,
' Were apparitions ſtrange, as dread heaven would bewray
' The horrors to enſue, O moſt amazing ſight!
' Two armies in the air, diſcerned were to fight,
' Which came ſo near to earth, that in the morn they found
' The prints of horſes feet remaining on the ground,
' Which came but as a ſhow, the time to entertain,
' 'Till th'angry armies join'd, to act the bloody ſcene.
' Shrill ſhouts, and deadly cries, each way the air do fill,
' And not a word was heard from either ſide, but kill:
' The father 'gainſt the ſon, the brother 'gainſt the brother,
' With gleaves, ſwords, bills, and pikes, were murd'ring
one another.
' The full luxurious earth, ſeems ſurfeited with blood,
' Whilſt in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew ſtood;
' Whilſt with their charged ſtaves, the deſperate horſemen
meet,
' They hear their kinſmen groan under their horſes feet.
' Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth abound;
' The drums bedaſh'd with brains, do give a diſmal ſound.
' Great Le'ſter there expir'd, with Henry his brave ſon,
' When many a high exploit they in that day had done.

' Scarce

' Scarce was there noble houſe, of which thoſe times could tell,
' But that ſome one thereof, on this, or that ſide fell;
' Amongſt the ſlaughter'd men, that there lay heap'd on piles:
' Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Baſets, and Mandeviles:
' Segraves, and Saint-Johns ſeek, upon the end of all,
' To give thoſe of their names their chriſtian burial.
' Ten thouſand on both ſides were ta'en and ſlain that day:
' Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm away.
' All Edward Longſhank's time, her civil wars did ceaſe,
' Who ſtrove his country's bounds by conqueſt to increaſe.
' But in th'enſuing reign of his moſt riotous ſon,
' As in his father's days, a ſecond war begun;
' When as the ſtubborn heirs of the ſtout barons dead,
' Who for their country's cauſe, their blood at Euſham ſhed,
' Not able to endure the Spencers hateful pride,
' The father and the ſon, whoſe counſels then did guide
' Th' inconſiderate king, conferring all his graces,
' On them who got all gifts, and bought and ſold all places,
' Them raiſing to debaſe the baronage the more
' For Gaveſton, whom they had put to death before.
' Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they brake,
' And for a ſpeedy war they up their powers do make.
' Upon king Edward's part, for this great action bent,
' His brother Edmund came, the valiant earl of Kent,
' With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who engage,
' Their powers, (three powerful earls) againſt the baronage.
' And on the barons ſide, great maſter of the war,
' Was Thomas (of the blood) the earl of Lancaſter,
' With Henry Bohun, earl of Hereford, his peer,
' With whom (of great command and martialiſts) there were
' Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne, Bernvile, Knovile,
' With Badleſmer, and Bercks, Fitz-william, Leyburne, Lovell,
' Tuchet, and Talbot ſtout, do for the barons ſtand,
' Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford that command

' Their

‘ Their tenants to take arms, that with their landlords run;
‘ With theſe went alſo Hugh, and Henry Willington;
‘ Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmeſbridge, Wither,
‘ Earls, barons, knights, eſquires, embodied all together,
‘ At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
‘ Tow'rds them with all his power the king in perſon ſped;
‘ Who at his near approach (upon his march) deſcry'd,
‘ That they againſt his power the bridge had fortify'd:
‘ Which he by ſtrong aſſault, aſſays from them to win,
‘ Where as a bloody fight doth inſtantly begin,
‘ When he to beat them off, aſſays them firſt by ſhot;
‘ And they to make that good, which they before had got,
‘ Defend them with the like, like hailſtones from the ſky,
‘ From croſs-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd arrows fly:
‘ But friended with the flood, the barons hold their ſtrength,
‘ Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood at length,
‘ T' attempt to land his force upon the other ſide.
‘ The barons, that the more his ſtratagems defy'd,
‘ Withſtand them in the ſtream, when as the troubled flood,
‘ (Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
‘ And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies fell'd,
‘ The poor affrighted fiſh, their wat'ry walks expell'd.
‘ While at the bridge the fight ſtill ſtrongly doth abide,
‘ The king had learn'd to know, that by a ſkilful guide,
‘ He by a ford not far might paſs his power of horſe,
‘ Which quickly he performs, which drave the barons force
‘ From the defended bridge, t'affront th'approaching foe,
‘ Imbattelling themſelves, when to the ſhock they go,
‘ (On both ſides ſo aſſail'd) till th'water, and the ſhore
‘ Of one complexion were, diſtain'd with equal gore.
‘ Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from their ground,
‘ That when by their much loſs, too weak themſelves they found,
‘ Th' afflicted barons fly, yet ſtill together keep.
‘ The king his good ſucceſs, not ſuff'ring ſo to ſleep,

‘ Purſues

' Purſues them with his power, which northward ſtill do bear;
' And ſeldom 'ſcapes a day, but he doth charge their rear;
' 'Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too ſoon were ſtaid
' By Andrew Herckley, earl of Carliſle, with freſh aid
' Being lately thither come, King Edward's part to take.
' The barons range their fights, ſtill good their ground to make;
' But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath they draw,
' After the deſp'rat'ſt fight the ſun yet ever ſaw,
' Brave Bohun there was ſlain, and Lancaſter forſaken
' Of Fortune, is ſurpriz'd; the barons priſoners taken.
' For theſe rebellions, ſtirs, commotions, uproars, here
' In [e] Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long ſo uſual were;
' As that the firſt by Straw, and Tyler, with their rout
' Of rebels brought from Kent, moſt inſolent and ſtout,
' By ent'ring London, thought the iſland to ſubdue:
' The firſt of which the mayor of London bravely ſlew;
' Walworth, which won his name much honour by the deed:
' As they of Suffolk next, thoſe raſcals that ſucceed,
' By [f] Litſter led about, their captain who enſtil'd
' Himſelf the commons' king, in hope to have exil'd
' The gentry from thoſe parts, by thoſe that were his own,
' By that brave biſhop (then) of Norwich overthrown.
' By ſuch unruly ſlaves, and that in Eſſex rais'd
' By Thomas that ſtout duke of Glo'ſter ſtrongly ceas'd,
' As that at Radcot bridge, where the laſt named peer,
' With four brave [g] earls his friends, encounter'd Robert Vere
' Then duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard ſo created,
' And 'gainſt thoſe lords maintain'd, whom they moſt deadly hated;
' Since they but garboyles were, in a deformed maſs,
' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpaſs.

' I

[e] Richard 2d, born at Bourdeaux.
[f] John Litſter, a dyer of Norwich.
[g] Warwick, Derby, Arundel and Nottingham,

'I chuſe the battle next of Shrewſbury to chant,
'Betwixt Henry the fourth, the ſon of John of Gaunt,
'And the ſtout Percies, Henry Hotſpur and his Eame
'The earl of Wor'ſter, who the rightful diadem
'Had from king Richard reft, and heav'd up to his ſeat
'This Henry, whom (too ſoon) they found to be too great,
'Him ſeeking to depoſe, and to the rule prefer
'Richard's proclaimed heir, their couſin Mortimer,
'Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a priſoner ſtaid,
'Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot they laid,
'That Glendour ſhould have Wales, along as Severn went,
'The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the Trent;
'And Mortimer from thence the ſouth to be his ſhare;
'Which Henry having heard, doth for the war prepare,
'And down to Cheſhire makes (where gathering powers they were)
'At Shrewſbury to meet, and doth affront them there:
'With him his peerleſs ſon, the princely Henry came,
'With th' earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of name,
'Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful were,
'With Cockayne, Calverly, Maſſy, and Mortimer,
'Gauſell, and Wendſley, all in friends and tenants ſtrong,
'Reſorting to the king ſtill as he paſt along;
'Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
'He with his warlike ſon, there dub'd his maiden knights.
'Th' earl Douglaſs for this day doth with the Percies ſtand,
'To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northumberland
'Some ſeigniories and holds, if they the battle got,
'Who brought with him to field full many an angry Scot,
'At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
'Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain their own;
'With almoſt all the power of Cheſhire got together,
'By Venables, (there great) and Vernon muſter'd thither.
'The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to guide.
'The vaward of the lords upon the other ſide,
'Conſiſted moſt of Scots, which joining, made ſuch ſpoil,
'As at the firſt conſtrain'd the Engliſh to recoil,

'And

'And almoſt broke their ranks, which when king Henry found,
'Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
'The Percies bring up their's, again to make it good.
'Thus whilſt the either hoſt in oppoſition ſtood,
'Brave [b] Douglaſs with his ſpurs, his furious courſer ſtrake,
'His lance ſet in his reſt, when deſperately he brake
'In, where his eye beheld th' imperial enſign pight,
'Where ſoon it was his chance, upon the king to light,
'Which in his full carreer he from his courſer threw;
'The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other ſlew,
'All armed like the king, which he dead ſure accounted;
'But after when he ſaw the king himſelf remounted:
"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day hath ſlain,"
'And ſwore out of the earth he thought they ſprang again,
'Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.
'When Henry Hotſpur, ſo with his high deeds inflam'd,
'Doth ſecond him again, and through ſuch dangers preſs,
'That Douglaſs' valiant deeds he made to ſeem the leſs,
'As ſtill the people cried, A Percy Eſpirance.
'The king which ſaw then time, or never to advance
'His battle in the field, which near from him was won,
'Aided by that brave prince, his moſt courageous ſon,
'Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chaſe,
'It chanc'd he with a ſhaft was wounded in the face;
'Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would bear away,
'He ſtrongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to ſay:
"Time never ſhall report, prince Henry left the field,
"When Harry Piercy ſtaid, his trait'rous ſword to wield."
'Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their bloods,
'And the main battles join, as do two adverſe floods
'Met in ſome narrow arm, ſhould'ring as they would ſhove
'Each other from their path, or would their banks remove.
'The

[b] The high courage of Douglaſs won him that addition of Doughty Douglaſs, which after grew to a proverb.

'The king his trait'rous foes, before him down doth hew,
'And with his hands that day, near forty perſons ſlew:
'When conqueſt wholly turns to his victorious ſide,
'His power ſurrounding all, like to a furious tide;
'That Henry Hotſpur dead upon the cold earth lies,
'Stout Wor'ſter taken was, and doughty Douglaſs flies.
'Five thouſand from both parts left dead upon the ground,
'Mongſt whom the king's faſt friend, great Stafford's corſe was found;
'And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
'The evening's ſun beheld there ſwelter'd in their gore.
'Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in ſhould bring,
'Of which earl Percie had the greateſt managing,
'With the lord Bardolfe there, againſt the county's power,
'Faſt cleaving to his friend, even to his utmoſt hour:
'In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having been abroad
'To raiſe them preſent powers, intending for a road
'On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
'His ſon and brother's blood augmenting it the more,
'Which in his mighty ſpirit ſtill rooted did remain,
'By his too much default, whom he imputed ſlain
'At Shrewſbury before, to whom if he had brought
'Supplies, (that bloody field, when they ſo bravely fought)
'They ſurely it had won; for which to make amends,
'Being furniſhed with men, amongſt his foreign friends,
'By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
'Upon thoſe caſtles ſeiz'd within Northumberland
'His earldom, which the king, (who much his truth did doubt,
'Had taken to himſelf, and put his people out)
'Toward Yorkſhire coming on, where (ſoon repaid his own)
'At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully overthrown:
'Which though it were indeed, a long and mortal fight,
'Where many men were maim'd, and many ſlain outright:
'Where that courageous earl, all hopes there ſeeing paſt,
'Amongſt his murther'd troops (even) fought it to the laſt:

'Yet

'Yet for it was atchiev'd by multitudes of men,
'Which with Ralph Rokſby roſe, the ſh'rif of Yorkſhire then,
'No well proportion'd fight, we of deſcription quit,
'Amongſt our famous fields; nor will we here admit
'That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious crew,
'In Kent and Suſſex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that ſlew
'The Staffords with their power, that thither him purſu'd,
'Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the commons rude,
'Incamp'd againſt the king: then goodly London took,
'There ranſoming ſome rich, and up the priſons broke,
'His ſenſual beaſtly will, for law that did prefer,
'Beheaded the lord Say, then England's treaſurer,
'And forc'd the king to flight, his perſon to ſecure,
'The muſe admits not here, a rabble ſo impure.
'But brings that battle on of that long dreadful war,
'Of thoſe two houſes nam'd of York and Lancaſter,
'In fair ſaint Albans fought, moſt fatally betwixt
'Richard then duke of York, and Henry call'd the ſixth,
'For that ill gotten crown, which him his [1] grandſire left,
'That likewiſe with his life, he from king Richard reft,
'When underhand the duke doth but promove his claim,
'Who from the elder ſon, the duke of Clarence came,
'For which he raiſed arms, yet ſeem'd but to abet
'The people, to pluck down the earl of Somerſet,
'By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had loſt,
'And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roaſt.
'With Richard duke of York, (into his faction won)
'Saliſbury and Warwick came, the father and the ſon;
'The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd ſo far.
'So likewiſe with the king in this great action are,
'The dukes of Somerſet, and Buckingham, with theſe
'Were thrice ſo many earls, their ſtout accomplices,
'As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with them ſtand,
'With Devonſhire, Dorſet, Wilt, and fierce Northumber-land,

'With

[1] Henry the fourth.

'With Sidley, Berns, and Roſs, three barons with the reſt,
'When Richard duke of York, then marching from the weſt;
'Towards whom, whilſt with his power king Henry forward ſet,
'Unluckily as't hapt, they at ſaint Albans met;
'Where taking up the ſtreet, the buildings them encloſe,
'Where front doth anſwer front, and ſtrength doth ſtrength oppoſe;
'Whilſt like two mighty walls, they each to other ſtand,
'And as one ſinketh down under his enemy's hand,
'Another thruſting in, his place doth ſtill ſupply,
'Betwixt them whilſt on heaps the mangled bodies lie:
'The ſtalls are overthrown with the unwieldy thruſt,
'The windows with the ſhot, are ſhiver'd all to duſt.
'The winter's ſleet or hail was never ſeen ſo thick,
'As on the houſes ſides the bearded arrows ſtick,
'Where Warwick's courage firſt moſt comet-like appear'd,
'Who with words full of ſpirit, his fighting ſoldiers cheer'd;
'And ever as he ſaw the ſlaughter of his men,
'He with freſh forces fill'd the places up again.
'The valiant [k] Marchmen thus the battle ſtill maintain,
'That when king Henry found on heaps his ſoldiers ſlain,
'His great commanders calls, who when they ſadly ſaw,
'The honour of the day would to the Yorkiſts draw,
'Their perſons they put in, as for the laſt to ſtand;
'The duke of Somerſet, Henry Northumberland,
'Of thoſe brave warlike earls, the ſecond of that name,
'The earl of Stafford, ſon to th'duke of Buckingham,
'And John lord Clifford then, which ſhed their noble gore
'Under the caſtle's ſign, (of which not long before,
'A prophet bad the duke of Somerſet beware)
'With many a valiant knight, in death that had his ſhare:
'So much great Engliſh blood, for others' lawleſs guilt,
'Upon ſo little ground before was never ſpilt.
'Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all forſaken,
'Into a cottage got, a woful priſoner taken.

'The

[k] Men brought out of the marches of Wales.

'The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next ſupply,
'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great earl of Saliſbury,
'Who with the duke of York, had at ſaint Albans late,
'That glorious battle got with uncontrouled fate:
'And James lord Audley ſtir'd by that revengeful queen,
'To ſtop him on his way, for the inveterate ſpleen
'She bare him, for that ſtill he with the Yorkiſts held,
'Who coming from the north, (by ſundry wrongs compel'd
'To parley with the king) the queen that time who lay
'In Staffordſhire, and thought to ſtop him on his way,
'That valiant Tuchet ſtir'd, in Cheſhire powerful then,
'T'affront him in the field, where Cheſhire gentlemen
'Divided were, th'one part made valiant Tuchet ſtrong,
'The other with the earl roſe as he came along,
'Incamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
'Whereby the prudent earl, this ſtrong advantage took:
'For putting in the field his army in array,
'Then making as (with ſpeed) he meant to march away,
'He caus'd a flight of ſhafts to be diſcharged firſt.
'The enemy who thought that he had done his worſt,
'And cowardly had fled in a diſorder'd rout,
'Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (ſoon) about,
'Set fiercely on that part, which then were paſſed over;
'Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
'The other riſing bank, to lend the vaward aid.
'The earl who found the plot take right that he had laid,
'On thoſe that forward preſt, as thoſe that did recoil,
'As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous ſpoil:
'There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a Done;
'A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown;
'A Venables, againſt a Venables doth ſtand;
'A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to hand;
'There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
'And Egerton, the ſtrength of Egerton doth try.
'O Cheſhire wert thou mad, of thine own native gore
'So much until this day thou never ſhed'ſt before!

'Above two thouſand men upon the earth were thrown,
'Of which the greateſt part were naturally thine own.
'The ſtout lord Audley ſlain, with many a captain there;
'To Saliſbury it ſorts the palm away to bear.
'Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place ſhall take,
'Which of th'imperial war, the third fought field doth make,
''Twixt Henry call'd our ſixth, upon whoſe party came
'His near and dear allies, the dukes of Buckingham,
'And Somerſet, the earl of Shrewſbury of account,
'Stout viſcount Beaumont, and the young lord Egremount,
''Gainſt Edward earl of March, ſon to the duke of York,
'With Warwick, in that war, who ſet them all at work,
'And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike the other;
'A Nevil nobly born, his puiſſant father's brother,
'Who to the Yorkiſts claim, had evermore been true,
'And valiant Bourcher, earl of Eſſex, and of Eau.
'The king from out the town, who drew his foot and horſe,
'As willingly to give full field-room to his force,
'Doth paſs the river Nen, near where it down doth run
'From his firſt fountain's head, is near to Harſington,
'Adviſed of a place, by nature ſtrongly wrought,
'Doth there encamp his power: the earl of March who ſought
'To prove by dint of ſword, who ſhould obtain the day,
'From Towceſter train'd on his powers in good array.
'The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt could fear;)
'The middle March himſelf, and Falconbridge the rear.
'Now July enter'd was, and ere the reſtleſs ſun
'Three hours aſcent had got, the dreadful fight begun
'By Warwick, who a ſtraight from viſcount Beaumont took,
'Defeating him at firſt, by which he quickly broke
'In, on th'imperial hoſt, which with a furious charge,
'He forc'd upon the field, it ſelf more to enlarge.
'Now Engliſh bows, and bills, and battle-axes walk,
'Death up and down the field in gaſtly ſort doth ſtalk.

'March

'March in the flower of youth, like Mars himſelf doth bear;
'But Warwick as the man, whom fortune ſeem'd to fear,
'Did for him what he would, that whereſoe'er he goes,
'Down like a furious ſtorm, before him all he throws:
'So Shrewſbury again of Talbot's valiant ſtrain,
'(That fatal ſcourge of France) as ſtoutly doth maintain
'The party of the king, ſo princely Somerſet,
'Whom th'other's knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,
'Bears up with them again: by Somerſet oppos'd
'At laſt king Henry's hoſt being on three parts enclos'd,
'And aids ſtill coming in upon the Yorkiſts ſide,
'The ſummer being then at height of all her pride,
'The huſbandman, then hard upon his harveſt was:
'But yet the cocks of hay, nor ſwaths of new-ſhorn graſs,
'Strew'd not the meads ſo thick, as mangled bodies there,
'When nothing could be ſeen, but horror every where:
'So that upon the banks, and in the ſtream of [1] Nen,
'Ten thouſand well reſolv'd, ſtout native Engliſhmen
'Left breathleſs, with the reſt great Buckingham is ſlain,
'And Shrewſbury, whoſe loſs thoſe times did much complain,
'Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead upon the field,
'The miſerable king, inforc'd again to yield.
'Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bedroul bring,
'Fought by prince Edward, ſon to that oft-conquer'd king,
'And Richard duke of York, ſtill ſtruggling for the crown,
'Whom Saliſbury aſſiſts, the man with whoſe renown
'The mouth of fame ſeem'd fill'd, there having with them then
'Some few ſelected Welſh, and ſouthern gentlemen:
'A handful to thoſe powers, with which prince Edward came;
'Of which amongſt the reſt, the men of nobleſt name,
'Were thoſe two great-born dukes, which ſtill his right prefer
'His couſen Somerſet, and princely Exeter,

[1] The river running by Northampton.

'The earl of Wiltſhire ſtill, that on his part ſtuck cloſe:
'With thoſe two valiant peers, lord Clifford, and lord Roſs,
'Who made their march from York to Wakefield, on their way
'To meet the duke, who then at Sandal caſtle lay,
'Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they dar'd;
'Whoſe long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
'That March his valiant ſon, ſhould to his ſuccours bring.
'Wherefore that puiſſant lord, by ſpeedy muſtering
'His tenants and ſuch friends, as he that time could get,
'Five thouſand in five days, in his battalion ſet
''Gainſt their twice doubled ſtrength; nor could the duke be ſtay'd,
'Till he might from the ſouth be ſeconded with aid;
'As in his martial pride, diſdaining his poor foes,
'So often us'd to win, he never thought to loſe.
'The prince, which ſtill provok'd th'incenſed duke to fight,
'His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty ſight,
'In which he, and the duke's, were ſeen in all their pride:
'And as York's powers ſhould paſs, he had on either ſide
'Two wings in ambuſh laid, which at the place aſſign'd
'His rearward ſhould incloſe, which as a thing divin'd,
'Juſt caught as he forecaſt; for ſcarce his army comes
'From the deſcending banks, and that his rattling drums
'Excites his men to charge; but Wiltſhire with his force,
'Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Roſs with his light horſe,
'Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain thrown,
'In number to the duke's, by being four to one.
'Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance have caught
'A beaſt out of the herd, which long time they have ſought;
'Upon him all at once courageouſly do ſet,
'Him by the dewlaps ſome, ſome by the flank do get:
'Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their hold,
'Till falling on the ground, they have him as they would,

'With

'With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to wend,
'What with their horns and hoofs, could then themſelves
'defend.
'Thus on their foes they fell, and down the Yorkiſts fall;
'Red ſlaughter in her arms encompaſſeth them all.
'The firſt of all the fights in this unnatural war,
'In which blind fortune ſmil'd on woful Lancaſter.
'Here Richard duke of York, down beaten, breath'd
'his laſt,
'And Saliſbury ſo long with conqueſt ſtill that paſt,
'Inforced was to yield; Rutland a younger ſon
'To the deceaſed duke, as he away would run,
'(A child ſcarce twelve years old) by Clifford there ſurpriz'd,
'Who whilſt he thought with tears his rage to have ſuffic'd,
'By him was anſwer'd thus, thy father hath ſlain mine,
'And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of thine,
'And ſtab'd him to the heart: thus the Lancaſtrians reign,
'The Yorkiſts in the field on heaps together ſlain.
'The battle at that croſs, which to this day doth bear
'The great and ancient name of th'Engliſh Mortimer,
'The next ſhall here have place, betwixt that Edward fought,
'Entitled earl of March, (revengefully that ſought
'To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately ſhed,
'But then he duke of York, his father being dead)
'And Jaſper Tudor earl of Pembroke, in this war,
'That ſtood to underprop the houſe of Lancaſter,
'Half brother to the king, that ſtrove to hold his crown,
'With Wiltſhire, whoſe high proweſs had bravely beaten
'down
'The Yorkiſts' ſwelling pride in that ſucceſsful war
'At Wakefield, whoſe great'ſt power of Welſh and Iriſh are.
'The duke's were Marchers moſt, which ſtill ſtuck to him
cloſe,
'And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed croſs;
'As either general there for his advantage found,
'(For wiſely they ſurvey'd the faſhion of the ground)
'They into one main fight their either forces make,
'When to the duke of York (his ſpirits as to awake)

'Three ſuns at once appear'd, all ſeverally that ſhone,
'Which in a little ſpace were joined all in one,
'Auſpicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
'Who with the weaker power, (of which he ſeem'd to doubt)
'The proud Lancaſtrian part had quickly put to chaſe,
'Where plainly it ſhould ſeem, the genius of the place,
'The very name of March ſhould greatly favour there,
'A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
'To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had the ſoil.
'The Yorkiſts here enrich'd with the Lancaſtrian ſpoil,
'Are maſters of the day; four thouſand being ſlain,
'The moſt of which were thoſe, there ſtanding to maintain
'The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
'Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
'On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth king Henry's bride,
'Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
'But he a priſoner then, his ſon and Ormond fled,
'At Hereford was made the ſhorter by the head;
'When this moſt warlike duke, in honour of that ſign,
'Which of his good ſucceſs ſo rightly did divine,
'And thankful to high heaven, which of his cauſe had care,
'Three ſuns for his deviſe ſtill in his enſign bare.
'Thy ſecond battle now, St. Albans, I record,
'Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ranſom back her lord,
'Ta'en priſoner at that town, when there thoſe factions fought,
'Whom now the part of York had thither with them brought,
'Whoſe force conſiſted moſt of ſouthern men, being led
'By Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, and the head
'Of that proud faction then, ſtout Warwick ſtill that ſway'd,
'In every bloody field (the Yorkiſts only aid)
'When either's power approach'd, and they themſelves had fix'd,
'Upon the ſouth and north, the town them both betwixt,
'Which firſt of all to take, the Yorkiſts had forecaſt,
'Putting their vaward on, and their beſt archers plac'd

'The

'The market-ſted about, and them ſo fitly laid,
'That when the foe came up, they with ſuch terror play'd
'Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
'The northern mad with rage upon the firſt defeat,
'Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
'Which when great Warwick heard, he ſent his vaward forth,
'T'oppoſe them in what place ſoe'er they made their ſtand,
'Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at hand,
'Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
'Where preſently began a fierce and deadly fight.
'But thoſe of Warwick's part, which ſcarce four thouſand were,
'To th' vaward of the queen's, that ſtood ſo ſtoutly there,
'Tho' ſtill with freſh ſupplies from her main battle fed;
'When they their courage ſaw ſo little them to ſtead,
'Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
'By paſſages too ſtraight, and cloſe ambuſhments ſtaid:
'Their ſuccours that forſlow'd, to flight themſelves betake,
'When after them again, ſuch ſpeed the northern make,
'Being follow'd with the force of their main battle ſtrong,
'That this diſorder'd rout, theſe breathleſs men among,
'They enter'd Warwick's hoſt, which with ſuch horror ſtruck
'The ſouthern, that each man began about to look
'A way how to eſcape, that when great Norfolk cry'd,
'Now as you favour York, and his juſt cauſe, abide.
'And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have ſtood
'Yet neither of them both, ſhould they have ſpent their blood,
'Could make a man to ſtay, or look upon a foe:
'Where fortune it ſhould ſeem, to Warwick meant to ſhow,
'That ſhe this tide of his could turn when e'er ſhe would.
'Thus when they ſaw the day was for ſo little ſold;
'The king, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
'Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of nought,

' Which ſerv'd them to no uſe: who when his queen and
ſon
' There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being done,
' With many a joyful tear, each other they embrace;
' And whilſt blind fortune look'd with ſo well pleas'd a face:
' Their ſwords with the warm blood of Yorkiſts ſo embru'd
' Their foes but lately fled, courageouſly purſu'd.
' Now followeth that black ſcene, born up ſo wondrous
high,
' That but a poor dumb ſhew before a tragedy,
' The former battles fought have ſeem'd to this to be;
' O Towton, let the blood palm-ſunday ſpent on thee,
' Affright the future times, when they the muſe ſhall hear,
' Deliver it ſo to them; and let the aſhes there
' Of forty thouſand men, in that long quarrel ſlain,
' Ariſe out of the earth, as they would live again,
' To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought
' In that moſt fatal field, (with various fortunes fought)
' 'Twixt Edward duke of York, then late proclaimed king,
' Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,
' The Nevils, (of that war maintaining ſtill the ſtream)
' Great Warwick, and with him his moſt courageous Eame,
' Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like the other,
' Of Saliſbury ſurnam'd, that Warwick's baſtard brother.
' Lord Fitzwalter, who ſtill the Yorkiſts power aſſiſts,
' Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved martialiſts,
' And Henry the late king, to whom they ſtill durſt ſtand,
' His true as powerful friend, the great Northumberland,
' With Weſtmoreland, his claim who ever did prefer
' His kinſman Somerſet, his choſen Exeter,
' Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that were,
' And little leſs than thoſe, the earl of Devonſhire,
' Th' lord Dacres, and lord Wells, both wiſe and warlike
wights,
' With him of great command, Nevil and Trolop, knights.
' Both armies then on foot, and on their way ſet forth,
' King Edward from the ſouth, king Henry from the north.

'The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
'From Pomfret (where he lay) the paſſage firſt to take
'O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that ſervice ſends
'A moſt ſelected troop of his well-choſen friends,
'To make that paſſage good, when inſtantly began
'The dire and om'nous ſigns, the ſlaughter that fore-ran.
'For valiant Clifford there, himſelf ſo bravely quit,
'That coming to the bridge (ere they could ſtrengthen it)
'From the Lancaſtrian power, with his light troop of horſe,
'And early in the morn defeating of their force,
'The lord Fitzwalter ſlew, and that brave baſtard ſon
'Of Saliſbury, themſelves who into danger run:
'For being in their beds, ſuſpecting nought at all;
'But hearing ſudden noiſe, ſuppos'd ſome broil to fall
'Mongſt their miſgovern'd troops, unarmed ruſhing out
'By Clifford's ſoldiers ſoon incompaſſed about,
'Were miſerably ſlain: which when great Warwick hears,
'As he had felt his heart tranſperſed through his ears,
'To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
'And with diſtracted eyes, in moſt ſtern manner ſhows
'The ſlaughter of thoſe lords; This day alone, quoth he,
'Our utter ruin ſhall, or our ſure riſing be.
'When ſoon before the hoſt, his glittering ſword he drew,
'And with relentleſs hands his ſprightly courſer ſlew.
'Then ſtand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not to fly;
'This day ſhall Edward win, or here ſhall Warwick die.
'Which words by Warwick ſpoke, ſo deeply ſeem'd to ſting
'The much diſtemper'd breaſt of that courageous king,
'That ſtraight he made proclaim'd, that every fainting heart,
'From his reſolved hoſt had licence to depart:
'And thoſe that would abide the hazard of the fight,
'Rewards and titles due to their deſerved right:
'And that no man, that day, a priſoner there ſhould take;
'For this the upſhot was, that all muſt mar or make.
'A hundred thouſand men in both the armies ſtood,
'That native Engliſh were: O worthy of your blood

'What

'What conqueſt had there been? but enſigns fly at large,
'And trumpets every way ſound to the dreadful charge.
'Upon the Yorkiſts part, there flew the ireful bear:
'On the Lancaſtrian ſide, the creſſant waving there.
'The ſouthern on this ſide, for York a Warwick cry,
'A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
'The two main battles join, the four large wings do meet;
'What with the ſhouts of men, and noiſe of horſes feet,
'Hell through the troubled earth, her horror ſeem'd to breath;
'A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath:
'As when the evening is with darkneſs overſpread,
'Her ſtar-befreckled face with clouds invelloped,
'You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fly,
'Which ſuddenly again, but turning of your eye,
'Is vaniſhed away, or doth ſo ſwiftly glide,
'That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either ſide
'So through the ſmoke of duſt, from ways, and fallows rais'd,
'And breath of horſe and men, that both together ceas'd
'The air on every part, ſent by the glimmering ſun,
'The ſplendor of their arms doth by reflection run;
'Till heaps of dying men, and thoſe already dead,
'Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted them that fled.
'Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage ſo far extends,
'That ſullen night begins, before their fury ends.
'Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilſt ſtill with murdering hands,
'Expecting the next morn, the weak'ſt unconquer'd ſtands;
'Which was no ſooner come, but both begin again
'To wreck their friends dear blood the former evening ſlain.
'New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,
'Till the Lancaſtrian part, by their much leſs'ning found
'Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
'When laſtly to the foe their recreant backs they turn.
'Thy channel then, O[1] Cock, was fill'd up with the dead
'Of the Lancaſtrian ſide, that from the Yorkiſts fled,
'That

[1] *A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe.*

That thoſe of Edward's part, that had the rear in chaſe,
As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies paſs.
That Wharfe to whoſe large banks thou contribut'ſt thy ſtore,
Had her more chriſtal face diſcolour'd with the gore
Of forty thouſand men, that up the number made,
Northumberland the great, and Weſtmoreland there laid
Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there do leave
Their carcaſes, (whoſe hope too long did them deceive.)
Trolop and Nevil found maſſacred in the field,
The earl of Wiltſhire forc'd to the ſtern foe to yield.
King Henry from fair York, upon this ſad miſchance
To Scotland fled, the queen ſail'd over into France,
The duke of Somerſet, and Exeter do fly,
The reſt upon the earth together breathleſs lie.
'Muſe turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam ſtruck,
'Upon the Yorkiſts' part, with the moſt proſp'rous luck
'Of any yet before, where to themſelves they gain'd
'Moſt ſafety, yet their powers leaſt damage there ſuſtain'd,
''Twixt John lord Mountacute, that Nevil, who to ſtand
'For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumberland
'A ſort of valiant men, conſiſting moſt of horſe,
'Which were again ſupply'd with a moſt puiſſant force,
'Sent thither from the ſouth, and by king Edward brought
'In perſon down to York, to aid if that in ought
'His general ſhould have need, for that he durſt not truſt
'The northern, which ſo oft to him had been unjuſt:
'Whilſt he himſelf at York, a ſecond power doth hold,
'To hear in this rough war, what the Lancaſtrians would.
'And Henry with his queen, who to their powers had got,
'The lively daring French, and the light hardy Scot,
'To enter with them here, and to their part do get,
'Their faithful lov'd ally, the duke of Somerſet,
'And Sir Ralph Percie, then moſt powerful in thoſe parts,
'Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their hearts
'Still with king Henry ſtaid, to him and ever true,
'To whom by this revolt, they many northern drew:

'Sir

'Sir William Taylboys, (call'd of moſt) the earl of Kime,
'With Hungerford, and Roſſe, and Mullins, of that time
'Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunſtall, Gray,
'Huſſy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty ſway.
'As forward with his force, brave Mountacute was ſet,
'It hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
'With Hungerford, and Roſſe, and Sir Ralph Percie, where
'In ſign of good ſucceſs (as certainly it were)
'They and their utmoſt force were quickly put to flight;
'Yet Percie as he was a moſt courageous knight,
'Ne'er budg'd till his laſt breath, but in the field was ſlain.
'Proud of this firſt defeat, then marching forth again,
'Towards Livells, a large waſte, which other plains out-braves,
'Whoſe verge freſh [m] Dowell ſtill is wat'ring with her waves,
'Whereas his poſting ſcouts, King Henry's power deſcry'd,
'Tow'rds whom with ſpeedy march, this valiant general hy'd,
'Whoſe haſte there likewiſe had ſuch proſperous event,
'That luckleſs Henry yet, had ſcarcely clear'd his tent,
'His captains hardly ſet his battles, nor enlarg'd
'Their ſquadrons on the field, but this great Nevil charg'd:
'Long was this doubtful fight on either ſide maintain'd,
'That riſing whilſt this falls, this loſing whilſt that gain'd:
'The ground which this part got, and there as conquerors ſtood,
'The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
'To either as blind chance her favours will diſpoſe;
'So to this part it ebb'd, and to that ſide it flows.
'At laſt, till whether 'twere that ſad and horrid fight,
'At Saxton that yet did their fainting ſpirits affright,
'With doubt of ſecond loſs, and ſlaughter, or the aid
'That Mountacute receiv'd; King Henry's power diſmay'd
'And giving up the day, diſhonourably fled,
'Whom with ſo violent ſpeed the Yorkiſts followed,
'That had not Henry ſpur'd, and had a courſer ſwift,
'Beſides a ſkilful guide, through woods and hills to ſhift,
'He

[m] A little river near Hexam.

He ſure had been ſurpriz'd, as they his hench-men took,
With whom they found his helm; with moſt diſaſtrous luck,
To ſave themſelves by flight, ne'er more did any ſtrive,
And yet ſo many men ne'er taken were alive.
'Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
And ſhow th' efficient cauſe, as in what wond'rous ſort
Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancaſtrian part,
When as that wanton king ſo vex'd his mighty heart:
Whilſt in the court of France, that warrior he beſtow'd,
(As potent here at home, as powerful elſe abroad)
A marriage to intreat with Bona bright and ſheen,
Of the Savoyan blood, and ſiſter to the queen,
Which whilſt this noble earl negotiated there,
The widow lady Gray, the king eſpouſed here.
By which the noble earl in France who was diſgrac'd,
(In England his revenge doth but too quickly haſte)
T' excite the northern men doth ſecretly begin,
(With whom he powerful was) to riſe, that coming in,
He might put in his hand, (which only he deſir'd)
Which riſing before York, were likely to have fir'd
The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that led
Being taken, for the cauſe made ſhorter by the head.
Yet would not they deſiſt, but to their captains drew
Henry the valiant ſon of John the lord Fitz-Hugh,
With Coniers that brave knight, whoſe valour they prefer,
With Henry Nevil, ſon to the lord Latimer,
By whoſe allies and friends, they every day grew ſtrong,
And ſo in proud array tow'rds London march along.
Which when king Edward ſaw the world began to ſide
With Warwick, till himſelf he might of power provide,
To noble Pembroke ſends, thoſe rebels to withſtand.
Six thouſand valiant Welſh, who muſt'ring out of hand,
By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them bring,
And for their greater ſtrength (appointed by the king)
'Th' lord Stafford (of his houſe) of Powick named then,
'Eight hundred archers brought, the moſt ſelected men

'The

'The Marches could make out: theſe having Severn croſs'd,
'And up to Cotſwold come, they heard the northern hoſt,
'Being at Northampton then, itſelf tow'rds Warwick wayd,
'When with a ſpeedy march, the Herberts that forlay'd
'Their paſſage, charg'd their rear with near two thouſand horſe,
'That the Lancaſtrian part ſuſpecting all their force
'Had followed them again, their army bring about,
'Both with ſuch ſpeed and ſkill, that ere the Welſh got out,
'By having charg'd too far, ſome of their vaward loſt,
'Beat to their army back; thus as theſe legions coaſt,
'On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this war,
'Whereas three eaſy hills that ſtand triangular,
'Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the weſt
'The Welſh encamp themſelves; the northern them poſſeſt
'Of that upon the ſouth, whilſt (by war's ſtrange event)
'Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in their tent,
'Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
'Was taken by the Welſh, and miſerably ſlain,
'Of whoſe untimely death, his friends the next day took
'A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forſook
'The army of the Welſh, and with his archers bad
'Them fight that would for him; for that proud Pembroke had
'Diſplac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
'His paramour had lodg'd; where ſince he might not be,
'He backward ſhapes his courſe, and leaves the Herberts there,
'T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every where
'The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough charge do ſound,
'Together horſe and man come tumbling to the ground:
'Then limbs like boughs were lop'd, from ſhoulders arms do fly;
'They fight as none could 'ſcape, yet 'ſcape as none could die.
'The ruffling northern lads, and the ſtout Welſhmen try'd it;
'Then head-pieces hold out, or brains muſt ſore abide it.

The northern men St. George for Lancaſter do cry:
A Pembroke for the king, the luſty Welſh reply;
When many a gallant youth doth deſperately aſſay,
To do ſomething that might be worthy of the day:
Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern preſs,
And with his pole-ax makes his way with ſuch ſucceſs,
That breaking thro' the ranks, he their main battle paſt,
And quit it ſo again, that many ſtood aghaſt,
That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd;
As often ye behold in tempeſts rough and proud,
O'ertaken with a ſtorm, ſome ſhell or little crea,
Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working ſea,
Seems now as ſwallow'd up, then floating light and free
O'th' top of ſome high wave; then think that you it ſee
Quite ſunk beneath that waſte of waters, yet doth clear
The main, and ſafely gets ſome creek or harbour near:
So Herbert clear'd their hoſt; but ſee th' event of war,
Some ſpials on the hill diſcerned had from far
Another army come to aid the northern ſide,
When they which Clapham's craft, ſo quickly not eſpy'd,
Who with five hundred men about Northampton rais'd,
All diſcontented ſpirits, with Edward's rule diſpleas'd,
Diſplaying in the field great Warwick's dreaded bear:
The Welſh who thought the earl in perſon had been there,
Leading a greater power (diſhearten'd) turn the back
Before the northern hoſt, that quickly go to wreck.
Five thouſand valiant Welſh are in the chaſe o'erthrown,
Which but an hour before had thought the day their own.
Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Herberts ta'en,
At Banbury muſt pay for Henry Nevil ſlain.

'Now Stamford in due courſe, the muſe doth come to tell,
'Of thine own named field, what in the fight befel,
'Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnſhire that led
'Near twenty thouſand men, tow'rd London making head,
'Againſt the Yorkiſts' power, great Warwick to abet,
'Who with a puiſſant force prepared forth to ſet,
'To join with him in arms, and jointly take their chance.
'And Edward with his friends, who likewiſe do advance

'His

'His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring foe;
'Who for he durst himself in open arms to show,
'Nor at his dread command them down again would lay.
'His father the lord Wells, who he suppos'd might sway
'His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made brother,
'Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule the other,
'He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleen
'Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his teene
'Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
'Him to an equal field, that come where they might smite
'The battle: on this plain it chanc'd their armies met:
'They rang'd their several fights, which once in order set,
'The loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to have fear'd
'The trembling air at first, soon after were not heard,
'For out-cries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth noise
confound.
'No accents touch the ear, but such as death do sound:
'In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth guide:
'As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
'The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
'And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong,
'Which to the battle stick, and if they make retreat,
'Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat,
'And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful crown;
'The other call a York to beat the rebels down:
'The worst that war could do, on either side she shows,
'Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of bows;
'But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power increase:
'And Wells, who sees his troops so over-born with press,
'By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
'Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
'With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath expir'd:
'Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes desir'd,
'Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
'No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
'Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed away,
'(Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even) to this
day.

'Since

'Since need'ſly I muſt ſtick upon my former text,
'The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth next,
'Twixt Edward, who before he ſettled was to reign,
'By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd again,
'From Burgundy brought in munition, men and pay,
'And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
'Whoſe brother [f] George came in, with Warwick that had ſtood,
'Whom nature wrought at length t'adhere to his own blood:
'His brother Richard duke of Glo'ſter, and his friend
'Lord Haſtings, who to him their utmoſt powers extend;
'And Warwick, whoſe great heart ſo mortal hatred bore
'To Edward, that by all the ſacraments he ſwore,
'Not to lay down his arms, until his ſword had raz'd
'That proud king from his ſeat, that ſo had him diſgrac'd:
'And marquis Mountacute, his brother, that brave ſtem
'Of Nevil's noble ſtock, who joined had to them
'The dukes of Somerſet, and Exeter, and take
'The earl of Oxford in; the armies forward make,
'And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
'That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.
'Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's vaward bring;
'And in the middle came that moſt courageous king,
'With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then moſt dear;
'His friend lord Haſtings had the guiding of the rear,
'(A man of whom the king moſt highly did repute.)
'On puiſſant Warwick's part, the marquis Mountacute
'His brother and his friend the earl of Oxford led
'The right wing; and the left which moſt that day might ſted,
'The duke of Exeter; and he himſelf do guide
'The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)
'Of archers moſt approv'd, the beſt that he could get,
'Directed by his friend the duke of Somerſet.
'O ſabbath ill beſtow'd, O dreary Eaſter-day,
'In which (as ſome ſuppoſe) the ſun doth uſe to play,

[f] George duke of Clarence.

'In honour of that God for ſinful man that dy'd,
'And roſe on that third day, that ſun which now doth hide
'His face in foggy miſts; nor was that morning ſeen,
'So that the ſpace of ground thoſe angry hoſts between,
'Was overſhadow'd quite with darkneſs, which ſo caſt
'The armies on both ſides, that they each other paſt,
'Before they could perceive advantage where to fight;
'Beſides the envious miſt ſo much deceiv'd their ſight,
'That where eight hundred men, which valiant Oxford brought,
'Wore comets on their coats: great Warwick's force which thought
'They had king Edward's been, which ſo with ſuns were dreſt,
'Firſt made their ſhot at them, who by their friends diſtreſt,
'Conſtrained were to fly, being ſcatter'd here and there.
'But when this direful day at laſt began to clear,
'King Edward then beholds that height of his firſt hopes,
'Whoſe preſence gave freſh life to his oft-fainting troops,
'Prepar'd to ſcourge his pride, there daring to defy
'His mercy, to the hoſt proclaiming publickly
'His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and ſhame,
'And what might make him vile; ſo Warwick heard that name
'Of York, which in the field he had ſo oft advanc'd,
'And to that glorious height, and greatneſs had inhanc'd,
'Then cry'd againſt his power, by thoſe which oft had fled,
'Their ſwift purſuing foe, by him not bravely led,
'Upon the enemy's back, their ſwords bath'd in the gore
'Of thoſe from whom they ran, like heartleſs men before,
'Which Warwick's nobler name injuriouſly defy'd,
'Even as the ireful hoſt then joined ſide to ſide.
'Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main battle, when Proud Somerſet therein, with his approved men
'Stood ſtoutly to the ſhock, and flang out ſuch a flight
'Of ſhafts, as well-near ſeem'd t'eclipſe the welcom'd light,
'Which forc'd them to fall off, on whoſe retreat again,
'That great battalion next approacheth the fair plain,
'Wherein

‘ Wherein the king himſelf in perſon was to try,
‘ Proud Warwick's utmoſt ſtrength: when Warwick by and by
‘ With his left wing came up, and charg'd ſo home and round,
‘ That had not his light horſe by diſvantageous ground
‘ Been hinder'd, he had ſtruck the heart of Edward's hoſt:
‘ But finding his defeat, his enterprize ſo loſt,
‘ He his ſwift couriers ſends, to will his valiant brother,
‘ And Oxford, in command being equal to the other,
‘ To charge with the right wing, who bravely up do bear;
‘ But Haſtings that before raught thither with his rear,
‘ And with king Edward join'd, the hoſt too ſtrongly arm'd.
‘ When every part with ſpoil, with rape, with fury charm'd,
‘ Are prodigal of blood, that ſlaughter ſeems to ſwill
‘ Itſelf in human gore, and every one cries kill.
‘ So doubtful and ſo long the battle doth abide,
‘ That thoſe, which to and fro, 'twixt that and London ride,
‘ That Warwick wins the day for certain news do bring,
‘ Thoſe following them again, ſaid certainly the king,
‘ Until great Warwick found his army had the worſe,
‘ And ſore began to faint, alighting from his horſe,
‘ In with the foremoſt puts, and wades into the throng;
‘ And where he ſaw death ſtern'ſt, the murder'd troops among,
‘ He ventures; as the ſun in a tempeſtuous day,
‘ With darkneſs threaten'd long, yet ſometimes doth diſplay
‘ His chearful beams, which ſcarce appear to the clear eye,
‘ But ſuddenly the clouds, which on the winds do fly,
‘ Do muffle him again within them, till at length
‘ The ſtorm (prevailing ſtill with an unuſual ſtrength)
‘ His clearneſs quite doth cloſe, and ſhut him up in night:
‘ So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
‘ The cruel lions thus incloſe the dreaded bear,
‘ Whilſt Mountacute, who ſtrives (if any help there were)
‘ To reſcue his belov'd and valiant brother, fell:
‘ The loſs of two ſuch ſpirits at once, time ſhall not tell;

'The duke of Somerſet, and th'earl of Oxford fled,
'And Exeter being left for one amongſt the dead,
'At length recovering life, by night eſcap'd away;
'York never ſafely ſat, 'till this victorious day.
'Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick brings,
'This puiſſant ſetter-up, and plucker-down of kings.
'He who thoſe battles won, which ſo much blood had coſt,
'At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune loſt.
'Now Tewkſbury it reſts, thy ſtory to relate,
'Thy ſad and dreadful fight, and that moſt direful fate
'Of the Lancaſtrian line, which happen'd on that day
'Fourth of that fatal month, that ſtill-remember'd May:
'Twixt Edmund that brave duke of Somerſet who fled
'From Barnet's bloody field, (again there gathering head)
'And marquis Dorſet bound in blood to aid him there,
'With Thomas Courtney earl of powerful Devonſhire:
'With whom king Henry's ſon, young Edward there was ſeen,
'To claim his doubtleſs right, with that undaunted queen
'His mother, who from France with ſuccours came on land
'That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which now ſtand,
'Their fortune yet to try upon a ſecond fight.
'And Edward who employ'd the utmoſt of his might,
'The poor Lancaſtrian part (which he doth eas'ly feel,
'By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
'By battle to ſubvert, and to extirp the line;
'And for the preſent act, his army doth aſſign
'To thoſe at Barnet field ſo luckily that ſped;
'As Richard late did there, he here the vaward led,
'The main the king himſelf, and Clarence took to guide;
'The rearward as before by Haſtings was ſupply'd.
'The army of the queen, into three battles caſt,
'The firſt of which the duke of Somerſet, and (faſt
'To him) his brother John do happily diſpoſe;
'The ſecond, which the prince for his own ſafety choſe
'The barons of St. John, and Wenlock; and the third,
'To Courtney that brave earl of Devonſhire refer'd.

'Where

' Where in a ſpacious field they ſet their armies down;
' Behind, hard at their backs, the abbey and the town,
' To whom their foe muſt come, by often banks and ſteep,
' Thro' quickſet narrow lanes, cut out with ditches deep,
' Repulſing Edward's power, conſtraining him to prove
' By thund'ring cannon-ſhot, and culverin, to remove
' Them from that choſen ground, ſo tedious to aſſail;
' And with the ſhot came ſhafts, like ſtormy ſhowers of hail:
' The like they ſent again, which beat the other ſore,
' Who with the ordnance ſtrove the Yorkiſts to out-roar,
' And ſtill make good their ground, that whilſt the pieces play,
' The Yorkiſts haſting ſtill to hand-blows, do aſſay
' In ſtrong and boiſt'rous crowds to ſcale the cumb'rous dikes;
' But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and pikes,
' Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that led
' The vaward, ſaw their ſtrength ſo little them to ſted,
' As he a captain was, both politick and good,
' The ſtratagems of war, that rightly underſtood,
' Doth ſeem as from the field his forces to withdraw.
' His ſudden, ſtrange retire, proud Somerſet that ſaw,
' (A man of haughty ſpirit, in honour moſt preciſe;
' In action yet far more adventurous than wiſe)
' Suppoſing from the field for ſafety he had fled,
' Straight giveth him the chace; when Richard turning head,
' By his encounter let the deſperate duke to know,
' 'Twas done to train him out, when ſoon began the ſhow
' Of ſlaughter every where; for ſcarce their equal forces
' Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred horſes,
' That out of ſight this while on Edward's part had ſtaid,
' To ſee that near at hand no ambuſhes were laid,
' Soon charg'd them on the ſide, diſord'ring quite their ranks,
' Whilſt this moſt warlike king had won the climbing banks,
' Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
' Upon the adverſe power, there likewiſe doth begin
' A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancaſtrian ſide,
' The firſt and furious ſhock not able to abide

'The utmoſt of their ſtrength, were forced to beſtow,
'To hold what they had got; that Somerſet below,
'Who from the ſecond force had ſtill expected aid,
'But fruſtrated thereof, even as a man diſmay'd,
'Scarce ſhifts to ſave himſelf, his battle overthrown;
'But faring as a man that frantick had been grown,
'With Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his flight)
'Upbraiding him with terms of baſeneſs and deſpight,
'That cow'rdly he had fail'd to ſuccour him with men:
'Whilſt Wenlock with like words requiteth him again,
'The duke (to his ſtern rage, as yielding up the reins)
'With his too pond'rous ax daſh'd out the baron's brains.
'The party of the queen in every place are kill'd,
'The ditches with the dead, confuſedly are fill'd,
'And many in the flight, i'th neighbouring rivers drown'd,
'Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering Yorkiſts crown'd.
'Three thouſand of thoſe men, on Henry's part that ſtood,
'For their preſumption paid the forfeit of their blood,
'John marqueſs Dorſet dead, and Devonſhire that day
'Drew his laſt vital breath, as in that bloody fray,
'Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who had there,
'Their ſeveral brave commands, all valiant men that were,
'Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Edward's own,
'And through his enemies tents he march'd into the town,
'Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth could bring
'Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,
'His perſon to be ſafe. Sir Richard Crofts who thought
'His priſoner to diſcloſe, before the king then brought
'That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud York demands,
'Why thus he had preſum'd by help of trayt'rous hands
'His kingdom to diſturb, and impiouſly diſplay'd,
'His enſigns: the ſtout prince as not a jot diſmay'd
'With confidence replies, To claim his ancient right,
'Him from his grandſires left; by tyranny and might,

'By

'By him his foe uſurp'd: with whoſe ſo bold reply,
'Whilſt Edward throughly vext, doth ſeem to thruſt him by;
'His ſecond brother George, and Richard near that ſtood,
'With many a cruel ſtab let out his princely blood;
'In whom the line direct of Lancaſter doth ceaſe,
'And Somerſet himſelf ſurprized in the preſs;
'With many a worthy man, to Glo'ſter priſoners led,
'There forfeited their lives: queen Margaret being fled
'To a religious cell, (to Tewſkbury too near)
'Diſcover'd to the king, with ſad and heavy chear,
'A priſoner was convey'd to London, woful queen,
'The laſt of all her hopes, that buried now had ſeen.
'But of that outrage here, by that bold baſtard ſon
'Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd lord Falconbridge, which won
'A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Eſſex rais'd,
'Who London here beſieg'd, and Southwark having ſeiz'd,
'Set fire upon the bridge: but when he not prevail'd,
'The ſuburbs on the eaſt he furiouſly aſſayl'd;
'But by the city's power was laſtly put to flight:
'Which being no ſet field, nor yet well order'd fight,
'Amongſt our battles here, may no way reckon'd be.
'Then, Boſworth, here the muſe now laſtly bids for thee,
'Thy battle to deſcribe, the laſt of that long war,
'Entitled by the name of York and Lancaſter;
''Twixt Henry Tudor earl of Richmond only left
'Of the Lancaſtrian line, who by the Yorkiſts reft
'Of liberty at home, a baniſh'd man abroad,
'In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
'Being proſperouſly arriv'd, though ſcarce two thouſand ſtrong,
'Made out his way through Wales, where as he came along,
'Firſt Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next doth meet
'Him, with their ſeveral powers, as offering at his feet
'To lay their lands, and lives; ſir Rice ap Thomas then,
'With his brave band of Welſh, moſt choice and expert men,
'Comes laſtly to his aid; at Shrewſbury arriv'd,
'(His hopes ſo faint before, ſo happily reviv'd)

'He on for England makes, and near to Newport town,
'The next enſuing night ſetting his army down,
'Sir Gilbert Talbot ſtill for Lancaſter that ſtood,
'(To Henry near ally'd in friendſhip as in blood)
'From th'earl of Shrewſbury his nephew (under age)
'Came with two thouſand men, in warlike equipage,
'Which much his power increas'd; when eaſily ſetting on,
'From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to Atherſton,
'Brave Bourcher and his friend ſtout Hungerford, whoſe hopes
'On Henry long had lain, ſtealing from Richard's troops,
'(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do appear,
'Which with a high reſolve, moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to chear
'His oft-appalled heart, but yet the man which moſt
'Gave fail to Henry's ſelf, and freſh life to his hoſt,
'The ſtout lord Stanley was, who for he had affy'd
'The mother of the earl, to him ſo near ally'd:
'The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to have compell'd)
'The young lord Strange his ſon, in hoſtage ſtrongly held,
'Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could find,
'His ſon-in-law to meet; yet he with him combin'd
'Sir William Stanley, know to be a valiant knight,
'T'aſſure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rds his height,
'A moſt ſelected band of Cheſhire bow-men came,
'By ſir John Savage led, beſides two men of name:
'Sir Brian Sanford, and ſir Simon Digby, who
'Leaving the tyrant king, themſelves expreſly ſhow
'Faſt friends to Henry's part, which ſtill his power increas'd:
'Both armies well prepar'd, towards Boſworth ſtrongly preſt,
'And on a ſpacious moor, lying ſouthward from the town,
'Indifferent to them both, they ſet their armies down
'Their ſoldiers to refreſh, preparing for the fight:
'Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running night,
'Appear the dreadful ghoſts of Henry and his ſon,
'Of his own brother George, and his two nephews done

'Moſt

' Moſt cruelly to death ; and of his wife and friend,
' Lord Haſtings, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
' Him piece-meal ; at which oft he roareth in his ſleep.
' No ſooner 'gan the dawn out of the eaſt to peep,
' But drums and trumpets chide the ſoldiers to their arms,
' And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with the ſwarms
' Of thoſe that came to fight, as thoſe that came to ſee,
' (Contending for a crown) whoſe that great day ſhould be.
' Firſt, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford and beſtows
' The leading, with a band of ſtrong and ſinewy bows
' Out of the army pick'd ; the front of all the field,
' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wiſely took to weild,
' The right wing, with his ſtrengths, moſt northern men that were ;
' And ſir John Savage, with the power of Lancaſhire,
' And Cheſhire (chief of men) was for the left wing plac'd :
' The middle battle he in his fair perſon grac'd ;
' With him the noble earl of Pembroke, who commands
' Their country-men the Welſh, (of whom it mainly ſtands,
' For their great numbers found to be of greateſt force)
' Which but his guard of gleaves, conſiſted all of horſe.
' Into two ſeveral fights the king contriv'd his ſtrength,
' And his firſt battle caſt into a wondrous length,
' In faſhion of a wedge, in point of which he ſet
' His archery, thereof and to the guidance let
' Of John the noble duke of Norfolk, and his ſon
' Brave Surrey : he himſelf the ſecond bringing on,
' Which was a perfect ſquare ; and on the other ſide,
' His horſemen had for wings, which by extending wide,
' The adverſe ſeem'd to threat, with an unequal power.
' The utmoſt point arriv'd of this expected hour,
' He to lord Stanley ſends, to bring away his aid ;
' And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd
' His eldeſt ſon young Strange immediately ſhould die,
' To whom ſtout Stanley thus doth careleſsly reply :

' Tell

'Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time ſhall ſee,
'I love the boy, but yet I have more ſons then he.
'The angry armies meet, when the thin air was rent,
'With ſuch re-echoing ſhouts, from either ſoldiers ſent,
'That flying o'er the field the birds down trembling dropt.
'As ſome old building long that hath been underpropt,
'When as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,
'Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,
'And with confuſed clouds of ſmouldring duſt doth choak
'The ſtreets and places near; ſo through the miſty ſmoak,
'By ſhot and ordnance made, a thundring noiſe was heard.
'When Stanley that this while his ſuccours had defer'd,
'Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his ſon,
'When once he doth perceive the battle was begun,
'Brings on his valiant troops, three thouſand fully ſtrong,
'Which like a cloud far off, that tempeſt threaten'd long,
'Falls on the tyrant's hoſt, which him with terror ſtruck,
'As alſo when he ſees, he doth but vainly look
'For ſuccours from the great Northumberland, this while,
'That from the battle ſcarce three quarters of a mile,
'Stood with his power of horſe, nor once was ſeen to ſtir:
'When Richard (that th'event no longer would defer)
'The two main battles mix'd, and that with weary'd breath,
'Some labour'd to their life, ſome labour'd to their death,
'(There for the better fought) even with a ſpirit elate,
'As one that inly ſcorn'd the very worſt that fate
'Could poſſibly impoſe, his launce ſet in his reſt,
'Into the thick'ſt of death, through threat'ning peril preſt,
'To where he had perceiv'd the earl in perſon drew,
'Whoſe ſtandard-bearer he, ſir William Brandon, ſlew,
'The pile of his ſtrong ſtaff into his arm-pit ſent;
'When at a ſecond ſhock, down ſir John Cheney went,
'Which ſcarce a launce's length before the earl was plac'd,
'Until by Richmond's guard, invironed at laſt,
'With many a cruel wound, was through the body gride.
'Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk dy'd;
'The ſtout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that had long
'Of Richard's counſels been, found in the field among

'A

'A thouſand ſoldiers that on both ſides here were ſlain,
'O Red-more, it then ſeem'd, thy name was not in vain,
'When with a thouſand's blood the earth was colour'd red.
'Whereas th'imperial crown was ſet on Henry's head,
'Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there did win;
'The cruel tyrant ſtrip'd to the bare naked ſkin,
'Behind a herald truſs'd, was back to Le'ſter ſent,
'From whence the day before he to the battle went.
'The battle then at Stoke, ſo fortunately ſtruck,
'(Upon king Henry's part, with ſo ſucceſsful luck,
'As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
'Unto his temples cloſe, when Mars began to leave
'His fury, and at laſt to ſit him down was brought)
'I come at laſt to ſing, 'twixt that ſeventh Henry fought;
'With whom, to this brave field the duke of Bedford came,
'With Oxford his great friend, whoſe praiſe did him inflame
'To all atchievements great, that fortunate had been
'In every doubtful fight, ſince Henry's coming in,
'With th'earl of Shrewſbury, a man of great command,
'And his brave ſon lord George, for him that firmly ſtand.
'And on the other ſide, John duke of Suffolk's ſon,
'(John earl of Lincoln call'd) who this ſtern war begun,
'Subborning a lewd boy, a falſe impoſtor, who
'By Simonds a worſe prieſt inſtructed what to do;
'Upon him took the name of th'earl of Warwick, heir
'To George the murther'd duke of Clarence, who (for fear
'Leſt ſome that favour'd York, might under-hand maintain)
'King Henry in the tower, did at time detain.
'Which practiſe ſet on foot, this earl of Lincoln ſail'd
'To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,
'Wife to that warlike Charles, and his moſt loved aunt,
'Who vexed that a proud Lancaſtrian ſhould ſupplant
'The lawful line of York, whence ſhe her blood deriv'd;
'Wherefore for Lincoln's ſake ſhe ſpeedily contriv'd,
'And [h] Lovel, that brave lord, before him ſent to land
'Upon the ſame pretence, to furniſh them a band

'Of

[g] The dutcheſs of Burgundy was ſiſter to Edward the fourth, and ſo was this earl's mother.
[h] The lord Francis Lovel.

'Of Almains, and to them for their ſtout captain gave
'The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought ſcarce to have
'His match for martial feats, and ſent them with a fleet
'For Ireland, where ſhe had appointed them to meet,
'With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert, whom they there
'The earl of Warwick call'd, and publiſh'd every where
'His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
'Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Edward's name:
'Then joining with the lord [1] Fitz-Gerald, to their aid
'Who many Iriſh brought, they up their anchors weigh'd,
'And at the rocky pile of [k] Fowdray put to ſhore
'In Lancaſhire; their power increaſing more and more,
'By ſoldiers ſent them in from [1] Broughton (for ſupply)
'A knight that long had been of their confederacy;
'Who making thence, direct their marches to the ſouth.
'When Henry ſaw himſelf ſo far in danger's mouth,
'From Coventry he came, ſtill gathering up his hoſt,
'Made greater on his way, and doth the country coaſt,
'Which way he underſtood his enemies muſt paſs:
'When after ſome few days (as it their fortune was)
'At Stoke, a village near to Newark upon Trent,
'Each in the other's ſight pitch'd down their warlike tent.
'Into one battle ſoon, the Almains had diſpos'd
'Their army in a place upon two parts incloſ'd
'With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were expert men.)
'And from the open fields king Henry's hoſt again,
'In three fair ſeveral fights came equally divided;
'The firſt of which, and fit'ſt, was given to be guided
'By Shrewſbury, which moſt of ſoldiers choice conſiſted:
'The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they liſted,
'Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they found
'Juſt cauſe for their retire; when ſoon the troubled ground,
'On her black boſom felt the thunder, which awoke
'Her genius, with the ſhock that violently ſhook
'Her

[1] The lord Thomas Geraldine.
[k] On the coaſt of Lancaſhire.
[1] Sir Tho. Broughton.

'Her entrails; this ſad day when there ye might have ſeen
'Two thouſand Almains ſtand, of which each might have been
'A leader for his ſkill, which when the charge was hot,
'That they could hardly ſee the very ſun for ſhot,
'Yet they that motion kept that perfect ſoldiers ſhould;
'That moſt courageous Swart there might they well behold,
'With moſt unuſual ſkill that deſperate fight maintain,
'And valiant De-la-Poole, moſt like his princely ſtrain,
'Did all that courage could, or nobleſs might befit;
'And Lovell that brave lord, behind him not a whit,
'For martial deeds that day: ſtout Broughton that had ſtood
'With York (even) from the firſt, there laſtly gave his blood
'To that well-foughten field: the poor trowz'd Iriſh there,
'Whoſe mantles ſtood for mail, whoſe ſkins for corſlets were,
'And for their weapons had but Iriſh ſkains and darts,
'Like men that ſcorned death, with moſt reſolved hearts,
'Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,
'Where firſt they fought, they fell; with them was overthrown
'The leader Gerald's hope, amidſt his men that fought,
'And took ſuch part as they, whom he had thither brought.
'This of that field be told, There was not one that fled,
'But where he firſt was plac'd, there found alive or dead.
'If in a foughten field a man his life ſhould loſe,
'To die as theſe men did, who would not gladly chuſe,
'Which full four thouſand were.' But in this tedious ſong,
The too laborious muſe hath tarried all too long.

As for the Balck-ſmith's rout, who did together riſe,
Encamping on Black-heath, t' annul the ſubſidies
By parliament then given, or that of [m] Cornwall call'd,
Incloſures to caſt down, which over-much inthral'd
The ſubject: or proud Ket's, who with the ſame pretence
In Norfolk rais'd ſuch ſtirs, as but with great expence
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in Lent
By [n] Wyat and his friends, the marriage to prevent,

That

[m] Michael Joſeph with the Corniſh rebels. [n] Sir Tho. Wyat.

That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
Since theſe but riots were, nor fit the other's ſtrain,
She here her battles ends: and as ſhe did before,
So travelling along upon her ſilent ſhore,
Waybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant left
Of all that foreſt kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract deſtroy'd, with wood which did abound,
And former times had ſeen the goodlieſt foreſt ground,
This iſland ever had: but ſhe ſo left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
The deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her ſhady bower ſhe ſilently beſpake:
'O flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'ſt,
'As ſtill along in ſtate to Neptune's court thou ſtrain'ſt;
'Revive thee with the thought of thoſe forepaſſed hours,
'When the rough wood-gods kept, in their delightful bowers
'On thy embroider'd banks, when now this country fill'd
'With villages, and by the labouring plowman till'd,
'Was foreſt, where the firr and ſpreading poplar grew.
'O let me yet the thought of thoſe paſt times renew,
'When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,
'Whence every living thing ſave only they exil'd,
'In this their world of waſte, the ſovereign empire ſway'd.
'O who would e'er have thought, that time could have decay'd
'Thoſe trees whoſe bodies ſeem'd by their ſo maſſy weight,
'To preſs the ſolid earth, and with their wondrous height
'To climb into the clouds, their arms ſo far to ſhoot,
'As they in meaſuring were of acres, and their root,
'With long and mighty ſpurns to grapple with the land,
'As nature would have ſaid, that they ſhall ever ſtand:
'So that this place where now this Huntingdon is ſet,
'Being an eaſy hill where mirthful hunters met,
'From that firſt took the name.' By this the muſe arrives
At Ely's iſled marge, by having paſt St. Ives,
Unto the German ſea ſhe haſteth her along,
And here ſhe ſhutteth up her two and twentieth ſong,

In

In which ſhe quite hath ſpent her vigor, and muſt now,
As workmen often uſe, a while ſit down and blow;
And after this ſhort pauſe, tho' leſs'ning of her height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deafned with noiſe of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shows Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,
Then to mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The ſurface which of England ſings,
And Nen down to the Waſhes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shews Rockingham her rich array:
A courſe at Kelmarſh then ſhe takes,
Where ſhe Northamptonſhire forſakes.

ON tow'rds the mid-lands now, th' induſtrious muſe doth make,
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth take
As fruitful every way, as thoſe by nature, which
The huſbandman by art, with compoſt doth enrich,
This boaſting of herſelf; that walk her verge about,
And view her well within, her breadth and length throughout:
The worſt foot of her earth is equal with their beſt,
With moſt abundant ſtore, that highlieſt think them bleſt.

When

When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied muſe doth win
To talk with her a while; at her firſt coming in,
The foreſt thus that greets: 'With more ſucceſsful fate,
Thrive then thy fellow nymphs, whoſe ſad and ruinous ſtate
We every day behold, if any thing there be,
That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
'Tis only for that thou doſt naturally produce
More under-wood and brake, than oak for greater uſe:
But when this ravenous age, of thoſe hath us bereft,
Time wanting this our ſtore, ſhall ſeize what thee is left.
For what baſe avarice now enticeth men to do,
Neceſſity in time ſhall ſtrongly urge them to;
Which each divining ſpirit moſt clearly doth foreſee.'
Whilſt at this ſpeech perplex'd, the foreſt ſeem'd to be,
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's ſide,
(As tow'rds her ſovereign Ouſe, ſhe ſoftly down doth ſlide)
Tea, her delightſome ſtream by Towceſter doth lead;
And ſporting her ſweet ſelf in many a dainty mead,
She hath not ſallied far, but Sacy ſoon again
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the ſylvan train:
One whom the queen of ſhades, the bright Diana oft
Hath courted for her looks, with kiſſes ſmooth and ſoft,
On her fair boſom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
And call'd her, her dear heart, moſt lov'd, and only chaſte:
Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
Till in the banks of Ouſe the brook herſelf beſtow.
Where in thoſe fertile fields, the muſe doth hap to meet
Upon that ſide which ſits the weſt of Watling-ſtreet,
With [a] Helidon a hill, which though it be but ſmall,
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our mountains call;
Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do flow,
That to three ſeveral ſeas, by their aſſiſtants go;
Of which the nobleſt, Nen, to fair Northampton hies,
By Oundle ſallying on, then Peterborough plies
Old

[a] A hill not far from Daventry.

Old [b] Medhamſted: where her the ſea-maids entertain,
To lead her through the fen into the German main,
The ſecond, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting Thames,
Is by his king convey'd into the [c] Celtick ſtreams.
Then Leame as leaſt, the laſt, to mid-land Avon haſtes,
Which flood again itſelf, into proud Severn caſts:
As on [d] th'Iberian ſea, herſelf great Severn ſpends;
So Leame the dower ſhe hath, to that wide ocean lends.
But Helidon wax'd proud, the happy ſire to be
To ſo renowned floods, as theſe fore-named three,
Beſides the hill of note, near England's midſt that ſtands,
Whence from his face, his back, or on his either hands,
The land extends in breadth, or lays itſelf in length.
Wherefore, this hill to ſhew his ſtate and natural ſtrength,
The ſurface of this part determineth to ſhow,
Which we now England name, and through her tracts to go.
But being plain and poor, profeſſeth not that height,
As falcon-like to ſoar, till leſs'ning to the ſight.
But as the ſundry ſoils, his ſtyle ſo alt'ring oft,
As full expreſſions fit, or verſes ſmooth and ſoft,
Upon their ſeveral ſcites, as naturally to ſtrain,
And wiſheth that theſe floods, his tunes to entertain,
The air with Halcion calms, may wholly have poſſeſt,
As though the rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid to reſt.
Then on the worth'eſt tract up tow'rds the mid-day's ſun,
His undertaken taſk, thus Helidon begun:

'From where the kingly Thames his ſtomach doth diſcharge,
To Devonſhire, where the land her boſom doth enlarge;
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtick ſea, call'd oftentimes the ſleeve:
Although upon the coaſt the Downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.
Then Cornwal creepeth out into the weſtern main,
As (lying in her eye) ſhe pointed ſtill at Spain:

[b] The ancient name of Peterborough.
[c] The French ſea.
[d] The Spaniſh ſea.

Or as the wanton ſoil, diſpos'd to luſtful reſt,
Had laid herſelf along on Neptune's amorous breaſt.
With De'nſhire, from the firm, that beak of land that fills,
What landſkip lies in vales, and often riſing hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrinian ſeas,
As on both ſides adorn'd with many harb'rous bays,
Who for their trade to ſea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract the praiſe doth clearly win.
From De'nſhire by thoſe ſhores, which Severn oft ſurrounds,
The ſoil far lower ſits, and mightily abounds
With ſundry ſort of fruits, as well-grown graſs and corn,
That Somerſet may ſay, her batning moors do ſcorn
Our England's richeſt earth, for burden ſhould them ſtain;
And on the ſelf-ſame tract, up Severn's ſtream again,
The vale of Euſham lays her length ſo largely forth,
As tho' ſhe meant to ſtretch herſelf into the north,
Where ſtill the fertile earth depreſſed lies and low,
Till her rich ſoil itſelf to Warwickſhire do ſhow.
Hence ſomewhat ſouth by eaſt, let us our courſe incline,
And from theſe ſetting ſhores ſo meerly maritime,
The iſle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,
To ſet him rightly out, in our well-order'd ſong;
Whoſe proſpects to the muſe their ſundry ſcites ſhall ſhow,
Where ſhe from place to place, as free as air ſhall flow,
Their ſuperficies ſo exactly to deſcry,
Through Wiltſhire, pointing how the plain of Saliſbury
Shoots forth herſelf in length, and lays abroad a train
So large, as though the land ſerv'd ſcarcely to contain
Her vaſtneſs, north from her, himſelf proud Cotſwould vaunts,
And caſts ſo ſtern a look about him, that he daunts
The lowly vales, remote that ſit with humbler eyes.
In Berkſhire, and from thence into the Orient lies
That moſt renowned Vale of White-horſe, and by her,
So Buckingham again doth Aileſbury prefer,
With any Engliſh earth, along upon whoſe pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her a vale,

The

The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd about,
Through Bedfordſhire that bears, till his bald front he ſhoot,
Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and ſurrounds with every little flow.
So on into the eaſt, upon the inland ground,
From where that chryſtal Colne moſt properly doth bound,
Rough Chilterne, from the ſoil, where in rich London ſits,
As being fair and flat it naturally befits
Her greatneſs every way, which holdeth on along
To the Eſſexian earth, which likewiſe in our ſong,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Altho' the ſeveral ſhires, by ſundry ſoils do make
It different in degrees; for Middleſex of ſands
Her ſoil compoſed hath; ſo are th' Eſſexian lands,
Adjoining to the ſame, that ſit by Iſis' ſide,
Which London over-looks: but as ſhe waxeth wide,
So Eſſex in her tides, her deep-grown marſhes drowns,
And to incloſures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilſt men thoſe woods did prize;
Whence thoſe fair countries lie, upon the pleaſant riſe,
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouſe roughly daſhes
Her rude unwieldy waves, againſt the queachy waſhes)
Suffolk and Norfolk near, ſo named of their ſcites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are ſeen,
Abounding with rich fields, and paſtures freſh and green,
Fair havens to their ſhores, large heaths within them lie,
As nature in them ſtrove to ſhew variety.
From Ely all along upon that eaſtern ſea,
Then Lincolnſhire herſelf, in ſtate at length do lay,
Which for her fat'ning fens, her fiſh, and fowl may have
Preheminence, as ſhe that ſeemeth to out-brave
All other ſouthern ſhires, whoſe head the waſhes feels,
Till wantonly ſhe kick proud Humber with her heels.
Up tow'rds the navel then, of England from her flank,
Which Lincolnſhire we call ſo levelled and lank.

Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon, which three
Do ſhew by their full ſoils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ſter them is lent,
From Bever's bat'ning vale, along the banks of Trent.
So on the other ſide, into the ſea again,
Where Severn tow'rds the ſea from Shrewſbury doth ſtrain,
'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where[e] Arden when of old
Her buſhy curled front, ſhe bravely did uphold,
In ſtate and glory ſtood) now of three ſeveral ſhires,
The greateſt portions lie, upon whoſe earth appears
That mighty foreſt's foot, of Wor'ſterſhire a part,
Of Warwickſhire the like, which ſometime was the heart
Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and there,
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whoſe ſand and gravel bear
A turf more harſh and hard, where Stafford doth partake
In quality with thoſe, as nature ſtrove to make
Them of one ſelf-ſame ſtuff, and mixture, as they lie,
Which likewiſe in this tract, we here together tie.
From theſe recited parts to th' north, more high and bleak,
Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's ſeveral ſcite, in either's mighty waſte,
A ſterner louring eye, that every way do caſt
On their beholding hills, and countries round about;
Whoſe ſoils as of one ſhape, appearing clean throughout.
For Moreland which with heath moſt naturally doth bear,
Her winter livery ſtill, in ſummer ſeems to wear;
As likewiſe doth the Peak, whoſe dreadful caverns found,
And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,
Her ſuperficies makes more terrible to ſhow:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth flow,
The high Salopian hills lift up their riſing ſails:
Which country as it is the near'ſt ally'd to Wales,
In mountains, ſo it moſt is to the ſame alike.
Now tow'rds the Iriſh ſeas a little let us ſtrike,
Where Cheſhire, (as her choice) with Lancaſhire doth lie
Along th' unlevel'd ſhores; this former to the eye,

In

[e] See Song 13th.

In her complexion ſhows black earth with gravel mix'd,
A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good faſt-feeding graſs, moſt ſtrongly that doth breed:
As Lancaſhire no leſs excelling for her ſeed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts abound;
As likewiſe to the ſea, upon the lower ground,
With moſſes, fleets, and fells, ſhe ſhows moſt wild and rough,
Whoſe turf, and ſquare cut peat, is fuel good enough.
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold doth ſhove,
Light foreſt land is found, to where the floating Don,
In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaſter hath won,
Where Yorkſhire's laid abroad, ſo many a mile extent,
To whom preceding times, the greateſt circuit lent,
A province, then a ſhire, which rather ſeemeth: ſo
It incidently moſt variety doth ſhow.
Here ſtony ſteril grounds, there wond'rous fruitful fields,
Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance yields:
Th' Weſt-riding, and the North, be mountainous and high,
But tow'rds the German ſea the Eaſt more low doth lie.
This iſle hath not that earth, of any kind elſewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomized here.
Tow'rds thoſe Scotch-Iriſh iſles, upon that ſea again,
The rough Virgivian call'd, that tract which doth contain
Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Weſtmoreland excels,
For roughneſs, at whoſe point lies rugged Fourneſs Fells,
Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make
Her wild ſuperfluous waſte, as nature ſport did take
In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whoſe threatning fronts do dare
Each other with their looks, as though they would out-ſtare
The ſtarry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they ſtand.
From theſe into the eaſt, upon the other hand,
The Biſhoprick, and fair Northumberland do bear
To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north elſewhere,

Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace
Thoſe countries all along, upon the riſing ſide,
Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are bleſt,
By which this tract remains renown'd above the reſt:
For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road receives.[f]

Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd deſcription leaves,
Though now his darling ſprings deſir'd him to deſiſt;
But ſay all what they can, he'll do but what he liſt.
As he the ſurface thus, ſo likewiſe will he ſhow,
The clowniſh blazons, to each country long ago,
Which thoſe unletter'd times, with blind devotion lent,
Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent,
To ſhew the muſe can ſhift her habit, and ſhe now
Of Palatins that ſung, can whiſtle to the plow;
And let the curious tax his clownry, with their ſkill
He recks not, but goes on, and ſay they what they will.

Kent firſt in our account, doth to it ſelf apply,
(Quoth he) this blazon firſt, *Long tails and liberty.*
Suſſex with Surrey ſay, *Then let us lead home logs.*
As Hampſhire long for her, hath had the term of *Hogs.*
So Dorſetſhire of long, they *Dorſers* us'd to call.
Cornwal and Devonſhire cry, *We'll wreſtle for a fall.*
Then Somerſet ſays, *Set the bandog on the bull.*
And Glo'ſterſhire again is blazon'd, *Weigh thy wool.*
As Berkſhire hath for hers, *Lets to't and toſs the ball.*
And Wiltſhire will for her, *Get home and pay for all.*
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of *Bread and beef,*
Where if you beat a buſh, 'tis odds you ſtart a thief.
So Hertford blazon'd is, *The club, and clouted ſhoon,*
Thereto, *I'll riſe betime, and ſleep again at noon.*
When Middleſex bids, *Up to London let us go,*
And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or two.
As Eſſex hath of old been named, *Calves and ſtiles,*
Fair Suffolk, *Maids and milk,* and Norfolk, *Many wiles.*
So Cambridge hath been call'd, *Hold nets, and let us win;*
And

[f] The blazons of the ſhires.

And Huntingdon, *With ſtilts we'll ſtalk through thick and thin.*
Northamptonſhire of long hath had this blazon, *Love,*
Below the girdle all, but little elſe above.
An outcry Oxford makes, *The ſcholars have been here,*
And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer,
Quoth warlike Warwickſhire, *I'll bind the ſturdy bear.*
Quoth Wor'ſterſhire again, *And I will ſquirt the pear.*
Then Staffordſhire bids *Stay, and I will beet the fire,*
And nothing will I aſk, but good will for my hire.
Bean belly Le'ſterſhire, her attribute doth bear.
And *Bells and bag-pipes* next, belong to Lincolnſhire.
Of *Malt-horſe*, Bedfordſhire long ſince the blazon wan.
And little Rutlandſhire is termed *Raddleman.*
To Derby is aſſign'd the name of *Wool and lead.*
As Nottingham's, of old (is common) *Ale and bread.*
So Hereford for her ſays, *Give me woof and warp.*
And Shropſhire ſaith in her, *That ſhins be ever ſharp,*
Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,
And whilſt the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.
Old Cheſhire is well known to be the *Chief of men.*
Fair women doth belong to Lancaſhire again.
The lands that over Ouſe to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the *Snaffle, ſpur, and ſpear.*'
Now Nen extreamly griev'd thoſe barbarous things to hear,
By Helidon her ſire, that thus deliver'd were:
For as his eld'ſt, ſhe was to paſſed ages known,
Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.
A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long
The Britains call'd her by, expreſſing in their tongue
The full and general name of waters; wherefore ſhe
Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,
Leſt things ſo low and poor, and now quite out of date,
Should happily impair her dignity and ſtate.
Wherefore from him her ſire immediately ſhe haſtes;
And as ſhe forth her courſe to Peterborough caſts,

She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis ſaid,
Saint Werburg princely born, a moſt religious maid,
From thoſe peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geeſe drove,
Thence through the champain ſhe laſciviouſly doth rove
Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilſt Nen was Avon call'd,
Reſum'd that happy name, as happily inſtall'd
Upon her [g] northern ſide, where taking in a rill,
Her long impoveriſh'd banks more plenteouſly to fill,
She flouriſhes in ſtate, along the fruitful fields;
Where whilſt her waters ſhe with wondrous pleaſure yields,
To [h] Wellingborough comes, whoſe fountains in ſhe takes,
Which quickening her again, immediately ſhe makes
To Oundle, which receives contractedly the ſound
From Avondale, t'expreſs that river's loweſt ground:
To Peterborough thence ſhe maketh forth her way,
Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to ſea;
When Rockingham, the muſe to her fair foreſt brings,
Thence lying to the north, whoſe ſundry gifts ſhe ſings.

'O dear and dainty nymph, moſt gorgeouſly array'd,
Of all the Driades known, the moſt delicious maid,
With all delights adorn'd, that any way beſeem
A ſylvan, by whoſe ſtate we verily may deem
A deity in thee, in whoſe delightful bowers
The fawns and fairies make the longeſt days but hours,
And joying in the ſoil, where thou aſſum'ſt thy ſeat,
Thou to thy handmaid haſte, (thy pleaſures to await)
Fair Benefield, whoſe care to thee doth ſurely cleave,
Which bears a graſs as ſoft, as is the dainty ſleave,
And thrum'd ſo thick and deep, that the proud palmed deer,
Forſake the cloſer woods, and make their quiet leir
In beds of platted fog, ſo eas'ly there they ſit.
A foreſt and a chaſe in every thing ſo fit
This iſland hardly hath, ſo near ally'd that be,
Brave nymph, ſuch praiſe belongs to Benefield and thee.'

Whilſt

[g] Northampton, for Nortliavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.
[h] So called of his many wells or fountains.

Whilſt Rockingham was heard with theſe reports to ring,
The muſe by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous ſpring,
With [i] Kelmarſh there is caught, for courſing of the hare,
Which ſcorns that any place ſhould with her plains compare:
Which in the proper terms the muſe doth thus report;
The man whoſe vacant mind prepares him to the ſport,
The [k] finder ſendeth out, to ſeek out nimble Wat,
Which croſſeth in the field, each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beaſt upon the form hath found,
Then viewing for the courſe, which is the faireſt ground,
The greyhounds forth are brought, for courſing then in caſe,
And choicely in the ſlip, one leading forth a brace;
The finder puts her up, and gives her courſers law.
And whilſt the eager dogs upon the ſtart do draw,
She riſeth from her ſeat, as though on earth ſhe flew,
Forc'd by ſome yelping [l] cute to give the greyhounds view,
Which are at length let ſlip, when gunning out they go,
As in reſpect of them the ſwifteſt wind were ſlow,
When each man runs his horſe, with fixed eyes and notes
Which dog firſt turns the hare, which firſt the other [m] coats,
They wrench her once or twice, ere ſhe a turn will take,
What's offer'd by the firſt, the other good doth make;
And turn for turn again with equal ſpeed they ply,
Beſtirring their ſwift feet with ſtrange agility:
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win,
Then as ſhot from a bow, ſhe from the dogs doth ſpin,
That ſtrive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her,
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch her
To him that comes behind, which ſeems the hare to bear;
But with a nimble turn ſhe caſts them both arrear:

Till

[i] A place in the north part of Northamptonſhire, excellent for courſing with greyhounds.
[k] The hare-finder.
[l] A curr.
[m] When one greyhound outſtrips the other in the courſe.

Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
The greyhounds both ſo ſpent, that they want breath to take her.
Here leave I whilſt the muſe more ſerious things attends,
And with my courſe at hare, my Canto likewiſe ends.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fatal Welland from her ſprings,
This ſong to th'iſle of Ely brings:
Our ancient Engliſh ſaints revives,
Then in an oblique courſe contrives,
The rarities that Rutland ſhows,
Which with this Canto ſhe doth cloſe.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us led,
At * Naſby to the north, where from a ſecond head
Runs Avon, which along to Severn ſhapes her courſe,
But pliant muſe proceed, with our new-handled ſource,
Of whom from ages paſt, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and reverence wan)
That ſhe alone ſhould drown all Holland, and ſhould ſee
Her Stamford, which ſo much forgotten ſeems to be;
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby ſhe in her ſelf a holineſs ſuppos'd,
That in her ſcantled banks, though wandring long inclos'd,
Yet

* The fountain of Welland.

Yet in her ſecret breaſt a catalogue had kept
Of our religious ſaints, which though they long had ſlept,
Yet through the chriſten'd world, for they had won ſuch fame
Both to the Britiſh firſt, then to the Engliſh name,
For their abundant faith, and ſanctimony known,
Such as were hither ſent, or naturally our own,
It much her genius griev'd, to have them now neglected,
Whoſe piety ſo much thoſe zealous times reſpected.
Wherefore ſhe with her ſelf reſolved, when that ſhe
To Peterborough came, where much ſhe long'd to be,
That in the wiſhed view of Medhamſted, that town,
Which he the great'ſt of ſaints doth by his name renown,
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's ſaints, the martyrologe would ſing:
And therefore all in haſte to Harborough ſhe hy'd,
Whence Le'ſterſhire ſhe leaves upon the northward ſide,
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her ſuſtains,
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnſhire ſhe leans,
Upon her bank by north, againſt this greater throng,
Northamptonſhire to ſouth ſtill lies with her along,
And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where ſhe and Nen make ſhew as though they would embrace;
But only they ſalute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wiſely heard to ſay.

'I ſing of ſaints, and yet my ſong ſhall not be fraught
'With miracles by them, but feigned to be wrought,
'That they which did their lives ſo palbably bely,
'To times have much impeach'd their holineſs thereby:
'Though fools (I ſay) on them, ſuch poor impoſtures lay,
'Have ſcandal'd them to ours, far fooliſher than they,
'Which think they have by this ſo great advantage got
'Their venerable names from memory to blot,
'Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art ſo pure,
'The name of ſuch a ſaint that no way canſt endure;

'Know

'Know in reſpect of them to recompenſe that hate,
'The wretched'ſt thing, and thou have both one death and date:
'From all vain worſhip too; and yet am I as free
'As is the moſt preciſe, I paſs not who he be.
'Antiquity I love, nor by the world's deſpight,
'I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.'
This ſpoke, to her fair aid her ſiſter Nen ſhe wins,
When ſhe of all her ſaints, now with that man begins.
'The firſt that ever told Chriſt crucify'd to us,
'(By Paul and Peter ſent) juſt Ariſtobulus,
'Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
'For that moſt certain truth, oppoſing fire and ſword,
'By th'Britains murthered here, ſo unbelieving then.
'Next holy Joſeph came, the merciful'ſt of men,
'The ſaviour of mankind, in ſepulchre that laid,
'That to the Britains was th'apoſtle; in his aid
'Saint Duvian, and with him ſaint Fagan, both which were
'His ſcholars, likewiſe left their ſacred reliques here:
'All denizens of ours, t'advance the chriſtian ſtate,
'At Glaſtenbury long that were commemorate.
'When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
'In that moſt bloody reign of Diocleſian:
'This man into the truth, that bleſſed Alban led
'(Our Proto-martyr call'd) who ſtrongly diſciplied
'In chriſtian patience, learnt his tortures to appeaſe:
'His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
'At holy Alban's town, their feſtival ſhould hold;
'So of that martyr nam'd, (which Ver'lam was of old.)
'A thouſand other ſaints, whom Amphibal had taught,
'Flying the pagan foe, their lives that ſtrictly ſought,
'Were ſlain where Litchfield is, whoſe name doth rightly found,
'(There of thoſe chriſtians ſlain) Dead field, or burying ground.
'Then for the chriſtian faith, two other here that ſtood,
'And teaching, bravely ſeal'd their doctrine with their blood:

'Saint

'Saint Julius, and with him ſaint Aron, have their room,
'At Carleon ſuff'ring death by Diocleſian's doom;
'Whoſe perſecuting reign tempeſtuouſly that rag'd,
''Gainſt thoſe here for the faith, their utmoſt that ingag'd,
'Saint Angule put to death, one of our holieſt men,
'At London, of that ſee, the godly biſhop then
'In that our infant church, ſo reſolute was he.
'A ſecond martyr too grace London's ancient ſee,
'Though it were after long, good Voadine who reprov'd
'Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd
'Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial bed;
'For which by that ſtern prince unjuſtly murdered,
'As he a martyr dy'd, is ſainted with the reſt.
'The third ſaint of that ſee (tho' only he confeſt)
'Was Guithelme, unto whom thoſe times that reverence gave,
'As he a place with them eternally ſhall have.
'So Melior may they bring, the duke of Cornwal's ſon,
'By his falſe brother's hands, to death who being done
'In hate of Chriſtian faith, whoſe zeal leſt time ſhould taint,
'As he a martyr was, they juſtly made a ſaint.
'Thoſe godly Romans then (who as mine author ſaith)
'Wan good king Lucius firſt t' embrace the Chriſtian faith,
'Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
'Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance here:
'As two more (near that time Chriſt Jeſus that confeſt,
'And that moſt lively faith by their good works expreſt)
'St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win
'The Britons, (come from Rome, where chriſten'd they had been)
'Converted to the faith their thouſands, whoſe dear grave,
'That Glaſtenbury grac'd, there their memorial have.
'As they their ſacred bones in Britain here beſtow'd,
'So Britain likewiſe ſent her ſaints to them abroad:
'Marſellus that juſt man, who having gathered in
'The ſcatter'd Chriſtian flock, inſtructed that had been
'By holy Joſeph here; to congregate he wan
'This juſtly named ſaint, this never-wearied man,

'Next

'Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of earthly fear)
'By his courageous death, he much renown'd Trevere.
'Then of our native ſaints, the firſt that dy'd abroad;
Beatus next to him ſhall fitly be beſtow'd,
'In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there thoſe paynims ſlew,
'When greater in their place, though not in faith, enſue
'St. Lucius (call'd of us) the primer chriſten'd king,
'Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glorious ring
'To all the Saxon race, that here did him ſucceed,
'Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
'His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
'Where he a biſhop liv'd, a martyr laſtly dy'd.
'As Conſtantine the Great, that godly emperor,
'Here firſt the Chriſtian church that did to peace reſtore,
'Whoſe ever bleſſed birth, (as by the power divine)
'The Roman empire brought into the Britiſh line,
'Conſtantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons glory.
'So other here we have to furniſh up our ſtory,
'St. Melon well-near when the Britiſh church began,
'(Even early in the reign of Rome's Valerian)
'Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan was call'd,
'To preach unto the French, where ſoon he was inſtall'd
'Her biſhop: Britain ſo may of her Gudwall vaunt,
'Who firſt the Flemings taught, whoſe feaſt is held at Gaunt.
'So others forth ſhe brought to little Britain vow'd,
'St. Wenlock, and with him St. Sampſon, both allow'd
'Apoſtles of that place, the firſt the abbot ſole
'Of Tawrac, and the laſt ſate on the ſee of Dole:
'Where dying, Maglor then thereof was biſhop made,
'Sent purpoſely from hence that people to perſuade
'To keep the Chriſtian faith: ſo Goluin gave we thither,
'Who ſainted being there, we ſet them here together.
'As of the weaker ſex, that ages have enſhrin'd
'Amongſt the Britiſh dames, and worthily divin'd:

'The

The finder of the croſs queen Helena doth lead,
Who tho' Rome ſet a crown on her imperial head,
Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely here.
Emerita the next, king Lucius' ſiſter dear,
Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
Bright Urſula the third, who undertook to guide
Th' eleven thouſand maids to little Britain ſent,
By ſeas and bloody men devoured as they went:
Of which we find theſe four have been for ſaints prefer'd,
(And with their leader ſtill do live incalender'd)
St. Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which
With wondrous ſumptuous ſhrines thoſe ages did inrich
At Cullen, where their lives moſt clearly are expreſt,
And yearly feaſts obſerv'd to them and all the reſt.
'But when it came to paſs the Saxon powers had put
The Britains from theſe parts, and them o'er Severn ſhut,
The Chriſtian faith with her, then Cambria had alone,
With thoſe that it receiv'd (from this now England) gone,
Whoſe Cambrobritons ſo their ſaints as duly brought,
T'advance the Chriſtian faith, effectually that wrought,
Their David, (one deriv'd of th' royal Britiſh blood)
Who 'gainſt Pelagius' falſe and damn'd opinions ſtood,
And turn'd Menenia's name to David's ſacred ſee,
The patron of the Welſh deſerving well to be:
With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both which were
Prince Brechan's ſons, who gave the name to Brecknock-ſhire;
The firſt a martyr made, a confeſſor the other.
So Clintanck, Brecknock's prince, as from one ſelf-ſame mother,
A ſaint upon that ſeat, the other doth enſue,
Whom for the Chriſtian faith a pagan ſoldier ſlew.
'So biſhops can ſhe bring, of which her ſaints ſhall be,
As Aſaph, who firſt gave that name unto that ſee;
Of Bangor, and may boaſt St. David which her wan
Much reverence, and with theſe Owdock and Telean,

'Both

'Both biſhops of Landaff, and ſaints in their ſucceſſion;
'Two other following theſe, both in the ſame profeſſion,
'Saint Dubric whoſe report old Carleon yet doth carry,
'And Elery in Northwales, who built a monaſtery,
'In which himſelf became the abbot, to his praiſe,
'And ſpent in alms and prayer the remnant of his days.
'But leaving theſe divin'd, to Decuman we come,
'In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious martyrdom.
'Juſtinian, as that man a ſainted place deſerv'd,
'Who ſtill to feed his ſoul, his ſinful body ſtarv'd:
'And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
'There by his fellow monks, moſt cruelly was ſlain.
'So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth grace
'Old Bangor, and by whoſe learn'd writings we embrace
'The knowledge of thoſe times; the fruits of whoſe juſt pen,
'Shall live for ever freſh, with all truth-ſearching men.
'Then other, which for her's old Cambria doth aver,
'St. Senan, and with him we ſet St. Deiferre,
'Then Tather will we take, and Chyned to the reſt,
'With Baruk, who ſo much the iſle of Bardſey bleſt
'By his moſt powerful prayer, to ſolitude that liv'd,
'And of all worldly care his zealous ſoul depriv'd.
'Of theſe, ſome liv'd not long, ſome wond'rous aged were,
'But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and there.
'O more than mortal men, whoſe faith and earneſt prayers,
'Not only bare ye hence, but were thoſe mighty ſtairs
'By which you went to heaven, and God ſo clearly ſaw,
'As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to draw
'Your elevated ſouls, but once to look ſo low,
'As thoſe depreſſed paths, wherein baſe worldlings go.
'What mind doth not admire the knowledge of theſe men?
'But zealous muſe return unto thy taſk again.
'Theſe holy men at home, as here they were beſtow'd,
'So Cambria had ſuch too, as famous were abroad.
'Sophy, king Gulick's ſon of Northwales, who had ſeen
'The ſepulchre three times, and more, ſeven times had been
'On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
'The painful biſhop made; by him ſo place we here,

'St.

'St. Macklove, from Northwales to little Britain ſent,
'That people to convert, who reſolutely bent,
'Of Athelney in time the biſhop there became
'Which her firſt title chang'd, and took his proper name.
'So ſhe her virgins had, and vow'd as were the beſt:
'St. Keyne, prince Brechan's child, (a man ſo highly bleſt,
'That thirty born to him all ſaints accounted were.)
'St. Inthwar ſo apart ſhall with theſe other bear,
'Who out of falſe ſuſpect was by her brother ſlain
'Then Winifrid, whoſe name yet famous doth remain,
'Whoſe fountain in Northwales intitled by her name,
'For moſs, and for the ſtones that be about the ſame,
'Is ſounded through this iſle, and to this latter age,
'Is of our Romiſts held their lateſt pilgrimage.
'But when the Saxons here ſo ſtrongly did reſide,
'And ſurely ſeated once, as owners to abide;
'When nothing in the world to their deſire was wanting,
'Except the Chriſtian faith, for whoſe ſubſtantial planting,
'St. Auguſtine from Rome was to this iſland ſent;
'And coming through large France, arriving firſt in Kent,
'Converted to the faith king Ethelbert, till then
'Unchriſten'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentiſh men,
'And of their chiefeſt town, now Canterbury call'd,
'The biſhop firſt was made, and on that ſee inſtall'd.
'Four other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
'That in this mighty work of our converſion came,
'Lawrence, Melitus then, with Juſtus, and Honorius,
'In this great Chriſtian work, all which had been laborious,
'To venerable age each coming in degree,
'Succeeded him again in Canterbury ſee,
'As Peter born in France, with theſe and made our own,
'And Pauline whoſe great zeal was by his preaching ſhown.
'The firſt to abbot's ſtate, wiſe Auſten did prefer,
'And to the latter gave the ſee of Rocheſter;
'All canoniz'd for ſaints, as worthy ſure they were,
'For 'ſtabliſhing the faith, which was received here.
'Few countries where our Chriſt had e'er been preached then,
'But ſent into this iſle ſome of their godly men.

'From Perſia led by zeal, ſo Ive this iſland ſought,
'And near our eaſtern fens a fit place finding, taught
'The faith: which place from him alone the name derives,
'And of that ſainted man ſince call'd is St. Ives;
'Such reverence to herſelf that time devotion wan.
'So ſun-burnt Africk ſent us holy Adrian,
'Who preach'd the Chriſtian faith here nine and thirty year,
'An abbot in this iſle, and to this nation dear,
'That in our country two provincial ſynods call'd,
'T' reform the church that time with hereſies enthrall'd.
'So Denmark Henry ſent t' increaſe our holy ſtore,
'Who falling in from thence upon our northern ſhore
'In th' iſle of [b] Cochet liv'd, near to the mouth of Tyne,
'In faſting as in prayer, a man ſo much divine,
'That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
'And three times in the week himſelf he ſilenced,
'That in remembrance of this moſt abſtemious man,
'Upon his bleſſed death the Engliſhmen began,
'By him to name their babes, which it ſo frequent brings,
'Which name hath honour'd been by many Engliſh kings.
'So Burgundy to us three men moſt reverend bare,
'Amongſt our other ſaints, that claim to have their ſhare,
'Of which was Felix firſt, who in th' Eaſt-Saxon reign,
'Converted to the faith king Sigbert: him again
'Enſueth Anſelm, whom Auguſta ſent us in,
'And Hugh, whoſe holy life to Chriſt did many win,
'By [c] Henry th' empreſs' ſon holp hither, and to have
'Him wholly to be ours, the ſee of Lincoln gave.
'So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfranck lent,
'For whom into this land king William conqueror ſent,
'And Canterbury's ſee to his wiſe charge aſſign'd.
'Nor France to theſe for her's was any whit behind,
'For Grimbald ſhe us gave, (as Peter long before,
'Who with St. Auſten came to preach upon this ſhore)
'By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
'Who by his godly life, and preaching did perſuade
'The

[b] An iſlet upon the coaſt of Scotland, in the German ſea. [c] Henry II.

'The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning word:
'So after long again ſhe likewiſe did afford,
'St. Oſmond, whom the ſee of Saliſbury doth own,
'A biſhop once of her's, and in our conqueſt known,
'When hither to that end their Norman William came,
'Remigius then, whoſe mind, that work of ours of fame,
'Rich Lincoln minſter ſhews, where he a biſhop ſat,
'Which (it ſhould ſeem) he built for men to wonder at.
'So potent were the powers of churchmen in thoſe days.
'Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who croſs'd the ſeas,
'With Stephen earl of Blois his brother, after king,
'In Wincheſter's rich ſee, who him eſtabliſhing,
'He in thoſe troublous times in preaching took ſuch pain,
'As he by them was not canonized in vain.
'As other countries here their holy men beſtow'd;
'So Britain likewiſe ſent her ſaints to them abroad,
'And into neighbouring France our moſt religious went,
'St. Clare that native was of Rocheſter in Kent,
'At Volcaſyne came vow'd the French inſtructing there,
'So early ere the truth amongſt them did appear,
'That more than half a God they thought that reverend man.
'Our Judock, ſo in France ſuch fame our nation wan,
'For holineſs, where long an abbot's life he led
'At Pontoiſe, and ſo much was honour'd, that being dead,
'And after threeſcore years (their lateſt period dated)
'His body taken up, was ſolemnly tranſlated.
'As Ceofrid, that ſometime of Waremouth abbot was,
'In his return from Rome, as he through France did paſs
'At Langres left his life, whoſe holineſs even yet,
'Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth ſit.
'St. Alkwin ſo for ours, we Engliſh boaſt again,
'The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,
'That holy man, whoſe heart was ſo with goodneſs fill'd,
'As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
'That academy now at Paris, whoſe foundation
'Thro' all the Chriſtian world hath ſo renown'd that nation,

'As well declares his wealth, that had the power to do it,
'As his moſt lively zeal, perſuading him unto it.
'As Simon call'd the ſaint of Bourdeaux; which ſo wrought,
'By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
'The people of thoſe parts from paganiſm, wherein
'Their unbelieving ſouls ſo long had nuzled been.
'So in the Norman rule, two moſt religious were,
'Amongſt ours that in France diſperſed here and there,
'Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who born our own,
'In our firſt Henry's rule ſat on the ſee of Rohan,
'Where reverenc'd he was long. St. Edmund ſo again,
'Who baniſhed from hence in our third Henry's reign,
'There led an hermit's life near Pontoiſe, (where before
'St. Judock did the like) whoſe honour to reſtore,
'Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous coſt,
'Of whoſe rich funeral France deſervedly may boaſt.
'Then Main we add to theſe, an abbot here of ours,
'To little Britain ſent, employing all his powers
'To bring them to the faith, which he ſo well effected,
'That ſince he as a ſaint hath ever been reſpected.
'As theſe of ours in France, ſo had we thoſe did ſhow
'In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
'Their faith: in Frieſeland firſt St. Boniface our beſt,
'Who of the ſee of Mentz, while there he ſat poſſeſt,
'At Dockum had his death, by faithleſs Friſians ſlain,
'Whoſe anniverſaries there did after long remain.
'So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wiſdom went
'Unto the ſelf ſame place, as with the ſame intent;
'With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;
'As they agreed in life, ſo did their ends agree,
'Both by Radbodius ſlain, who rul'd in Friſia then:
'So in the ſacred roll of our religious men,
'In Friſe that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus read,
'Who in the ſee of Mentz did Boniface ſucceed;
'And Willihad that of Bren, that ſacred ſeat ſupply'd,
'So holy that him there, they halfly deify'd;

'With

' With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme, holy men,
' That to the Friſes now, and to the Saxons then,
' In Germany abroad the glorious goſpel ſpread,
' Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
' Were at old-Seell enſhrin'd, their obiits yearly kept:
' Such as on them have had as many praiſes heap'd,
' That in their lives the truth as conſtantly confeſt,
' As th'other that their faith by martyrdom expreſt.
' In Friſe, as theſe of ours, their names did famous leave,
' Again ſo had we thoſe as much renown'd in Cleve;
' St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which from hence,
' To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's defence
' Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went together,
' So one and ſelf ſame place allotted was to either:
' For both of them at Wert in Cleveland ſeated were,
' St. Swibert biſhop was, St. Willick abbot there.
' So Guelderland again ſhall our moſt holy bring,
' As Edilbert the ſon of Edilbald the king
' Of our South-Saxon rule, inceſſantly that taught
' The Guelders, whoſe bleſt days unto their period brought,
' Unto his reverend corpſe, old Harlem harbour gave;
' So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
' Who to thoſe people preach'd, whoſe praiſe that country tells.
' What nation names a ſaint for virtue that excels
' St. German who for Chriſt his biſhoprick forſook,
' And in the Netherlands moſt humbly him betook,
' From place to place to paſs, the ſecrets to reveal,
' Of our dear Saviour's death, and laſt of all to ſeal
' His doctrine with his blood: In Belgia ſo abroad,
' St. Wynock in like ſort, his bleſſed time beſtow'd,
' Whoſe relicks Wormſhault (yet) in Flanders hath reſerv'd.
' Of theſe, th' rebellious fleſh (to win them heaven) that ſtarv'd.
' St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
' A ſoldier, and the French and German wars had ſeen,
' A hermit laſt became, his ſinful ſoul to ſave,
' To whom good Arnulph, that moſt godly emperor gave

'Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage to ſet,
'Whoſe floor when with his tears he many a day had wet,
'He for the Chriſtian faith upon the ſame was ſlain:
'So did th'Erwaldi there moſt worthily attain
'Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland firſt approv'd,
'But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd,
'They to Weſtphalia went, and as they brothers were,
'So they, the Chriſtian faith together preaching there,
'Th' old pagan Saxons ſlew, out of their hatred deep
'To the true faith, whoſe ſhrines brave Cullen ſtill doth keep.
'So Adler one of ours, by England ſet apart
'For Germany, and ſent that people to convert,
'Of Erford biſhop made, there alſo had his end.
'St. Liphard likewiſe to our martyrologe ſhall lend,
'Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to ſee
'The relicks of the ſaints, ſuppoſed there to be,
'Returning by the way of Germany, at laſt,
'Preaching the Chriſtian faith, as he through Cambray paſt,
'The pagan people ſlew, whoſe relicks Huncourt hath:
'Theſe others ſo we had, which trod the ſelf ſame path
'In Germany, which ſhe moſt reverently embrac'd.
'St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's ſee was plac'd;
'St. Willibald of Eiſt the biſhop ſo became,
'And Burchard Engliſh born, the man moſt great of name,
'Of Wirtzburg biſhop was, at Hohemburg that rear'd
'The monaſtery, wherein he richly was interr'd.
'So Maeſtricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
'And ſeated him upon her ſee epiſcopal,
'As two St. Lebwins there amongſt the reſt are brought;
'Th' one o'er Iſell's banks the ancient Saxons taught:
'At Over-Iſell reſts, the other did apply,
'The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
'St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd
'The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
'In their converſion there, which long time him withſtood.
'St. Gregory then, with us ſprung of the royal blood,

'And

'And ſon to him whom we the elder Edward ſtile,
'Both court and country left, which he eſteemed vile,
'Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayniard led
'A ſtrict monaſtick life, a ſaint alive and dead.
'So had we ſome of ours for Italy were preſt,
'As well as theſe before, ſent out into the caſt.
'King Inas having done ſo great and wondrous things,
'As well might be ſuppos'd the works of ſundry kings,
'Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments ſo fair,
'As monarchs have not ſince been able to repair,
'Of many that he built, the leaſt, in time when they
'Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into decay:
'This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profeſs'd,
'In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he deceas'd.
'As Richard the dear ſon to Lothar king of Kent,
'When he his happy days religiouſly had ſpent;
'And feeling the approach of his declining age,
'Deſirous to ſee Rome in holy pilgrimage,
'Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,
'Whoſe miracles there done, yet to this day are rife.
'The patron of that place, ſo Tuſcany in thee,
'At fair Mount-flaſcon ſtill the memory ſhall be
'Of holy Thomas there moſt reverently interr'd,
'Who ſometime to the ſee of Hereford prefer'd;
'Thence travelling to Rome, in his return bereft
'His life by ſickneſs, there to thee his body left.
'Yet Italy gave not theſe honours all to them
'That viſited her Rome, but from Jeruſalem,
'Some coming back thro' thee, and yielding up their ſpirits,
'On thy rich earth receiv'd their moſt deſerved merits.
'O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
'Tho' to our country's praiſe, yet to thy greater glory,
'Even to this day the ſhrines religiouſly doſt keep,
'Of many a bleſſed ſaint which in thy lap doth ſleep:
'As Eleutherius, come from viſiting the tomb,
'Thou gav'ſt to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
'To ſet his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
'Canonized her ſaint; ſo haſt thou glorify'd

'St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former grac'd)
'In ſuch a ſumptuous ſhrine at Galinaro plac'd;
'At Sancto Padre ſo, St. Fulke hath ever fame,
'Which from that reverend man 't ſhould ſeem deriv'd the name,
'His relicks there reſerv'd; ſo holy Ardwin's ſhrine
'Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
'For miracles, that thereby his ſtrong faith were wrought.
'Mongſt theſe ſelected men, the ſepulchre that ſought,
'And in thy realm arriv'd, their bleſſed ſouls reſign'd:
'Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
'Until this preſent time, her patronizing ſaint.
'So countries more remote, with ours we did acquaint,
'As Richard for the fame his holineſs had won,
'And for the wondrous things that thro' his prayers were done,
'From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
'And of St. Andrew's there the biſhop was inſtall'd,
'For whom ſhe hath profeſs'd much reverence to this land:
'St. William with this man, a parallel may ſtand,
'Thro' all the Chriſtian world accounted ſo divine,
'That travelling from hence to holy Paleſtine,
'Deſirous that moſt bleſt Jeruſalem to ſee,
'(In which the Saviour's ſelf ſo oft vouchſaf'd to be)
'Prior of that holy houſe by ſuffrages related,
'To th' ſepulchre of Chriſt, which there was dedicated;
'To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little ſpace,
'And in leſs time ordain'd archbiſhop of that place;
'That God-inſpired man, with heavenly goodneſs fill'd,
'A ſaint amongſt the reſt deſervedly is held.
'Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, thoſe times
'Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
'They wander'd thro' the world, their countries that forſook.
'So Sigfrid ſent from hence devoutly undertook
'Thoſe pagans wild and rude, of Gothia to convert,
'Who having labour'd long, with danger oft ingirt,

'Was

Was in his reverend age for his deſerved fee,
By Olaus king of Goths, ſet on Vexovia's ſee.
To Norway, and to thoſe great north-eaſt countries far;
So Gotebald gave himſelf holding a Chriſtian war
With paynims, nothing elſe but heatheniſh rites that knew.
As Suethia to herſelf theſe men moſt reverend drew,
St. Ulfrid of our ſaints as famous there as any,
Nor ſcarcely find we one converting there ſo many.
And Henry in thoſe days of Oxſto biſhop made,
The firſt that Swethen king, which ever did perſuade,
On Finland to make war, to force them by the ſword,
When nothing elſe could ſerve to hear the powerful word;
With Eſkill thither ſent, to teach that barbarous nation,
Who on the paſſion day, there preaching on the paſſion,
T' expreſs the Saviour's love to mankind, taking pain,
By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit ſlain,
Upon that bleſſed day Chriſt died for ſinful man,
Upon that day for Chriſt his martyr's crown he wan.
So David drawn from hence into thoſe farther parts,
By preaching, who to pierce thoſe paynims harden'd hearts,
Inceſſantly proclaim'd Chriſt Jeſus, with a cry
Againſt their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
Into thoſe colder climes to people beaſtly rude,
So others that were ours courageouſly purſu'd
The planting of the truth, in zeal three moſt profound,
The reliſh of whoſe names by likelineſs of ſound,
Both in their lives and deaths, a likelineſs might ſhow,
As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd gladly were
In Gothland, whilſt they taught with Chriſtian patience there.
'Nor thoſe from us that went, nor thoſe that hither came
From the remoteſt parts, were greater yet in name,
Than thoſe reſiding here on many a goodly ſee,
(Great biſhops in account, now greater ſaints that be)
Some ſuch ſelected ones for piety and zeal,
As to the wretched world, more clearly could reveal,

'How

'How much there might of God in mortal man be found
'In charitable works, or ſuch as did abound,
'Which by their good ſucceſs in after times were bleſt,
'Were then related ſaints, as worthier than the reſt.
'Of Canterbury here with thoſe I will begin,
'That firſt archbiſhop's ſee, on which there long had been
'So many men devout, as rais'd that church ſo high,
'Much reverence, and have won their holy hierarchy:
'Of which he firſt that did with goodneſs ſo inflame
'The hearts of the devout (that from his proper name)
'As one (even) ſent from God, the ſouls of men to ſave
'The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
'The biſhops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we take,
'Whom time may ſay, that ſaints it worthily did make
'Succeeding in that ſee directly even as they,
'Here by the muſe are plac'd, who ſpent both night and day
'By doctrine, or by deeds, inſtructing, doing good,
'In raiſing them were fall'n, or ſtrengthening them that ſtood.
'Then Odo the ſevere, who highly did adorn
'That ſee, (yet being of unchriſten'd parents born,
'Whoſe country Denmark was, but in Eaſt-England dwelt)
'He being but a child, in his clear boſom felt
'The moſt undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd long;
'But as he grew in years, in ſpirit ſo growing ſtrong:
'And as the Chriſtian faith this holy man had taught,
'He likewiſe for that faith in ſundry battles fought.
'So Dunſtan as the reſt aroſe through many ſees,
'To this arch-type at laſt aſcending by degrees,
'There by his power confirm'd, and ſtrongly credit won,
'To many wond'rous things which he before had done.
'To whom when (as they ſay) the Devil once appear'd,
'This man ſo full of faith, not once at all afraid,
'Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles moſt great.
'As Egelnoth again much grac'd that ſacred ſeat,

'Who

‘ Who for his godly deeds ſurnamed was the Good,
‘ Not boaſting of his birth, tho' come of royal blood:
‘ For that, nor at the firſt, a monk's mean cowl deſpis'd;
‘ With winning men to God, who never was ſuffic'd.
‘ Theſe men before expreſs'd; ſo Eadſine next enſues,
‘ To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuſe;
‘ In Harold's time who liv'd, when William conqueror came,
‘ For holineſs of life, attain'd unto that fame,
‘ That ſoldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew,
‘ Were ſuddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
‘ This man with thoſe before, moſt worthily related
‘ Arch-ſaints, as in their ſees arch-biſhops conſecrated.
‘ St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did ſo much hery,
‘ As to his chriſten'd name they added Canterbury;
‘ There to whoſe ſumptuous ſhrine the near ſucceeding ages,
‘ So mighty off'rings ſent, and made ſuch pilgrimages,
‘ Concerning whom, the world ſince then hath ſpent much breath,
‘ And many queſtions made both of his life and death:
‘ If he were truly juſt, he hath his right; if no,
‘ Thoſe times were much to blame, that have him reckon'd ſo.
‘ Then theſe from York enſue, whoſe lives have as much grac'd
‘ That ſee, as theſe before in Canterbury plac'd:
‘ St. Wilfrid of her ſaints, we then the firſt will bring,
‘ Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the ſtern Northumbrian king,
‘ Expuls'd his ſacred ſeat, moſt patiently it bare,
‘ The man for ſacred gifts almoſt beyond compare.
‘ Then Boſa next to him as meek and humble hearted,
‘ As th' other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
‘ His mercies ſundry ways, as age upon him came.
‘ And next him followeth John, who likewiſe bare the name
‘ Of Beverley, where he moſt happily was born,
‘ Whoſe holineſs did much his native place adorn,
‘ Whoſe vigils had by thoſe devouter times bequeſts
‘ The ceremonies due to great and ſolemn feaſts.

‘ So

'So Oſwald of that ſeat, and Cedwall ſainted were,
'Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbiſhops, living there
'The former to that ſee, from Worceſter transfer'd,
'Deceaſed, was again at Worceſter interr'd:
'The other in that ſee a ſepulchre they choſe,
'And did for his great zeal amongſt the ſaints diſpoſe,
'As William by deſcent come of the conqueror's ſtrain,
'Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time ordain
'Archbiſhop of that ſee, among our ſaints doth fall,
'Deriv'd from thoſe two ſeats, ſtyl'd archiepiſcopal.
'Next theſe arch-ſees of ours, now London place doth take,
'Which had thoſe, of whom time ſaints worthily did make.
'As Ceda, (brother to that reverend biſhop Chad,
'At Litchfield in thoſe times, his famous ſeat that had)
Is ſainted for that ſee amongſt our reverend men,
'From London tho' at length remov'd to Leſtingen,
'A monaſtery, which then he richly had begun.
'Him Erkenwald enſues th' Eaſt-Engliſh Offa's ſon,
'His father's kingly court, who for a croſier fled,
'Whoſe works ſuch fame him won for holineſs, that dead,
'Time him enſhrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of that ſee)
'Which with revenues large, and privileges he
'Had wondrouſly endow'd; to goodneſs ſo affected,
'That he thoſe abbies great, from his own power erected
'At Chertſey near to Thames, and Barking famous long.
'So Roger hath a room in theſe our ſainted throng,
'Who by his words and works ſo taught the way to heaven,
'As that great name to him ſure was not vainly given.
'With Wincheſter again proceed we, which ſhall ſtore
'Us with as many ſaints, as any ſee (or more)
'Of whom we yet have ſung, (as Heada there we have)
'Who by his godly life, ſo good inſtructions gave,
'As teaching that the way to make men to live well,
'Example us aſſur'd, did preaching far excel.
'Our Swithun then enſues, of him why ours I ſay,
'Is that upon his feaſt, his dedicated day,

'As

'As it in harveſt haps, ſo plowmen note thereby,
'Th' enſuing forty days be either wet or dry,
'As that day falleth out, whoſe miracles may we
'Believe thoſe former times, he well might ſainted be.
'So Frithſtan for a ſaint incalendar'd we find,
'With Brithſtan not a whit the holieſt man behind,
'Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for reſpect
'Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
'To ſit upon his ſee, who likewiſe dying there,
'To Ethelbald again ſucceeding did appear,
'The honour to a ſaint, as challenging his due.
'Theſe formerly expreſs'd, then Elpheg doth enſue;
'Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath been told,
'That in a time of dearth his church's plate he ſold,
'T' relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth (quoth he)
'May be again repair'd, but ſo theſe cannot be.
'With theſe before expreſs'd, ſo Britwald forth ſhe brought,
'By faith and earneſt prayer his miracles that wrought,
'That ſuch againſt the faith, that were moſt ſtony-hearted,
'By his religious life, have laſtly been converted.
'This man, when as our kings ſo much decayed were,
'As 'twas ſuppos'd their line would be extinguiſh'd here,
'Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing heaven,
'The ſcepter of this land in after-times had given;
'Which in prophetick ſort by him deliver'd was,
'And as he ſtoutly ſpake, it truly came to paſs.
'So other ſouthern ſees, here either leſs or more,
'Have likewiſe had their ſaints, tho' not alike in ſtore.
'Of Rocheſter we have St. Ithamar, being then
'In thoſe firſt times, firſt of our native Engliſhmen
'Reſiding on that ſeat; ſo as an aid to her,
'But ſingly ſainted thus, we have of Chicheſter,
'St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do ſtand
'Inroll'd amongſt the reſt of this our mitred band,
'Of whom ſuch wond'rous things, for truths delivered are,
'As now may ſeem to ſtretch our ſtrait belief too far.

'And

'And Cimbert, of a ſaint had the deſerved right,
'His yearly obiits long, done in the iſle of Wight,
'A biſhop, as ſome ſay, but certain of what ſee
'It ſcarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
'Whilſt Sherburne was a ſee, and in her glory ſhone,
'And Bodmin likewiſe had a biſhop of her own,
'Whoſe dioceſe that time contained Cornwal; theſe
'Had as the reſt their ſaints, derived from their ſees:
'The firſt, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and the laſt
'Had Patrock, for a ſaint that with the other paſt;
'That were it fit for us but to examine now
'Thoſe former times, theſe men for ſaints that did allow,
'And from our reading urge, that others might as well
'Related be for ſaints, as worthy every deal.
'This ſcrutiny of ours, would clear that world thereby,
'And ſhew it to be void of partiality,
'That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd here,
'But ſuch whoſe lives by death had trial many a year.
'That ſee at Norwich now eſtabliſh'd (long not ſtir'd)
'At Eltham planted firſt, to Norwich then transfer'd
'Into our bed-roll here, her Humbert in doth bring,
'(A counſellor that was to that moſt martyr'd king
'St. Edmund) who in their rude maſſacre then ſlain,
'The title of a ſaint his martyrdom doth gain.
'So Hereford hath had on her cathedral ſeat,
'Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,
'Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town which did ſubdue,
'(O moſt unhallow'd deed) unmercifully ſlew,
'So Wor'ſter, (as thoſe ſees here ſung by us before)
'Hath likewiſe with her ſaints renown'd our native ſhore:
'Saint Egwin as her eld'ſt, with Woolſtan as the other,
'Of whom ſhe may be proud to ſay ſhe was the mother,
'The church's champions both, for her that ſtoutly ſtood.
'Litchfield hath theſe no whit leſs famous, nor leſs good.
'The firſt of whom is that moſt reverend biſhop Chad,
'In thoſe religious times for holineſs that had

'The

The name above the beſt that lived in thoſe days,
That ſtories have been ſtuft with his abundant praiſe;
Who on the ſee of York being formerly inſtall'd,
Yet when back to that place ſaint Wilfrid was recall'd,
The ſeat to that good man he willingly reſign'd,
And to the quiet cloſs of Litchfield him confin'd.
So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did ſupply,
Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for ſanctity.
As Lincoln to the ſaints, our Robert Groſted lent,
A perfect godly man, moſt learn'd and eloquent,
Than whom no biſhop yet walk'd in more upright ways,
Who durſt reprove proud Rome in her moſt proſperous days,
Whoſe life, of that next age the juſtice well did ſhow,
Which we may boldly ſay, for this we clearly know,
Had Innocent the fourth the church's ſuffrage led,
This man could not at Rome have been canonized.
Her ſainted biſhop John, ſo Ely adds to theſe,
Yet never any one of all our ſeveral ſees
Northumberland, like thine, have to theſe times been bleſt,
Which ſent into this iſle ſo many men profeſt,
Whilſt Haguſtald had then a mother-church's ſtyle,
And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy-iſle,
Was then a ſee before that Durham was ſo great,
And long ere Carliſle came to be a biſhop's ſeat.
Aidan, and Finan both, moſt happily were found
Northumberland in thee, even whilſt thou didſt abound
With paganiſm, which them thy Oſwin that good king,
His people to convert, did in from Scotland bring:
As Etta likewiſe her's, from Malrorſe that aroſe,
Being abbot of that place, whom the Northumbers choſe
The biſhoprick of Ferne, and Haguſtald to hold.
And Cuthbert of whoſe life ſuch miracles are told,
As ſtory ſcarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
Of th' old Scotch-Iriſh kings deſcended from the ſtrain,
To whom ſince they belong, I from them here muſt ſwerve,
And till I thither come, their holineſs reſerve,

Pro-

'Proceeding with the reſt that on thoſe ſees have ſhown,
'As Edbert after theſe born naturally our own.
'The next which in that ſee ſaint Cuthbert did ſucceed,
'His church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely reed,
'He builded up of ſtone, and cover'd fair with lead,
'Who in ſaint Cuthbert's grave they buried being dead,
'As his ſad people he at his departing will'd.
'So Higbald after him a ſaint is likewiſe held,
'Who when his proper ſee, as all the northern ſhore,
'Were by the Danes deſtroy'd, he not diſmay'd the more,
'But making ſhift to get out of the cruel flame,
'His clergy carrying forth, preach'd whereſoe'er he came.
'And Alwyn who the church at Durham now, begun,
'Which place before that time was ſtrangely over-run
'With ſhrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately ear'd,
'Where he that goodly phane to after ages rear'd,
'And thither his late ſeat from [d] Lindisferne tranſlated,
'Which his cathedral church by him was conſecrated.
'So Acca we account 'mongſt thoſe which have been call'd
'The ſaints of this our ſee, which ſat at Hagenſtald,
'Of which he biſhop was, in that good age reſpected,
'In calendars preſerv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
'Which ſince would ſeem to ſhew the biſhops as they came:
'Then Edilwald, which ſome (ſince) Ethelwoolph do name,
'At Durham by ſome men ſuppoſed to reſide
'More rightly, but by ſome at Carliſle juſtify'd,
'The firſt which rul'd that ſee, which [e] Beauclerk did prefer,
'Much gracing him, who was his only confeſſor.
'Nor were they biſhops thus related ſaints alone;
'Northumberland, but thou (beſides) haſt many a one,
'Religious abbots, prieſts, and holy hermits then,
'Canoniz'd as well as thy great mitred men:

'Two

[d] An iſle near to Scotland, lying into the German ocean, ſince that called Holy-iſland.
[e] Henry I.

'Two famous abbots firſt are in the rank of theſe,
'Whoſe abbeys touch'd the walls of thy two ancient ſeas.
'Thy Royſil (in his time the tutelage that had
'Of Cuthbert that great ſaint, whoſe hopes then but a lad,
'Expreſs'd in riper years how greatly he might merit)
'The man who had from God a propheſying ſpirit,
'Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
'His very hour of death, was by an angel told.
'At Malroys this good man his ſainting well did earn,
'Saint Oſwald his again at holy Lindisferne,
'With Ive a godly prieſt, ſuppos'd to have his lere
'Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert likewiſe there
'His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author ſaith)
'So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,
'That at one time and place, he with that holy man,
'Deſir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he wan.
'Our venerable Bede ſo forth that country brought,
'And worthily ſo nam'd, who of thoſe ages ſought
'The truth to underſtand, impartially which he
'Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
'Things left ſo far behind before us ſtill may read,
''Mongſt our canoniz'd ſort, who called is ſaint Bede.
'A ſort of hermits then, by thee to light are brought,
'Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world reſpecting nought.
'Our Edilwald the prieſt, in Fern (now holy iſle)
'Which ſtandeth from the firm to ſea nine Engliſh mile,
'Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canſt ſhow,
'His head and beard as white as ſwan or driven ſnow,
'At Finchall threeſcore years, a hermit's life to lead;
'Their ſolitary way in thee did Alrick tread,
'Who in a foreſt near to Carliſle, in his age,
'Bequeath'd himſelf to his more quiet hermitage.
'Of Wilguſſe, ſo in thee Northumberland we tell,
'Whoſe moſt religious life hath merited ſo well,
'(Whoſe blood thou boaſts to be of thy moſt royal ſtrain)
'That Alkwin, maſter to that mighty Charlemaign,

'In verſe his legend writ, who of our holy men,
'He him the ſubject choſe for his moſt learned pen.
'So Oſwyn, one of thy dear country thou canſt ſhow,
'To whom as for the reſt for him we likewiſe owe
'Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave,
'Whoſe reliques that great houſe of Leſting long did ſave,
'To cinders till it ſunk: ſo Benedict by thee,
'We have amongſt the reſt, for ſaints that reckon'd be,
'Of Wyremouth worſhip'd long, her patron buried there,
'In that moſt goodly church, which he himſelf did rear.
'Saint Thomas ſo to us Northumberland thou lent'ſt,
'Whom up into the ſouth, thou from his country ſent'ſt;
'For ſanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
'Who ſince that of his name ſo many ſaints there are,
'This man from others more, that times might underſtand,
'They to his chriſten'd name added Northumberland.
'Nor in one country thus our ſaints confined were,
'But through this famous iſle diſperſed here and there:
'As Yorkſhire ſent us in ſaint Robert to our ſtore,
'At Knarſborough moſt known, whereas he long before
'His bleſſed time beſtow'd; then one as juſt as he,
'(If credit to thoſe times attributed may be)
'Saint Richard with the reſt deſerving well a room,
'Which in that country once, at Hampool had a tomb.
'Religious Alred ſo, from Rydal we receive,
'The abbot, who to all poſterity did leave
'The fruits of his ſtaid faith, delivered by his pen.
'Not of the leaſt deſert amongſt our holieſt men,
'One Euſac then we had, but where his life he led,
'That doubt I, but am ſure he was canonized,
'And was an abbot too, for ſanctity much fam'd.
'Then Woolſey will we bring, of Weſtminſter ſo nam'd,
'And by that title known, in power and goodneſs great;
'And meriting as well his ſainting, as his ſeat.
'So have we found three Johns, of ſundry places here,
'Of which (three reverend men) two famous abbots were.
'The firſt Saint Albans ſhew'd, the ſecond Lewes had
'Another godly John we to theſe former add,

'To

'To make them up a trine, (the name of ſaints that won)
'Who was a Yorkſhire man, and prior of Burlington.
'So Biren can we boaſt, a man moſt highly bleſt
'With the title of a ſaint, whoſe aſhes long did reſt
'At Dorcheſter, where he was honour'd many a day;
'But of the place he held, books diverſly dare ſay,
'As they of Gilbert do, who founded thoſe divines,
'Monaſticks all that were, of him nam'd Gilbertines:
'To which his order here, he thirteen houſes built,
'When that moſt thankful time, to ſhew he had not ſpilt
'His wealth on it in vain, a ſaint hath made him here,
'At Sempringham enſhrin'd, a town of Lincolnſhire.
'Of ſainted hermits then, a company we have,
'To whom devouter times this veneration gave:
'As Gwir in Cornwal kept his ſolitary cage,
'And Neoth by Hunſtock there, his holy hermitage,
'As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a ſoldier long,
'Deteſting the rude ſpoils, done by the armed throng,
'The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forſook,
'And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
'Free from all publick crowds, in that low fenny ground.
'As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
'Then in a foreſt there, for ſolitude moſt fit,
'Bleſt in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
'An hermith Arnulph ſo in Bedfordſhire became,
'A man auſtere of life, in honour of whoſe name,
'Time after built a town, where this good man did live,
'And did to it the name of Arnulphſbury give.
'Theſe men, this wicked world reſpected not a hair,
'But true profeſſors were of poverty and prayer.
'Amongſt theſe men which times have honour'd with the ſtile
'Of confeſſors, (made ſaints) ſo every little while,
'Our martyrs have come in, who ſealed with their blood,
'That faith which th'other preach'd, 'gainſt them that it withſtood;
'As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdſman, left his ſeat,
'Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his neat,

'And leaving that his charge, he left the world withal,
'An anchorite and became, within a cloiſter'd wall,
'Incloſing up himſelf, in prayer to ſpend his breath,
'But was too ſoon (alas) by pagans put to death.
'Then Woolſtan, one of theſe, by his own kinſman ſlain
'At Euſham, for that he did zealouſly maintain
'The verity of Chriſt. As Thomas, whom we call
'Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr there withal;
'For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did withſtand,
'From ranſacking the church, when here they put on land,
'By them was done to death, which rather he did chuſe,
'Than ſee their heathen hands thoſe holy things abuſe.
'Two boys of tender age, thoſe elder ſaints enſue,
'Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
'Whom th'unbelieving Jews (rebellious that abide)
'In mockery of our Chriſt at Eaſter crucify'd,
'Thoſe times would every one ſhould their due honour have,
'His freedom or his life, for Jeſus Chriſt that gave.
'So Wiltſhire with the reſt her hermit Ulfrick hath
'Related for a ſaint, ſo famous in the faith,
'That ſundry ages ſince, his cell have ſought to find,
'At Haſſelburg, who had his obiits him aſſign'd.
'So had we many kings moſt holy here at home,
'As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that room:
'Northumberland, thy ſeat with ſaints did us ſupply
'Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy
'Was Edwin, for the faith by heatheniſh hands inthrall'd,
'Whom Penda which to him the welſh Cadwallyn call'd,
'Without all mercy ſlew: but he alone not dy'd
'By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet beſide,
'Juſt Oſwald likewiſe ſlew, at Oſwaldſtree, who gave
'That name unto that place, as though time meant to ſave
'His memory thereby, there ſuff'ring for the faith,
'As one whoſe life deſerv'd that memory in death.
'So likewiſe in the roll of theſe Northumbrian kings,
'With thoſe that martyrs were, ſo forth that country brings

'Th'

'Th'anointed Oſwin next, in Deira to enſue,
'Whom Oſway that brute king of wild Bernitia ſlew:
'Two kingdoms, which whilſt then Northumberland remain'd
'In greatneſs, were within her larger bounds contain'd;
'This kingly martyr ſo, a ſaint was rightly crown'd.
'As Alkmond one of hers for ſanctity renown'd,
'King Alred's chriſten'd ſon, a moſt religious prince,
'Whom when the heatheniſh here by no means could convince,
'(Their paganiſm apace declining to the wane)
'At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,
'Call'd by his glorious name, his corpſe the chriſtians laid.
'What fame deſerv'd your faith, (were it but rightly weigh'd)
'You pious princes then, in godlineſs ſo great;
'Why ſhould not full-mouth'd fame your praiſes oft repeat?
'So Ethelwolph her king, Northumbria notes again,
'In martyrdom the next, though not the next in reign,
'Whom his falſe ſubjects ſlew, for that he did deface
'The heatheniſh Saxon gods, and bound them to embrace
'The lively quickning faith, which then began to ſpread.
'So for our Saviour Chriſt, as theſe were martyred:
'There other holy kings were likewiſe, who confeſs'd,
'Which thoſe moſt zealous times have ſainted with the reſt,
'King Alfred that his Chriſt he might more ſurely hold,
'Left his Northumbrian crown, and ſoon became encoul'd,
'At Malroyſe, in the land, whereof he had been king.
'So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
'To Oſwoolph his next heir, his kingdom that reſign'd,
'And preſently himſelf at Lindisferne confin'd,
'Contemning courtly ſtate, which earthly fools adore:
'So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
'In that religious houſe, a cloiſter'd man became,
'Which many a bleſſed ſaint hath honour'd with the name.
'Nor thoſe Northumbrian kings the only martyrs were,
'That in this ſeven-fold rule the ſcepters once did bear,
'But that the Mercian reign, which pagan princes long,
'Did terribly infeſt, had ſome her lords among,

'To the true chriſtian faith much reverence which did add
'Our martyrologe to help: ſo happily ſhe had
'Rufin, and Ulfad, ſons to Wulphere, for deſire
'They had t'imbrace the faith, by their moſt cruel ſire
'Were without pity ſlain, long ere to manhood grown,
'Whoſe tender bodies had their burying rites at [e] Stone.
'So Kenelme, that the king of Mercia ſhould have been,
'Before his firſt ſeven years he fully out had ſeen,
'Was ſlain by his own guard, for fear leſt waxing old,
'That he the chriſtian faith undoubtedly would hold.
'So long it was ere truth could paganiſm expel.
'Then Fremund, Offa's ſon, of whom times long did tell,
'Such wonders of his life and ſanctity, who fled
'His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
'An hermit's life in Wales, where long he did remain
'In penitence and prayer, till after he was ſlain
'By cruel Oſway's hands, the moſt inveterate foe
'The chriſtian faith here found: ſo Etheldred ſhall go
'With theſe our martyr'd ſaints, though only he confeſt,
'Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly bleſt,
'Fair Bardney, where his life religiouſly he ſpent,
'And meditating Chriſt, thence to his Saviour went.
'Nor our Weſt-ſaxon reign was any whit behind
'Thoſe of the other rules (their beſt) whoſe zeal we find
'Amongſt thoſe ſainted kings, whoſe fames are ſafelieſt kept;
'As Cedwal, on whoſe head ſuch praiſe all times have heap'd,
'That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd,
'Repenting in his heart againſt the truth t'have ſpurn'd,
'To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
'And in the chriſtian faith there humbly was baptiz'd.
'So Ethelwoolph, who ſat on Cedwal's ancient ſeat,
'For charitable deeds, who almoſt was as great
'As any Engliſh king, at Winchester enſhrin'd,
'A man amongſt our ſaints, moſt worthily divin'd.

'Two

[e] A town in Staffordſhire.

'Two other kings as much our martyrologe may ſted,
'Saint Edward, and with him comes in ſaint Ethelred,
'By Alfreda, the firſt, his ſtepmother was ſlain,
'That her moſt loved ſon young Ethelbert might reign:
'The other in a ſtorm, and deluge of the Dane,
'For that he chriſten'd was, receiv'd his deadly bane;
'Both which with wondrous coſt, the Engliſh did inter,
'At Wynburn this firſt ſaint, the laſt at Wincheſter,
'Where that Weſt-ſaxon prince, good Alfred buried was
'Among our ſainted kings, that well deſerves to paſs.
'Nor were theſe weſtern kings of the old Saxon ſtrain,
'More ſtudious in thoſe times, or ſtoutlier did maintain
'The truth, than theſe of ours, the Angles of the eaſt,
'Their near'ſt and dear'ſt allies, which ſtrongly did inveſt
'The [f] iſland with their name, of whoſe moſt holy kings,
'Which juſtly have deſerv'd their high canonizings,
'Are Sigfrid, whoſe dear death him worthily had crown'd,
'And Edmund in his end, ſo wondrouſly renown'd,
'For Chriſt's ſake ſuffering death, by that blood-drowning Dane,
'To whom thoſe times firſt built that [g] city and that phane,
'Whoſe ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory ſhow,
'When ſhe will have the world of her paſt greatneſs know,
'As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report
'Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian court,
'From the Eaſt-angles went, whilſt mighty Offa reign'd;
'Wherefore he chriſten'd was, and chriſtian-like abſtain'd
'To idolatrize with them, fierce Quenred, Offa's queen
'Moſt treacherouſly him ſlew out of th'inveterate ſpleen
'She bare unto the faith, whom we a ſaint adore.
'So Edwald brother to ſaint Edmund, ſung before,
'A confeſſor we call, whom paſt times did inter
'At Dorceſter by Tame, (now in our calendar.)
'Amongſt thoſe kingdoms here, ſo Kent account ſhall yield
'Of three of her beſt blood, who in this chriſtian field

[f] A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles-land.
[g] Saint Edmſtndſbury.

'Were mighty, of the which, king Ethelbert ſhall ſtand
'The firſt; who having brought ſaint Auguſtine to land,
'Himſelf firſt chriſten'd was, by whoſe example then,
'The faith grew after ſtrong amongſt his Kentiſhmen.
'As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
'To Edbald king of Kent, who natural nephews were,
'For Chriſt there ſuff'ring death, aſſume them places high,
'Amongſt our martyr'd ſaints, commemorate at Wye.
'To theſe two brothers, ſo two others come again,
'And as of great deſcent in the Southſexian ſtrain:
'Arwaldi of one name, whom ere king Cedwal knew
'The true and lively faith, he tyrannouſly ſlew:
'Who ſtill amongſt the ſaints have their deſerved right,
'Whoſe vigils were obſerv'd (long) in the iſle of Wight.
'Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
'As of th'Eaſt Saxon line, king Sebba ſo became
'As moſt religious monk, at London, where he led
'A ſtrict retired life, a ſaint alive and dead.
'Related for the like, ſo Edgar we admit,
'That king, who over eight did ſoly monarch ſit,
'And with our holieſt ſaints for his endowments great,
'Beſtow'd upon the church. With him we likewiſe ſeat
'That ſumptuous ſhrined king, good Edward, from the reſt
'Of that renowned name, by confeſſor expreſs'd.
'To theſe our ſainted kings, remember'd in our ſong,
'Thoſe maids and widow'd queens, do worthily belong,
'Incloiſter'd that became, and had the ſelf-ſame ſtyle,
'For faſting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our iſle,
'As thoſe that forth to France, and Germany we gave,
'For holy charges there; but here firſt let us have
'Our maid-made-ſaints at home, as Hilderlie, with her
'We Theorid think moſt fit, for whom thoſe times aver,
'A virgin ſtrictlier vow'd hath hardly lived here.
'St. Wulfſhild then we bring, all which of Barking were,
'And reckon'd for the beſt, which moſt that houſe did grace,
'The laſt of which was long the abbeſs of that place.

'So

' So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that had been
' A perſecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
' At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late,
' A recluſe had remain'd, in her ſole widow'd ſtate:
' Of which good Audry was king Ina's daughter bright,
' Reflecting on thoſe times ſo clear a veſtal light,
' As many a virgin-breaſt ſhe fired with her zeal,
' The fruits of whoſe ſtrong faith, to ages ſtill reveal
' The glory of thoſe times, by liberties ſhe gave,
' By which thoſe eaſtern ſhires their [h] privileges have.
' Of holy Audrie's too, a ſiſter here we have,
' St. Withburg, who herſelf to contemplation gave,
' At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours ſhe kept,
' Whoſe death with many a tear in Norfolk was bewept.
' And in that iſle again, which beareth Ely's name,
' At Ramſey, Merwin ſo a veiled maid became
' Amongſt our virgin-ſaints, where Elfled is inroll'd,
' The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,
' A great Eaſt-Anglian earl, of Ramſey abbeſs long,
' So of our maiden-ſaints, the female ſex among.
' With Milburg, Mildred comes, and Milwid, daughters dear
' To Mervald, who did then the Mercian ſcepter bear.
' At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a moſt religious maid)
' Of which great abbey ſhe the firſt foundation laid:
' And Thanet as her ſaint (even to this age) doth hery
' Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.
' Nor in this utmoſt iſle of Thanet may we paſs
' St. Eadburg abbeſs there, who the dear daughter was
' To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's firſt chriſten'd king,
' Who in this place moſt fit'ſt we with the former bring,
' Tranſlated (as ſome ſay) to Flanders: but that I,
' As doubtful of the truth, here dare not juſtify.
' King Edgar's ſiſter ſo, ſaint Edith, place may have
' With theſe our maiden-ſaints, who to her Powlſworth gave

' Im-

[h] St. Audrie's liberties.

'Immunities moſt large, and goodly livings laid.
'Which Modwen, long before, an holy Iriſh maid,
'Had founded in that place, with moſt devout intent.
'As Eanſwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings of Kent,
'At Folkſtone found a place (given by her father there)
'In which ſhe gave herſelf to abſtinence and prayer.
'Of the Weſt-Saxon rule, born to three ſeveral kings,
'Four holy virgins more the muſe in order brings:
'St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find
'Thoſe more devouter times at Shaftſbury enſhrin'd.
'Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
'Which Cuthred's ſiſter was, who in thoſe times did ſway
'On the Weſt-Saxon ſeat, two other ſacred maids,
'As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their beads.
'St. Cuthburg, and with her ſaint Quinburg, which we here
'Succeedingly do ſet, both as they ſiſters were,
'And abbeſſes again of Wilton, which we gather,
'Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their father
'Religious Ina, red with thoſe that rul'd the weſt,
'Whoſe mother's ſacred womb with other ſaints was bleſt,
'As after ſhall be ſhew'd: another virgin vow'd,
'And likewiſe for a ſaint amongſt the reſt allow'd;
'To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburg, who for ſhe
'(As five related ſaints of that bleſt name that be)
'Of Wilton abbeſs was, they her of Wilton ſtyl'd:
'Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
'Or ſanctimonious known? But muſe, on in our ſong,
'With other princely maids, but firſt with thoſe that ſprung
'From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy Tweed,
'And Kiniſdred, with theſe their ſiſters, Kiniſweed,
'And Eadburg, laſt not leaſt, at Godmancheſter all
'Incloiſter'd; and to theſe ſaint Tibba let us call,
'In ſolitude to Chriſt, that ſet her whole delight,
'In Godmancheſter made a conſtant anchorite.
'Amongſt which of that houſe, for ſaints that reckon'd be,
'Yet never any one more grac'd the ſame than ſhe.

'De-

Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then
Neice to that mighty king, our Engliſh Athelſtan,
At Glaſtenbury ſhrin'd; and one as great as ſhe,
Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd to ſee
The Conqueror enter here, ſaint Chriſtian (to us known)
Whoſe life by her clear name divinely was foreſhown.
'For holineſs of life, that as renowned were,
And not leſs nobly born, nor bred, produce we here;
St. Hilda, and ſaint Hien, the firſt of noble name,
At Strenſhalt, took her vow, the other ſiſter came
To Colcheſter, and grac'd the rich Eſſexian ſhore:
Whoſe relicts many a day the world did there adore.
And of our ſainted maids, the number to ſupply,
Of Eadburg we allow, ſometime at Aileſbury,
To Redwald then a king of the Eaſt-Angles born,
A votreſs as ſincere as ſhe thereto was ſworn.
Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our native iſle,
As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did inſtyle
The holieſt Engliſh maid, whoſe vigils long were held
In Lincolnſhire; yet not ſaint Frideſwid excell'd,
The abbeſs of an houſe in Oxford, of her kind
The wonder; nor that place could hope the like to find:
Two ſiſters ſo we have, both to devotion 'pleat,
And worthily made ſaints; the elder Margarite,
Of Kateſby abbeſs was, and Alice, as we read,
Her ſiſter on that ſeat, did happily ſucceed
At Abington, which firſt receiv'd their living breath.
Then thoſe Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as full of faith,
That country ſent us in, t' increaſe our virgin-band,
Fair Elfled, Oſwald's child, king of Northumberland,
At Strenſhalt that was veil'd. As 'mongſt thoſe many there,
O Ebba, whoſe clear fame, time never ſhall out-wear,
At Coldingham, far hence within that country plac'd;
The abbeſs, who to keep the veiled virgins chaſte,
Which elſe thou fear'ſt the Danes would raviſh, which poſſeſs'd
This iſle; firſt of thy ſelf and then of all the reſt,

'The

'The noſe and upper lip from your fair faces carv'd,
'And from pollution ſo your hallowed houſe preſerv'd.
'Which when the Danes perceiv'd, their hopes ſo far deluded,
'Setting the houſe on fire, their martyrdom concluded.
'As Leofron, whoſe faith with others rightly weigh'd,
'Shall ſhew her not out-match'd by any Engliſh maid:
'Who likewiſe when the Dane with perſecution ſtorm'd,
'She here a martyr's part moſt glorioufly perform'd.
'Two holy maids again at Whitby were renown'd,
'Both abbeſſes thereof, and confeſſors are crown'd;
'St. Ethelfrid, with her ſaint Congill, as a pair
'Of abbeſſes therein, the one of which by prayer
'The wild-geeſe thence expell'd, that iſland which annoy'd,
'By which their graſs and grain was many times deſtroy'd;
'Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air can get
'From the forbidden place, till they be fully ſet.
'As theſe within this iſle in cloiſters were inclos'd:
'So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
'As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our own,
'Were abbeſſes of Bridge, whoſe zeal to France was known:
'And Ercongate again we likewiſe thither ſent,
'(Which Ercombert begot, ſome time a king of Kent)
'A prioreſs of that place; Burgundofora bare,
'At Eureux the chaſte rule, all which renowned are
'In France, which as this iſle of them may freely boaſt,
'So Germany ſome grac'd, from this their native coaſt.
'St. Walburg here extract from th' royal Engliſh line,
'Was in that country made abbeſs of Heydentine.
'St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they choſe:
'From Wynburne with the reſt (in Dorſetſhire) aroſe
'Chaſte Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
'From thence, two not the leaſt theſe ſacred maids among,
'At Biſcopſen, by time encloiſter'd and became.
'St. Lewen ſo attain'd an everliving name
'For martyrdom, which ſhe at Wynokebergin wan,
'Maids ſeeming in their ſex t' exceed the holieſt man.

Nor had our virgins here for ſanctity the prize,
But widow'd queens as well, that being godly wife,
Forſaking ſecond beds, the world with them forſook,
To ſtrict retired lives, and gladly them betook
To abſtinence and prayer, and as ſincerely liv'd.
As when the fates of life king Ethelwold depriv'd,
That o'er th' Eaſt-Angles reign'd, bright Heriſwid his wife,
Betaking her to lead a ſtrict monaſtick life,
Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy veil,
And lived many a day incloiſter'd there at Cale.
Then Keneburg in this our ſainted front ſhall ſtand,
To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumberland,
Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though he
Himſelf moſt heatheniſh were, yet liv'd that age to ſee
Four virgins, and this queen, his children, conſecrated
Of Godmancheſter all, and after ſaints related.
'As likewiſe of this ſex, with ſaints that doth us ſtore,
Of the Northumbrian line ſo have we many more;
Saint Eanfled widowed left, by Oſway reigning there,
At Strenſhalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the pheere
To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which poſſeſs'd
Northumber's ſacred ſeat, herſelf that did inveſt
At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave her breath.
So Edeth as the reſt after king Sethrick's death,
Which had the ſelf ſame rule of Wilton abbeſs was,
Where two Weſt-Saxon queens for ſaints ſhall likewiſe paſs,
Which in the ſelf ſame houſe, ſaint Edeth did ſucceed,
St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd weed,
King Alred's worthy wife, of Weſtſex; ſo again
Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (ſo famous in his reign)
Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
Who as a ſaint herſelf, ſo likewiſe was ſhe mother
To two moſt holy maids, as we before have ſhow'd
At Wilton (which we ſay) their happy time beſtow'd,
Though ſhe of Barking was, a holy nun profeſs'd,
Who in her huſband's time had reigned in the weſt:

'Th'

'Th' Eaſt-Saxon line again, ſo others to us lent,
'As Sexburg ſometime queen to Ercombert of Kent,
'Though Ina's loved child, and Audrey's ſiſter known,
'Which Ely in thoſe days did for her abbeſs own.
'Nor to ſaint Oſith we leſs honour ought to give,
'King Sethred's widowed queen, who (when death did deprive
'Th' Eſſexian king of life) became inroll'd at Chich,
'Whoſe ſhrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
'Two holy Mercian queens ſo widowed, ſaints became,
'For ſanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
'King Wulphere's widowed pheere, queen Erminild, whoſe life
'At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife
'To Meruald reigning there, a ſaint may ſafely paſs,
'Who to three virgin-ſaints the virtuous mother was,
'The remnant of her days, religiouſly that bare,
'Immonaſter'd in Kent, where firſt ſhe breath'd the air.
'King Edgar's mother ſo, is for a ſaint prefer'd,
'Queen Algyve, who (they ſay) at Shipſton was interr'd.
'So Edward Outlaw's wife, ſaint Agatha, we bring,
'By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
'Who when ſhe ſaw the wrong to Edgar her dear ſon,
'By cruel Harold firſt, then by the Conqueror done,
'Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
'A veſtal habit took, and gave the falſe world over.
'St. Maud here not the leaſt, tho' ſhe be ſet the laſt,
'And ſcarcely over-match'd by any that is paſt,
'Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm king of Scots,
'Whoſe ſanctity was ſeen to wipe out all the ſpots
'Were laid upon her life, when ſhe her cloyſter fled,
'And chaſtely gave herſelf to her lov'd huſband's bed,
'Whom likewiſe for a ſaint thoſe reverend ages choſe,
'With whom we at this time our catalogue will cloſe.'

Now Rutland all this time, who held her highly wrong'd,
That ſhe ſhould for the ſaints thus ſtrangely be prolong'd,
As that the muſe ſuch time upon their praiſe ſhould ſpend,
Sent in her ambling Waſh, fair Welland to attend

At Stamford, which her ſtream doth eas'ly overtake,
Of whom her miſtreſs flood ſeems wondrous much to make;
For that ſhe was alone the darling and delight
Of Rutland, raviſh'd ſo with her beloved ſight,
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
Wherefore that ſhe the leaſt, yet fruitfull'ſt ſhire ſhould ſee,
The honourable rank ſhe had amongſt the reſt,
The ever-labouring muſe her beauties thus expreſs'd.

'Love not thy ſelf the leſs, altho' the leaſt thou art,
'What thou in greatneſs want'ſt, wiſe nature doth impart
'In goodneſs of thy ſoil; and more delicious mould,
'Surveying all this iſle, the ſun did ne'er behold.
'Bring forth that Britiſh vale, and be it ne'er ſo rare,
'But Catmus with that vale, for richneſs ſhall compare:
'What foreſt nymph is found, how brave ſoe'er ſhe be,
'But Lyfield ſhews herſelf as brave a nymph as ſhe?
'What river ever roſe from bank, or ſwelling hill,
'Than Rutland's wand'ring Waſh, a delicater rill?
'Small ſhire that can produce to thy proportion good,
'One vale of ſpecial name, one foreſt, and one flood.
'O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in graſs and corn,
'That Bever ne'er be ſaid thy ſiſter-hood to ſcorn,
'And let thy Ocham boaſt, to have no little grace,
'That her the pleaſed fates, did in thy boſom place,
'And Lyfield, as thou art a foreſt, live ſo free,
'That every foreſt nymph may praiſe the ſports in thee.
'And down to Welland's courſe, O Waſh, run ever clear,
'To honour, and to be much honoured by this ſhire.'

And here my canto ends, which kept the muſe ſo long,
That it may rather ſeem a volume than a ſong.

POLY-

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tow'rds Lincolnſhire our progreſs laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fiſhing in the fen;
Then come we next to Keſtiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindſey light we laſt of all,
Her ſcite and pleaſures to attend,
And with the iſle of Axholme end.

NOW in upon thy earth rich Lincolnſhire I ſtrain,
At Deeping, from whoſe ſtreet, the plenteous ditches drain,
Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their courſe, themſelves as emptying all
Into one general ſewer, which ſeemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eaſtern ſide
Th'inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcean lands,
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted ſtands,
Do ſhoulder out thoſe ſeas, and Lindſey bids her ſtay,
Becauſe to that fair part, a challenge ſhe doth lay.
From faſt and firmer earth, whereon the muſe of late
Trod with a ſteady foot, now with a ſlower gait,
Through quickſands, beach, and ouze, the Waſhes ſhe muſt wade,
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade

The

The vaſt and queachy ſoil, with hoſts of wallowing waves,
From whoſe impetuous force, that who himſelf not ſaves,
By ſwift and ſudden flight, is ſwallowed by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming ſurges ſweep,
The ſands which lay all naked, to the wide heaven before,
And turneth all to ſea, which was but lately ſhore,
From this our ſouthern part of Holland, call'd the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (tho' almoſt buried) ſhow
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more chriſtian zea
She by the muſe's aid, ſhall happily reveal
Her ſundry ſorts of fowl, from whoſe abundance ſhe
Above all other tracts, may boaſt herſelf to be
The miſtreſs, (and indeed) to ſit without compare,
And for no worthleſs ſoil ſhould in her glory ſhare,
From her moiſt ſeat of flags, of bulruſhes and reed,
With her juſt proper praiſe, thus Holland doth proceed:

'Ye Acheruſian fens, to mine reſign your glory,
'Both that which lies within the goodly territory
'Of Naples, as that fen Theſpoſia's earth upon,
'Whence that infernal flood, the ſmutted Acheron
'Shoves forth her ſullen head, as thou moſt fatal fen,
'Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thraſimen,
'In hiſtory altho' thou highly ſeem'ſt to boaſt,
'That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman hoſt.
'I ſcorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria ſhows,
'Proud Mareotis, ſhould my mightineſs oppoſe,
'Or Scythia, on whoſe face the ſun doth hardly ſhine,
'Should her Meotis think to match with this of mine,
'That cover'd all with ſnow continually doth ſtand.
'I ſtinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan ſand.
'Marica[a] that wiſe nymph, to whom great Neptune gave
'The charge of all his ſhores, from drowning them to ſave,
'Abideth with me ſtill upon my ſervice preſs'd,
'And leaves the looſer nymphs to wait upon the reſt:
'In ſummer giving earth from which I ſquare my [b]peat,
'And faſter feedings by, for deer, for horſe, and neat.

[a] A nymph ſuppoſed to have the charge of the ſhore.

[b] Fuel cut out of the marſh.

'From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue.
'Now ſuch as flying feed, next theſe I muſt purſue;
'The ſea-meaw, ſea-pye, gull, and curlew here do keep,
'As ſearching every ſhoal, and watching every deep,
'To find their floating fry, with their ſharp-piercing ſight,
'Which ſuddenly they take, by ſtooping from their height.
'The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring kind)
'Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find
'The Fleet beſt ſtor'd of fiſh, when from his wings at full,
'As though he ſhot himſelf into the thicken'd ſkull,
'He under water goes, and ſo the ſhoal purſues,
'Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth chuſe
'The fin that likes him beſt, and riſing, flying feeds.
'The oſpray oft here ſeen, though ſeldom here it breeds,
'Which over them the fiſh no ſooner do eſpy,
'But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
'Turning their bellies up, as though their death they ſaw
'They at his pleaſure lie, to ſtuff his glutt'nous maw.
'The toiling fiſher here is tewing of his net:
'The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to ſet.
'One underneath his horſe, to get a ſhoot doth ſtalk;
'Another over dykes upon his ſtilts doth walk:
'There other with their ſpades, the peats are ſquaring out,
'And others from their cars, are buſily about,
'To draw out ſedge and reed, for thatch and ſtover fit,
'That whoſoever would a landſkip rightly hit,
'Beholding but my fens, ſhall with more ſhapes be ſtor'd,
'Than Germany, or France, or Tuſcan can afford:
'And for that part of me, which men high Holland call,
'Where Boſton ſeated is, by plenteous Wytham's fall,
'I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
'Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
'For that of all the ſeas invironing this iſle,
'Our Iriſh, Spaniſh, French, how e'er we them enſtile,
'The German is the great'ſt, and it is only I,
'That do upon the ſame with moſt advantage lie.
'What fiſh can any ſhore, or Britiſh ſea-town ſhow,
'That's eatable to us, that it doth not beſtow

'Abundantly

'Abundantly thereon? the herring king of ſea,
'The faſter feeding cod, the mackrel brought by May,
'The dainty ſole, and plaice, the dab, as of their blood;
'The conger finely ſous'd, hot ſummer's cooleſt food;
'The whiting known to all, a general wholeſome diſh;
'The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty fiſh;
'The haddock, turbet, bert, fiſh nouriſhing and ſtrong;
'The thornback, and the ſcate, provocative among:
'The weaver, which although his prickles venom be,
'By fiſhers cut away, which buyers ſeldom ſee:
'Yet for the fiſh he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;
'The ſea-flounder is here as common as the ſhad;
'The ſturgeon cut to keggs, (too big to handle whole)
'Gives many a dainty bit out of his luſty jole.
'Yet of rich Neptune's ſtore, whilſt thus I idly chat,
'Think not that all betwixt the wherpool, and the ſprat,
'I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
'The atomy to tell, or to caſt up the ſand;
'But on the Engliſh coaſt, thoſe moſt that uſual are,
'Wherewith the ſtalls from thence do furniſh us for fare;
'Amongſt whoſe ſundry ſorts, ſince thus far I am in,
'I'll of our ſhell-fiſh ſpeak, with theſe of ſcale and fin:
'The ſperm-increaſing crab, much cooking that doth aſk,
'The big-legg'd lobſter, fit for wanton Venus' taſk,
'Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
'And that the ſame effect which worketh in the blood
'The rough long oyſter is, much like the lobſter limb'd;
'The oyſter hot as they, the muſle often trim'd
'With orient pearl within, as thereby nature ſhow'd,
'That ſhe ſome ſecret good had on that ſhell beſtow'd:
'The ſcallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and limp,
'The periwincle, prawn, the cockle, and the ſhrimp,
'For wanton women's taſtes or for weak ſtomachs bought.'
When Keſtiven this while that certainly had thought,

Her tongue would ne'er have ſtopt, quoth ſhe, 'O how I hate,
'Thus of her foggy Fens, to hear rude Holland prate,
'That with her fiſh and fowl, here keepeth ſuch a coil,
'As her unwholeſom air, and more unwholeſom ſoil,
'For theſe of which ſhe boaſts, the more might ſuffer'd be;
'When thoſe her feather'd flocks ſhe ſends not out to me,
'Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little brook,
'(In which the ſun it ſelf may well be proud to look)
'Have made their fleſh more ſweet by my refined food,
'From that ſo ramiſh taſt of her moſt fulſom mud,
'When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen brings,
'The cook doth caſt them out, as moſt unſavoury things.
'Beſides, what is ſhe elſe, but a foul wooſy marſh,
'And that ſhe calls her graſs, ſo blady is, and harſh,
'As cuts the cattel's mouths, conſtrain'd thereon to feed,
'So that my pooreſt traſh, which mine call ruſh and reed,
'For litter ſcarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
'Doth like the penny graſs, or the pure clover ſhow,
'Compared with her beſt: and for her ſundry fiſh,
'Of which ſhe freely boaſts, to furniſh every diſh.
'Did not full Neptune's fields ſo furniſh her with ſtore,
'Thoſe in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,
'Are of ſo earthy taſte, as that the ravenous crow
'Will rather ſtarve, thereon her ſtomach than beſtow.
'From Stamford as along my tract toward Lincoln ſtrains,
'What ſhire is there can ſhow more valuable veins
'Of ſoil than is in me? or where can there be found,
'So fair and fertile fields, or ſheep-walks near ſo ſound?
'Where doth the pleaſant air reſent a ſweeter breath?
'What country can produce a delicater heath,
'Than that which her fair name from [a] Ancaſter doth hold?
'Through all the neighbouring ſhires, whoſe praiſe ſhall ſtill be told,
'Which Flora in the ſpring doth with ſuch wealth adorn,
'That Bever needs not much her company to ſcorn,
'Though

[a] Ancaſter heath.

'Though ſhe a vale lie low, and this a heath ſit high,
'Yet doth ſhe not alone, allure the wondring eye
'With proſpect from each part, but that her pleaſant ground
'Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd horſe and hound:
'And from the Britains yet, to ſhow what then I was,
'One of the Roman ways near through my midſt did paſs:
'Beſides to my much praiſe, there hath been in my mould
'Their painted pavements found, and arms of perfect gold.
'They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract did dwell,
'All other of this iſle, for that they would excel
'For churches every where, ſo rich and goodly rear'd
'In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
'T'attempt ſo mighty works; yet one above the reſt,
'In which it may be thought, they ſtrove to do their beſt,
'Of pleaſant Grantham is, that piramis ſo high,
'Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top the ſky,
'The traveller that ſtrikes into a wondrous maze,
'As on his horſe he ſits, on that proud height to gaze.'

When Wytham that this while a liſt'ning ear had laid,
To hearken (for her ſelf) what Keſtiven had ſaid,
Much pleas'd with this report, for that ſhe was the earth
From whom ſhe only had her ſweet and ſeaſon'd birth,
From Wytham which that name derived from her ſprings,
Thus as ſhe trips along, this dainty riv'let ſings.

'Ye eaſy ambling ſtreams, which way ſoe'er you run,
'Or tow'rds the pleaſant riſe, or tow'rds the mid-day ſun:
'By which (as ſome ſuppoſe by uſe that have them try'd)
'Your waters in their courſe are neatly purify'd.
'Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
'When Neptune ſhall command the Naiades t'appear.
'In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
'Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without compare.
'From Wytham mine own town, firſt water'd with my ſource,
'As to the eaſtern ſea, I haſten on my courſe,

A town ſo called.

'Who ſees ſo pleaſant plains, or is of fairer ſeen,
'Whoſe ſwains in ſhepherds gray, and girls in Lincoln[g] green?
'Whilſt ſome the rings of bells, and ſome the bag-pipes ply,
'Dance many a merry round, and many a hydegy.
'I envy, any brook ſhould in my pleaſure ſhare,
'Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
'No land-floods can me force to over-pro ud a height;
'Nor am I in my courſe, too crooked, or too ſtreight:
'My depths fall by deſcents, too long, nor yet too broad,
'My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are ſtrow'd;
'My gentle winding banks, with ſundry flowers are dreſs'd,
'The higher riſing heaths, hold diſtance with my breaſt.
'Thus to her proper ſong, the burthen ſtill ſhe bare;
'Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.'

By this to Lincoln come, upon whoſe lofty ſcite,
Whilſt wiſtly Wytham looks with wonderful delight,
Enamour'd of the ſtate, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the reſt eſpecially doth grace,
Leaving her former courſe, in which ſhe firſt ſet forth,
Which ſeemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her ſilver front into the muddy Fen,
Which lies into the eaſt, in her deep journey, when
Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindſey coming down,
Delicious Wytham leads to holy [h] Botulph's town,
Where proudly ſhe puts in amongſt the great reſort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's watry court.'

Now Lindſey all this while, that duely did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their ſo tedious talk, when laſtly ſhe replies;
'Lo, bravely here ſhe ſits, that both your ſtates defies.
'Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my ſouth,
'As likewiſe to the north, great Humber's ſwelling mouth
'Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely lie:
'O who can me the beſt, before them both deny?

'Nor

[g] Lincoln anciently dyed the beſt green of England.

[h] Botulph's town contractedly Boſton.

'Nor Britain in her bounds, ſcarce ſuch a tract can ſhow,
'Whoſe ſhore like to the back of a well bended bow,
'The ocean beareth out, and every where ſo thick,
'The villages and dorps upon my boſom ſtick,
'That it is very hard for any to define,
'Whether up-land moſt I be, or moſt am maritine.
'What is there that compleat can any country make,
'That in large meaſure I, (fair Lindſey) not partake,
'As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and pleaſant hills,
'All water'd here and there, with pretty creeping rills,
'Fat paſture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what can
'Give nouriſhment to beaſt, or benefit to man,
'As Keſtiven doth boaſt, her Wytham ſo have I,
'My Ancum (only mine) whoſe fame as far doth fly,
'For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her [1] pike,
'Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the like.
'From Razin her clear ſprings, where firſt ſhe doth arrive,
'As in an even courſe, to Humber forth doth drive,
'Fair Barton ſhe ſalutes, which from her ſcite out-braves
'Rough Humber, when he ſtrives to ſhew his ſterneſt waves.
'Now for my [2] bounds to ſpeak, few tracts (I think) there be,
'(And ſearch through all this iſle) to parallel with me:
'Great Humber holds me north, (as I have ſaid before)
'From whom (even) all along, upon the eaſtern ſhore,
'The German ocean lies; and on my ſouthern ſide,
'Clear Wytham in her courſe, me fairly doth divide
'From Holland; and from thence the Foſdyke is my bound,
'Which our firſt Henry cut from Lincoln, where he found,
'Commodities by Trent, from Humber to convey:
'So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
'To ward me on the weſt, though farther I extend,
'And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend

'Full

[1] Wytham Eel, and Ancum pike, in all the world there is none ſyke.

[2] The bounds of Keſtiven.

'Full Axholme, (which thoſe near, the fertile do inſtile)
'Which Idle, Don, and Trent, imbracing make an iſle.
'But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I boaſt,
'When that which Holland ſeems to vaunt her on the moſt,
'By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which ſhe doth breed:
'She in her foggy fens, ſo mooriſhly doth feed,
'That phyſick oft forbids the patient them for food,
'But mine more airy are, and make fine ſpirits and blood:
'For near this batning iſle in me is to be ſeen,
'More than on any earth, the plover gray, and green,
'The corn-land loving quail, the daintieſt of our bits,
'The raile, which ſeldom comes, but upon rich mens ſpits:
'The puet, godwit, ſtint, the palate that allure,
'The miſer, and do make a waſteful epicure:
'The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
'Of that great king of Danes, his name that ſtill doth hold,
'His appetite to pleaſe, that far and near was ſought,
'For him (as ſome have ſaid) from Denmark hither brought
'The dotterel, which we think a very dainty diſh,
'Whoſe taking makes ſuch ſport, as man no more can wiſh;
'For as you creep, or cowr, or lie, or ſtoop, or go,
'So marking you (with care) the apiſh bird doth do,
'And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
'Till he be in the ſnare, which men for him have ſet.
'The big-bon'd buſtard then, whoſe body bears that ſize,
'That he againſt the wind muſt run, e'er he can riſe:
'The ſhouler, which ſo ſhakes the air with ſaily wings
'That ever as he flies, you ſtill would think he ſings.
'Theſe fowls, with other ſoils, although they frequent be,
'Yet are they found moſt ſweet and delicate in me.'
Thus whilſt ſhe ſeems t'extol in her peculiar praiſe,
The muſe which ſeem'd too ſlack, in theſe too low-pitcht lays,
For nobler height prepares, her oblique courſe, and caſts
A new book to begin, an end of this ſhe haſtes.

POLY-OLBION:

ONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Three ſhires at once this ſong aſſays,
By various and unuſual ways.
At Nottingham firſt coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin;
Tow'rds Le'ſter then her courſe ſhe holds,
And ſailing o'er the pleaſant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her ſprings,
By Charnwood, which to Trent ſhe brings,
Then ſhows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood ſing her Robin Hood;
Then rouzes up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her ſpeak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

NOW ſcarcely on this tract the muſe had entrance made,
Inclining to the ſouth, but Bever's batning ſlade
eceiveth her to gueſt, whoſe coming had too long
it off her rightful praiſe, when thus her ſelf ſhe ſung.
'Three [a] ſhires there are (quoth ſhe) in me their parts that claim,
irge Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th'north's eye Nottingham.
it in the laſt of theſe ſince moſt of me doth lie,
o that my moſt-lov'd ſhire my ſelf I muſt apply.'

Not

[a] The vale of Bever bordereth upon 3 ſhires.

Not Euſham that proud nymph, although ſhe ſtill pretend
Her ſelf the firſt of vales, and though abroad ſhe ſend
Her awful dread command, that all ſhould tribute pay
To her as our great queen; nor White-horſe, though her clay
Of ſilver ſeem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Alſbury, whoſe graſs ſeems given out by tale,
For it ſo ſilken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howſoe'er inclin'd,
Me [b] Bever ſhall outbrave, that in my ſtate do ſcorn,
By any of them all (once) to be overborn,
With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,
My Hill, and Oulds will ſay, they are the iſland's eye.
Conſider next my ſcite, and ſay it doth excel;
Then come unto my ſoil, and you ſhall ſee it ſwell
With every graſs and grain, that Britain forth can bring:
I challenge any vale, to ſhew me but that thing
I cannot ſhew to her, (that truly is mine own)
Beſides I dare thus boaſt, that I as far am known,
As any of them all, the ſouth their names doth ſound,
The ſpacious north doth me, that there is ſcarcely found,
A roomth for any elſe, it is ſo fill'd with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I ſtill retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane,
That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous parent ſprung
From the Leiceſtrian fields, come on with me along,
Till both within one bank, they on my north are meint,
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into Trent.'
Hence wandring as the muſe delightfully beholds
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd Oulds,
She on the left hand leaves old Leiceſter, and flies,
Until the fertile earth glut her inſatiate eyes,
From rich to richer ſtill, that riſeth her before,
Until ſhe come to ceaſe upon the head of Soare,
Where

[b] Not a more pleaſant vale in all Great Britain, than Bever.

Where [c] Foſſe, and [c] Watling cut each other in their courſe
At [d] Sharnford, where at firſt her ſoft and gentle ſource,
To her but ſhallow banks, beginneth to repair,
Of all this beauteous iſle, the delicateſt air;
Whence ſoftly ſallying out, as loth the place to leave,
She Sence a pretty rill doth courteouſly receive:
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly ſhe thought
Down to the banks of Trent would ſafely her have brought,
Becauſe their native ſprings ſo nearly were ally'd,
Her ſiſter Soare forſook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.

Thus with her hand-maid Sence, the Soare doth eas'ly
ſlide
By Leiceſter, where yet her ruins ſhow her pride,
Demoliſh'd many years, that of the great foundation
Of her long buried walls, men hardly ſee the ſtation;
Yet of ſome pieces found, ſo ſure the cement locks
The ſtones, that they remain like perdurable rocks:
Where whilſt the lovely Soare, with many a dear embrace,
Is ſolacing her ſelf with this delightful place,
The [e] foreſt, which the name of that brave town doth bear,
With many a goodly wreath, crowns her diſhevel'd hair,
And in her gallant green, her luſty livery ſhows
Her ſelf to this fair flood, which mildly as ſhe flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to ſee,
As alſo how ſhe keeps her fertile purlues free:
The herds of fallow deer ſhe on the lawns doth feed,
As having in her ſelf to furniſh every need.
But now ſince gentle Soare, ſuch leiſure ſeems to take,
The muſe in her behalf this ſtrong defence doth make,
Againſt the neighbour floods, for that which tax her ſo,
And her a channel call, becauſe ſhe is ſo ſlow.
The cauſe is that ſhe lies upon ſo low a flat,
Where nature moſt of all befriended her in that,

The

[a] The 2 famous ways of England. See the 13 ſong.

[d] A little village at the ſpring of Soare.

[e] Leiceſter foreſt.

The longer to enjoy the good ſhe doth poſſeſs:
For had thoſe (with ſuch ſpeed that forward ſeem to preſs)
So many dainty meads, and paſtures theirs to be,
They then would wiſh themſelves to be as ſlow as ſhe,
Who well may be compar'd to ſome young tender maid,
Entring ſome prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,
Who led from room to room amazed is to ſee
The furnitures and ſtates, which all imbroideries be,
The rich and ſumptuous beds, with teſter covering plumes,
And various as the ſutes, ſo various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth ſeem to ſtrive,
Of pictures done to life, landſkip, and perſpective,
Thence goodly gardens ſees, where antique ſtatues ſtand
In ſtone and copper, cut by many a ſkilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
Thinking at once ſhe ſees a thouſand paradiſes,
Goes ſoftly on, as though before ſhe ſaw the laſt,
She long'd again to ſee, what ſhe had ſlightly paſt.
So the enticing ſoil the Soare along doth lead,
As wondring in her ſelf, at many a ſpacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks ſalutes her wiſhed ſight,
(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
Whoſe beauty whilſt that Soare is pauſing to behold
Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on the Ould,
Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her ſilver train,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the plain,
Here finding her ſurpriz'd with proud Mount-ſorrel's ſight,
By quickening of her courſe, more eas'ly doth invite
Her to the goodly Trent, where as ſhe goes along,
By Loughborough, ſhe thus of that fair foreſt ſung.

'O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choiceſt of thy kind,
The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to find?
No tract in all this iſle, the proudeſt let her be,
Can ſhew a ſylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee:
The ſatyrs, and the fawns, by Dian ſet to keep,
Rough hills, and foreſt holts, were ſadly ſeen to weep,

When

When thy high-palmed harts the ſport of bows and hounds,
By gripple borderers hands, were baniſhed thy grounds.
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,
To trip from wood to wood, and ſcud from grove to grove,
On [f] Sharpley that were ſeen, and [f] Cadman's aged rocks,
Againſt the riſing ſun, to braid their ſilver locks;
And with the harmleſs Elves, on heathy [g] Bardon's height,
By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by night,
Exil'd their ſweet abode, to poor bare-commons fled,
They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks are dead.
Who will deſcribe to life, a foreſt, let him take
Thy ſurface to himſelf, nor ſhall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine ſharp but eaſy hills, which reverently are crown'd
With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and ſheep,
(To him that ſtands remote) do ſoftly ſeem to creep,
To gnaw the little ſhrubs, on their ſteep ſides that grow;
Upon whoſe other part, on ſome deſcending brow,
Huge ſtones are hanging out, as though they down would drop,
Whoſe under-growing oaks, on their old ſhoulders prop
The others hoary heads, which ſtill ſeem to decline,
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd ſome ſylvan power;
As men may very oft at great aſſemblies ſee,
Where many of moſt choice, and wondred beauties be:
For ſtature one doth ſeem the beſt away to bear;
Another for her ſhape, to ſtand beyond compare;
Another for the fine compoſure of a face:
Another ſhort of theſe, yet for a modeſt grace
Before them all prefer'd; amongſt the reſt yet one,
Adjudg'd by all to be, ſo perfect paragon,
That all thoſe parts in her together ſimply dwell,
For which the other do ſo ſeverally excel.

My

[f] Two mighty rocks in the foreſt. [g] A hill in the foreſt.

My Charnwood like the laſt, hath in her ſelf alone,
What excellent can be in any foreſt ſhown.'
On whom when thus the Soare had theſe high praiſes ſpent,
She eaſily ſlid away into her ſovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave
Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth receive
The leſſer Tame, and Meſs, the Meſs a dainty rill,
Near Charnwood riſing firſt, where ſhe begins to fill
Her banks, which all her courſe on both ſides do abound
With heath and finny olds, and often gleaby ground,
Till Croxal's fertil earth doth comfort her at laſt
When ſhe is entring Trent; but I was like t'have paſt
The other Sence, whoſe ſource doth riſe not far from hers,
By Ancor, that her ſelf to famous Trent prefers,
The ſecond of that name, allotted to this [a] ſhire,
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
But muſe return at laſt, attend the princely Trent,
Who ſtraining on in ſtate, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood,
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood where ſhe ſhows
Her ſelf in all her pomp; and as from thence ſhe flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,
Darwin, whoſe ſount and fall are both in Derbyſhire;
And of thoſe thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth ſtand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroul'd ſhe ranges,
Her often varying form, as variouſly and changes.
Firſt Erwaſh, and then Lyne, ſweet Sherwood ſends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,
So ſtrongly is ſurpriz'd, and taken with the ſight,
That ſhe from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
To view in how great ſtate, as ſhe along doth ſtrain,
That brave exalted ſeat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-ſpread meads upon the other ſide,

[a] Two rivers of one name in one ſhire.

All flouriſhing in flowers, and rich embroideries dreſs'd,
In which ſhe ſees herſelf above her neighbours bleſs'd.
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this proſpect brings,
In her peculiar praiſe, lo thus the river ſings:

'What ſhould I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatneſs what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did ſeat:
Or thirty kinds of fiſh that in my ſtreams do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number give.
What reck I? let great Thames, ſince by his fortune he
Is ſovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Iſis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:
And for the ſecond place, proud Severn that doth ſtrive,
Fetch her deſcent from Wales, from that proud mountain ſprung,
Plinillimon, whoſe praiſe is frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whoſe name ſhe boaſts to bear,
Bright Sabrin, whom ſhe holds as her undoubted heir.
Let theſe imperious floods draw down their long deſcent
From theſe ſo famous ſtocks, and only ſay of Trent,
That Mooreland's barren earth me firſt to light did bring,
Which though ſhe be but brown, my clear complexion'd ſpring
Gain'd with the nymphs ſuch grace, that when I firſt did riſe,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her ſpacious breaſt, (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a luſty round:
And of the Britiſh floods, though but the third I be,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come ſhort of me,
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the ſouth, on my ſo either ſides,
That reckoning how theſe tracts in compaſs be extent,
Men bound them on the north, or on the ſouth of Trent;
Their banks are barren ſands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my perſpicuous breaſt, the pearly pebbles ſhine:

I throw my chryſtal arms along the flow'ry vallies,
Which lying ſleek and ſmooth as any garden-alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilſt they do court my ſtream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:
My ſilver-ſcaled ſkulls about my ſtreams do ſweep,
Now in the ſhallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new ſpawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the ſands that on my ſhore do lie.
The barbell, than which fiſh a braver doth not ſwim,
Nor greater for the ford within my ſpacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taſte doth pleaſe;
The greling, whoſe great ſpawn is big as any peaſe;
The pearch with pricking fins, againſt the pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon beſtow'd this ſtronger guard,
His daintineſs to keep, (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruffe,
His very near ally, and both for ſcale and fin,
In taſte, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,
The pretty ſlender dare, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glaſs, when Phœbus looks his face,
Oft ſwiftly as he ſwims, his ſilver belly ſhows,
But with ſuch nimble flight, that ere ye can diſcloſe
His ſhape, out of your ſight like lightning he is ſhot.
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimſon ſpot,
As though ſhe curious were in him above the reſt,
And of freſh-water fiſh, did note him for the beſt;
The roche, whoſe common kind to every flood doth fall;
The chub, (whoſe neater name) which ſome a chevin call,
Food to the tyrant pike, (moſt being in his power)
Who for their numerous ſtore he moſt doth them devour;
The luſty ſalmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,
When as his ſeaſon ſerves, ſtemming my tideful ſtream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleaſure takes,
(For whom the fiſher then all other game forſakes)
Which bending of himſelf to th' faſhion of a ring,
Above the forced weares, himſelf doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath drag'd him ſafe to land,
Is ſeen by natural force to 'ſcape his murderer's hand;

Whoſe

Whoſe grain doth riſe in flakes, with fatneſs interlarded,
Of many a liquoriſh lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whoſe waſte I pay my wat'ry ſtore,
Me of her ſturgeons ſends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with ſomething from him ſent:
Not Ancum's ſilver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Tho' the ſweet ſmelling ſmelt be more in Thames than me,
The lamprey, and his [1] leſſe, in Severn general be;
The flounder ſmooth and flat, in other rivers caught,
Perhaps in greater ſtore, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleake,
Since they but little are, I little need to ſpeak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of thoſe to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfiſh here, which creeps amongſt my ſtones,
From all the reſt alone, whoſe ſhell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other ſtore among,
To lakes and ſtanding pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here ſcouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fiſh in ponds to that which they are here.'

From Nottingham, near which this river firſt begun,
This ſong, ſhe the mean while, by Newark having run,
Receiving little Snyte, from Bever's batning grounds,
At Gainſborongh goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not ſatisfied to ſhow
Her love to princely Trent, as downward ſhe doth flow,
Her Meden and her Man, ſhe down from Mansfield ſends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom ſhe recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,
When ſhe tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiſs her feet,
And clip her till ſhe grace great Humber with her fall.
When Sherwood ſomewhat back the forward muſe doth call;
For ſhe was let to know, that Soare had in her ſong
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,

[1] The lamparne.

Amongſt the neighbouring nymphs, there was no other lays,
But thoſe which ſeem'd to ſound of Charnwood, and her praiſe:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much diſdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd
The title of the great'ſt, and braveſt of her kind)
To fall ſo far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's ſpace, to her large ſkirts compar'd:
Wherefore ſhe as a nymph that neither fear'd nor car'd
For ought to her might chance, by others love or hate,
With reſolution arm'd againſt the power of fate,
All ſelf-praiſe ſet apart, determineth to ſing
That luſty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compaſs liv'd, and when he liſt to range
For ſome rich booty ſet, or elſe his air to change,
To Sherwood ſtill retir'd, his only ſtanding court,
Whoſe praiſe the foreſt thus doth pleaſantly report:

'The merry pranks he play'd, would aſk an age to tell,
And the adventures ſtrange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath couſen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham diſguis'd,
And cunningly eſcap'd, being ſet to be ſurpriz'd.
In this our ſpacious iſle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard ſome talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales ſhall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's ſon,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a ſermon made
In praiſe of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When ſetting to their lips their little beugles ſhrill,
The warbling ecchos wak'd from every dale and hill:
Their bauldricks ſet with ſtuds, athwart their ſhoulders caſt,
To which under their arms their ſheafs were buckled faſt,

A ſhort ſword at their belt, a buckler ſcarce a ſpan,
Who ſtruck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spaniſh yew, their bows were wondrous ſtrong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving ſhaft,
At marks full forty ſcore, they us'd to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breaſt, for compaſs never ſtrove;
Yet at the fartheſt mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, ſhort, and hoyles, each one could cleave
the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And ſhot they with the round, the ſquare, or forked pile,
The looſe gave ſuch a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of theſe archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his ſwifteſt ſpeed upon,
Which they did boil and roaſt, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine ſauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to reſt, his merry men and he
Slept many a ſummer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots cheſts, and churls abundant ſtore,
What oftentimes he took, he ſhar'd amongſt the poor:
No lordly biſhop came in luſty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his paſs muſt pay:
The widow in diſtreſs he graciouſly reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the huſband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his miſtreſs dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever conſtant known, which whereſoe'er ſhe came,
Was ſovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, ſhe wander'd here and there
Amongſt the foreſts wild; Diana never knew
Such pleaſures, nor ſuch harts as Mariana ſlew.'
Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The ſong had ſcarcely ceas'd, when as the muſe again

Wades [k] Erwaſh, (that at hand) on Sherwood's ſetting ſide
The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,
And northward from her ſprings, haps Scardale forth to find,
Which like her miſtreſs Peake, is naturally inclin'd
To thruſt forth ragged cleeves, with which ſhe ſcattered lies
As buſy nature here could not herſelf ſuffice,
Of this oft-alt'ring earth the ſundry ſhapes to ſhow,
That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,
You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain were
From which it takes the name of Scardale, which expreſs'd,
Is the hard vale of rocks, of Cheſterfield poſſeſs'd,
By her which is inſtil'd: where Rother from her riſt,
Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that aſſiſt
Her weaker wand'ring ſtream tow'rds Yorkſhire as ſhe wends,
So Scardale tow'rds the ſame, that lovely Iddle ſends,
That helps the fertile ſeat of Axholme to in-iſle:
But to th' unwearied muſe the Peake appears the while,
A withered beldam long, with bleared wat'riſh eyes,
With many a bleak ſtorm dim'd, which often to the ſkies
She caſt, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head,
Her meager wrinkled face, being ſullied ſtill with lead,
Which ſitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,
Which ſhe out of the ore continually refines:
For ſhe a chymiſt was, and nature's ſecrets knew,
And from amongſt the lead, ſhe antimony drew,
And chryſtal there congeal'd, (by her inſtiled flowers)
And in all medicines knew their moſt effectual powers.
The ſpirits that haunt the mines, ſhe could command and tame,
And bind them as ſhe liſt in Saturn's dreadful name:
She mill-ſtones from the quarrs, with ſharpen'd picks could get,
And dainty whet-ſtones make, the dull-edg'd tools to whet.
Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
As others of their corn, or goodneſs of their ſoil,
Thinking

[k] A river parting the two ſhires.

Thinking the time was long, till ſhe her tale had told,
Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold:
'My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight,
Great nature's chiefeſt work, wherein ſhe ſhew'd her might;
Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,
Where fogs and miſty damps continually do dwell;
O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whoſe eyes,
Horror aſſumes her ſeat, from whoſe abiding flies
Thick vapours, that like rugs ſtill hang the troubled air,
Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care:
O thou my firſt and beſt, of thy black entrance nam'd
The Devil's-Arſe, in me, O be thou not aſham'd,
Nor think thy ſelf diſgrac'd or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horror firſt men us'd thee ſo to call:
For as amongſt the Moors, the jettieſt black are deem'd
The beautiful'ſt of them; ſo are your kind eſteem'd
The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and obſcure,
(That hardly any eye your ſtèrnneſs may endure)
The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
That beſt may ye expreſs, that beſt doth ye befit:
For he that will attempt thy black and darkſome jaws,
In midſt of ſummer meets with winter's ſtormy flaws,
Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof diſtil,
And meeteth under foot with a dead ſullen rill,
That Acheron itſelf a man would think he were
Immediately to paſs, and ſtaid for Charon there;
Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, tho' very rough it be
With often winding turns: then come thou next to me,
My pretty daughter Poole, my ſecond loved child,
Which by that noble name was happily inſtil'd,
Of that more generous ſtock, long honour'd in this ſhire,
Of which amongſt the reſt, one being outlaw'd here,
For his ſtrong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,
An heir-loom ever ſince, to that ſucceeding race:
Whoſe entrance tho' depreſs'd below a mountain ſteep,
Beſides ſo very ſtrait, that who will ſee't, muſt creep
Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample roof doth inſtantly begin

To raiſe itſelf aloft, and whoſo doth intend
The length thereof to ſee, ſtill going muſt aſcend
On mighty ſlippery ſtones, as by a winding ſtair,
Which of a kind of baſe dark alabaſter are,
Of ſtrange and ſundry forms, both in the roof and floor,
As nature ſhow'd in thee, what ne'er was ſeen before.
For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Dive'ſt down into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge it here,
Whoſe depth is ſo immenſe, and wondrouſly profound,
As that long line which ſerves the deepeſt ſea to ſound,
Her bottom never wrought, as tho' the vaſt deſcent,
Through this terreſtrial globe directly pointing went
Our Antipodes to ſee, and with her gloomy eyes,
To glote upon thoſe ſtars, to us that never riſe;
That down into this hole if that a ſtone ye throw,
An acre's length from thence, (ſome ſay that) ye may go,
And coming back thereto, with a ſtill liſt'ning ear,
May hear a ſound as tho' that ſtone then falling were,
Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not excels,
But that I can again produce thoſe wondrous wells
Of Buckſton, as I have, that moſt delicious fount,
Which men the ſecond Bath of England do account,
Which in the primer reigns, when firſt this well began
To have her virtues known unto the bleſt ſaint [l]Anne,
Was conſecrated then, which the ſame temper hath,
As that moſt dainty ſpring, which at the famous Bath
Is by the croſs inſtil'd, whoſe fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintieſt ſpring to her,
Nice ſickneſſes to cure, as alſo to prevent,
And ſupple their clear ſkins, which ladies oft frequent;
Moſt full, moſt fair, moſt ſweet, and moſt delicious ſource.
To this a ſecond [m]fount, that in her natural courſe,
As mighty Neptune doth, ſo doth ſhe ebb and flow,
If ſome Welſh ſhires report, that they the like can ſhow.

I

[l] St. Anne of Buckſton. [m] Tideſwell.

I anſwer thoſe, that her ſhall ſo no wonder call,
So far from any ſea, not any of them all.
My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for change.
A [a] little hill I have, a wonder yet more ſtrange,
Which though it be of light, and almoſt duſty ſand,
Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly ſtand;
And running from the top, although it never ceaſe,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increaſe.
Nor is it at the top, the lower or the leſs,
As nature had ordain'd, that ſo its own exceſs,
Should by ſome ſecret way within itſelf aſcend,
To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not end
The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I have,
But it a wonder's name doth very juſtly crave:
A foreſt ſuch have I, (of which when any ſpeak
Of me they it inſtile, The foreſt of the Peake)
Whoſe hills do ſerve for brakes, the rocks for ſhrubs and trees,
To which the ſtag purſu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this iſle, for ſternneſs there is none,
Where nature may be ſaid to ſhow you groves of ſtone,
As ſhe in little there, had curiouſly compil'd
The model of the vaſt Arabian ſtony wild.
Then as it is ſuppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myſelf ſo have I here in me,
My ſeven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatneſs, as therein ordain'd to imitate.'

No ſooner had the Peake her ſeven proud wonders ſung,
But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills among,
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks,
Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and ſees the goodly flocks
Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn and hair,
That hardly are put down by thoſe of Lancaſhire,)
Which on her mountains ſides, and in her bottoms graze,
On whoſe delightful courſe, whilſt Unknidge ſtands to gaze,
And

[a] Sandy-hill.

And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowſtoll plainly ſees, which likewiſe from the ſet,
Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far away,
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to ſay:
'Fair hill be not ſo proud of thy ſo pleaſant ſcite,
Who for thou giv'ſt the eye ſuch wonderful delight,
From any mountain near, that glorious name of Heaven,
Thy bravery to expreſs, was to thy greatneſs given:
Nor caſt thine eye ſo much on things that be above:
For ſaweſt thou as we do, our Darwin, thou wouldſt love
Her more than any thing, that ſo doth thee allure;
When Darwin that by this her travel could endure,
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowſtoll her great Sire,
Which ſhews to take her name) with many a winding gyre.
Then wandring through the wilds, at length the pretty Wye,
From her black mother Poole, her nimbler courſe doth ply
Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with her brings
Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whoſe poor ſprings
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the ſtrength, that nature hath her ſtor'd,
Although but very ſmall, yet much doth Darwin ſtead.
At Workſworth on her way, when from the mines of lead,
Brown Eccleſborne comes in, then Amber from the eaſt,
Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the beſt,
(A delicater flood from fountain never flow'd)
Then coming to the town, on which ſhe firſt beſtow'd
Her natural ° Britiſh name, her Derby, ſo again,
Her, to that ancient ſeat doth kindly entertain,
Where Marten-Brook, although an eaſy ſhallow rill,
There offereth all ſhe hath, her miſtreſs' banks to fill,
And all too little thinks that was on Darwin ſpent;
From hence as ſhe departs, in travelling to Trent,
Back goes the active muſe, tow'rds Lancaſhire amain,
Where matter reſts enough her vigour to maintain,
And to the northern hills ſhall lead her on along,
Which now muſt wholly be the ſubject of my ſong.

POLY-

° Darwin, of the Britiſh *Doure Guin*, which is white water.

POLY-OLBION:

ONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The circuit of this ſhire expreſs'd,
Erwell, and Ribble then conteſt;
The muſe next to the moſſes flies,
And to fair Wyre herſelf applies,
The fiſhy Lun then doth ſhe bring,
The praiſe of Lancaſhire to ſing,
The iſle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling eaſtward from that ſea,
On rugged Furneſſe, and his fells,
Of which this Canto laſtly tells.

Carce could the labouring muſe ſalute this lively ſhire,
But ſtrait ſuch ſhouts aroſe from every moſs and mere,
l rivers ruſhing down with ſuch unuſual noiſe,
on their pebly ſholes, ſeem'd to expreſs their joys,
it Merſey (in her courſe which happily confines
re Cheſhire from this tract, two county palatines)
raviſh'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole ran,
t all the ſhores which lie to the [a] Vergivian,
ounded with the ſhouts, ſo that from creek to creek,
oud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to ſhriek
Furneſſe ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
'oudra is at hand, to guard the out-laid iſle

Of

[a] The Iriſh ſea.

Of Walney, and thoſe groſs and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the eaſt, with their reverberance ſhook
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the people ſay,
Prognoſticates to them a happy Halcyon day)
Rebounds on Blackſtonedge, and there by falling fills
Fair Merſey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilſt the active muſe thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimenſions out,
The neat Lancaſtrian nymphs, for beauty that excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;
Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode,
With ſome that have their ſeat by Ribble's ſilver road,
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
Which of thoſe floods deſerv'd to have the ſovereign due;
So that all future ſpleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to riſe about their long deſcent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they mean to plead,
And firſt thus for herſelf the lovely Erwell ſaid:
'Ye laſſes, quoth this flood, have long and blindly err'd,
'That Ribble before me, ſo falſly have prefer'd,
'That am a native born, and my deſcent do bring
'From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her ſpring,
'An alien known to be, and from the mountains rude
'Of Yorkſhire getting ſtrength, here boldly dares intrude
'Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty fall,
'Is not aſham'd herſelf of Lancaſhire to call:
'Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
'My miſtreſs Merſey's ſtate, there's none that doth tranſcend
'My greatneſs with her grace, which doth me ſo prefer,
'That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
'For though from Blackſtonedge the Taume come tripping down,
'And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high renown,
'Of Merſey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
'With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,

'I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for note,
As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier Merſey float,
'Firſt Roch a dainty rill, from Roch-dale her dear dame,
'Who honour'd with the half of her ſtern mother's name,
'Grows proud: yet glad herſelf into my banks to get,
'Which Spodden from her ſpring, a pretty rivulet,
'As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my ſtore,
'And Medlock to their much, by lending ſomewhat more,
'At Mancheſter do meet, all kneeling to my ſtate,
'Where brave I ſhow myſelf; then with a prouder gait,
'Tow'rds Merſey making on, great Chatmoſſe at my fall,
'Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
'And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-augars found)
'There at the general flood ſuppoſed to be drown'd.
'Thus chief of Merſey's train, away with her I run,
'When in her proſperous courſe ſhe wat'reth Warrington,
'And her fair ſilver load in Le'rpoole down doth lay,
'A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian ſea.
'Ye luſty laſſes then, in Lancaſhire that dwell,
'For beauty that are ſaid to bear away the bell,
'Your country's horn-pipe, ye ſo mincingly that tread,
'As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
'In all your mirthful ſongs, and merry meetings tell,
'That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.'
Her well-diſpoſed ſpeech had Erwell ſcarcely done,
But ſwift report therewith immediately doth run
To the Vergivian ſhores, among the moſſes deep,
Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,
That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood aſſumes her ſpring,
Excited with the fame, was loudly heard to ring;
And over all the moors with ſhrill re-echoing ſounds,
The drooping fogs to drive from thoſe groſs wat'ry grounds,
Where thoſe that toil for turf, with peating ſpades do find
Fiſh living in that earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewiſe ſhows,
The like in their like earth, that with like moiſture flows,

And

And that ſuch fiſh as theſe, had not been likewiſe found,
Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
A wonder of this iſle, this well might have been thought.
But Ribble that this while for her advantage wrought,
Of what ſhe had to ſay, doth well herſelf adviſe,
And to brave Erwell's ſpeech, ſhe boldly thus replies:
'With that, whereby the moſt thou think'ſt me to diſgrace,
'That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
'My greateſt glory is, and Lancaſhire therefore,
'To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
'That Yorkſhire, which all ſhires for largeneſs doth exceed,
'A kingdom to be call'd, that well deſerves (indeed)
'And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow
'Within her ſpacious ſelf, but that ſhe can beſtow;
'To Lancaſter yet lends, me Ribble, from her ſtore,
'Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more.
'From Penigent's proud foot, as from my ſource I ſlide,
'That mountain my proud ſire, in height of all his pride,
'Takes pleaſure in my courſe, as in his firſt-born flood:
'And Ingleborow hill of that Olympian brood,
'With Pendle, of the north the higheſt hills that be,
'Do wiſtly me behold, and are beheld of me,
'Theſe mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that ſtand:
'So Long-ridge, once arriv'd on the Lancaſtrian land,
'Salutes me, and with ſmiles, me to his ſoil invites,
'So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
'As Hodder, that from home attends me from my ſpring;
'Then Caldor coming down from Blackſtonedge doth bring
'Me eas'ly on my way, to Preſton the great'ſt town,
'Wherewith my banks are bleſt; where at my going down,
'Clear Darwen on along me to the ſea doth drive,
'And in my ſpacious fall no ſooner I arrive,
'But Savock to the north, from Longridge making way,
'To this my greatneſs adds, when in my ample bay,
'Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her aids,
'Short Taud, and Dartow ſmall, two little country maids,
'(In

'(In thoſe low wat'ry lands, and moory moſſes bred
'Do ſee me ſafely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
'And cutting in my courſe, even through the very heart
'Of this renowned ſhire, ſo equally it part,
'As nature ſhould have ſaid, Lo, thus I meant to do;
'This flood divides this ſhire thus equally in two.
'Ye maids, the horn-pipe then, ſo mincingly that tread,
'As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
'In all your mirthful ſongs, and merry meetings tell,
'That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.'

Here ended ſhe again, when Merton's moſs and mere,
With Ribble's ſole reply ſo much revived were,
That all the ſhores reſound the river's good ſucceſs,
And wondrous joy there was all over [b] Anderneſs,
Which ſtraight convey'd the news into the upper land,
Where [c] Pendle, [c] Penigent, and [c] Ingleborow ſtand
Like giants, and the reſt do proudly overlook;
Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
To under-prop high heaven, or the wide Welkin dar'd,
Who in their Ribble's praiſe (be ſure) no ſpeeches ſpar'd;
That the loud ſounds from them down to the foreſts fell,
To Bowland brave in ſtate, and Wyerſdale, which as well
As any ſylvan nymphs their beauteous ſcites may boaſt,
Whoſe echo's ſent the ſame all round about the coaſt,
That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's ſong could ſay,
And perfectly the note upon the bag-pipe play.

That Wyre, when once ſhe knew how well theſe floods had ſped,
When their reports abroad in every place was ſpread)
It vex'd her very heart their eminence to ſee,
Their equal (at the leaſt) who thought herſelf to be,
Determines at the laſt to Neptune's court to go,
Before his ample ſtate, with humbleneſs to ſhow

The

b. A part of Lancaſhire.
c The higheſt hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the 28th ſong.

The wrongs ſhe had ſuſtain'd by her proud ſiſters' ſpight,
And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatneſs right;
Ariſing but a rill at firſt from Wyerſdale's lap,
Yet ſtill receiving ſtrength from her full mother's pap,
As down to Seaward ſhe, her curious courſe doth ply,
Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
From Woolfcrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at hand,
By that fair foreſt known, within her verge to ſtand.
So Bowland from her breaſt ſends Brock her to attend,
As ſhe a foreſt is, ſo likewiſe doth ſhe ſend
Her child, on Wyerſdale's flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,
With her aſſiſting rills, when Wyre is once repleat:
She in her crooked courſe to Seaward ſoftly ſlides,
Where Pellin's mighty moſs, and Merton's, on her ſides
Their boggy breaſts out-lay, and Skipton down doth crawl
To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
When whilſt each wandring flood ſeem'd ſettled to admire,
Firſt Erwell, Ribble then, and laſt of all this Wyre,
That mighty wagers would have willingly been laid.
(But that theſe matters were with much diſcretion ſtay'd)
Some broils about theſe brooks had ſurely been begun.
When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly ſeems to ſhun
All popular applauſe, who from her chriſtal head,
In Wyreſdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain fed,
That by their natural birth they ſeem (indeed) to twin,
Yet for her ſiſter's pride ſhe careth not a pin,
Of none, and being help'd, ſhe likewiſe helpeth none,
But to the Iriſh ſea goes gently down alone
Of any undiſturb'd, till coming to her ſound,
Endanger'd by the ſands, with many a lofty bound,
She leaps againſt the tides, and cries to chryſtal Lon,
The flood that names the town, from whence the ſtrife begun,
Her title firſt to take, and loudly tells the flood,
'That if a little while ſhe thus but trifling ſtood,
'Theſe petty brooks would be before her ſtill prefer'd.'
Which the long wandring Lon, with good adviſement heard,

As

As ſhe comes ambling on from Weſtmoreland, where firſt
Ariſing from her head, amongſt the mountains nurs'd
By many a pretty ſpring, that hourly getting ſtrength,
Arriving in her courſe in Lancaſhire at length,
To Lonſdale ſhows herſelf, and lovingly doth play
With her dear daughter Dale, which her frim cheek doth lay
To her clear mother's breaſt, as mincingly ſhe traces,
And oft embracing her, ſhe oft again embraces,
And on her darling ſmiles, with every little gale.
When Lac the moſt lov'd child of this delicious Dale,
And Wemming on the way, preſent their either's ſpring.
Next them ſhe Henbourne hath, and Robourne, which do bring
Their bounties in one bank, their miſtreſs to prefer,
That ſhe with greater ſtate may come to Lancaſter,
Of her which takes the name, which likewiſe to the ſhire,
The ſovereign title lends, and eminency, where
To give to this her town, what rightly doth belong,
Of this moſt famous ſhire, our Lun thus frames her ſong.

'Firſt, that moſt precious thing, and pleaſing moſt to man,
'Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
'His ſhe-ſelf woman, which the goodlieſt of this iſle
'This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my ſtile;
'Why ſhould thoſe ancients elſe, which ſo much knowing were,
'When they the blazons gave to every ſeveral ſhire,
'Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
'Beſides in all this iſle, there no ſuch cattle be,
'For largeneſs, horn and hair, as thoſe of Lancaſhire;
'So that from every part of England far and near,
'Men haunt her marts for ſtore, as from her race to breed.
'And for the third, wherein ſhe doth all ſhires exceed,
'Be thoſe great race of hounds, the deepeſt mouth'd of all
'The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,

'Which from their bellowing throats upon a ſcent ſo roar,
'That you would ſurely think that the firm earth they tore
'With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds in ſunder,
'As tho' by their loud cry they meant to mock the thunder.
'Beſides, her natives have been anciently eſteem'd,
'For bow-men near our beſt, and ever have been deem'd
'So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
'Of them did moſt conſiſt; but yet 'mongſt all theſe things,
'Even almoſt ever ſince the Engliſh crown was ſet
'Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
'In honour, next the firſt, our dukedom was allow'd,
'And always with the great'ſt revenues was endow'd:
'And after when it hapt, France-conquering Edward's blood
'Divided in itſelf, here for the garland ſtood;
'The right Lancaſtrian line, it from York's iſſue bore;
'The red-roſe our brave badge, which in their helmets wore
'In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
'Againſt the houſe of York, which bore for theirs the white.
'And for my ſelf there's not the [d]'Tivy, nor the Wye,
'Nor any of thoſe nymphs that to the ſouthward lie
'For ſalmon me excels; and for this name of [e]'Lun,
'That I am chriſten'd by, the Britons it begun,
'Which fulneſs doth import, of waters ſtill increaſe:'
To Neptune lowting low, when chriſtal Lun doth ceaſe,
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till laſtly ſhe ſalute the point of [f]'Sunderland,
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and laſſes are,
That ever as anon the bag-pipe up doth blow,
Caſt in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pauſe they kiſs, was never ſeen ſuch rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village ſmokes at wakes with luſty cheer,
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lancaſhire;
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
That inſtantly again to tell it to ſome other:

From

[d] See ſong 6th. [e] Llun, in the Britiſh, fulneſs. [f] A part of Lancaſhire jutting out into the Iriſh ſea.

From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower ſent,
The mud-exhauſted meres, and moſſes deep among,
With the report thereof each road and harbour rung;
The ſea-nymphs with their ſong, ſo great a coyle do keep,
They ceaſe not to reſound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the iſle of Man,
Who like an empreſs ſits in the Vergivian,
By her that hath the [s] Calf, long Walney, and the Pyle,
As hand-maids to attend on her their ſovereign iſle,
To whom, ſo many though the Hebrides do ſhow,
Acknowledge, that to her they due ſubjection owe:
With corn and cattle ſtor'd, and what for her's is good,
(That we, nor Ireland, need not ſcorn her neighbourhood)
Her midſt with mountains ſet, of which, from [h] Sceafel's
height,
A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be Neptune's viſage ne'er ſo terrible and ſtern)
The Scotch, the Iriſh ſhores, and th'Engliſh may diſcern;
And what an empire can, the fame this iſland brings
Her pedigrees to ſhow her right ſucceſſive kings,
Her chronicles and can as eaſily rehearſe,
And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;
Her municipal laws and cuſtoms very old,
Belonging to her ſtate, which ſtrongly ſhe doth hold.
This iſland, with the ſong of Lun is taken ſo,
As ſhe hath ſpecial cauſe before all other, who
For her bituminous turf, ſquar'd from her moſſy ground,
And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
As for the ſtore of oats, which her black glebe doth bear,
In every one of theſe reſembling Lancaſhire,
To her ſhe'll ſtoutly ſtick, as to her neareſt kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancaſhire doth win.
But yet this iſle of Man more ſeems not to rejoice
For Lancaſhire's good luck, nor with a louder voice
To ſound it to the ſhores; than Furneſſe whoſe ſtern face,
With mountains ſet like warts, which nature as a grace
Beſtow'd

[s] The Calf of Man, a little iſland. [h] A mountain in the iſle of Man.

Beſtow'd upon this tract, whoſe brows do look ſo ſtern,
That when the nymphs of ſea did firſt her front diſcern,
Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
Her grim aſpect to ſee, which ſeem'd to them ſo ſour,
As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune bare,
Whoſe Fells to that grim god, moſt ſtern and dreadful are,
With hills whoſe hanging brows, with rocks about are bound,
Whoſe weighty feet ſtand fix'd in that black beachy ground,
Whereas thoſe ſcatter'd trees, which naturally partake,
The fatneſs of the ſoil (in many a ſlimy lake,
Their roots ſo deeply ſoak'd) ſend from their ſtocky bough,
A ſoft and ſappy gum, from which thoſe tree-geeſe grow,
Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly firſt
To the beholder ſeem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
Still great and greater thrive, until you well may ſee
Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when droping from the tree
Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
Which well our ancients did among our wonders place:
Beſides by her ſtrong ſcite, ſhe doth receive this grace,
Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furneſſe well may vaunt)
That when the Saxons here their forces firſt did plant,
And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drave,
To their diſtreſs'd eſtate it no leſs ſuccour gave,
Than the tranſ-Severn'd hills, which their old ſtock yet ſtores,
Which now we call the Welſh, or the Cornubian ſhores.
What country let's ye ſee thoſe ſoils within her ſeat,
But ſhe in little hath, what it can ſhew in great?
As firſt without herſelf at ſea to make her ſtrong,
(Yet howſoe'er expos'd, doth ſtill to her belong)
And fence her fartheſt point, from that rough Neptune's rage,
The iſle of Walney lies, whoſe longitude doth ſwage

His

His fury when his waves on Furneſſe ſeems to war,
Whoſe crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged [1] ſcarr
Againſt his boiſt'rous ſhocks, which this defenſive iſle
Of Walney ſtill aſſail, that ſhe doth ſcorn the while,
Which to aſſiſt her hath the Pyle of Fouldra ſet,
And Fulney at her back, a pretty inſulet,
Which all their forces bend, their Furneſſe ſafe to keep:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
Where thoſe two mighty meres, out-ſtrech'd in length do wander,
The leſſer Thurſtan nam'd, the famouſer Wynander,
So bounded with her rocks, as nature would deſcry,
By her how thoſe great ſeas Mediterranean lie.
To ſea-ward then ſhe hath her ſundry ſands again,
As that of Dudden firſt, then Levin, laſtly Ken,
Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the Weſt,
That Cumberland cuts off from this ſhire, doth inveſt
Thoſe ſands with her proud ſtyle, when Levin from the Fells,
Beſides her natural ſource, with the abundance ſwells,
Which thoſe two mighty meres, upon her either ſide
Contribute by recourſe, that out of very pride,
She leaves her ancient name, and Foſſe herſelf doth call,
Till coming to the ſands, even almoſt at her fall,
On them her ancient ſtile ſhe liberally beſtows.
Upon the eaſt from theſe, clear Ken her beauty ſhows,
From Kendal coming in, which ſhe doth pleaſe to grace,
Firſt with her famous type, then laſtly in her race,
Her name upon thoſe ſands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the muſe a while may ſit her down to breath,
And after walk along tow'rds Yorkſhire on her way,
On which ſhe ſtrongly hopes to get a noble day.

[1] A ſcarr is a rock.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invention hence her compaſs ſteers,
Towards York the moſt renown'd of ſhires,
Makes the three Ridings in their ſtories,
Each ſeverally to ſhow their glories.
Ouſe for her moſt lov'd city's ſake,
Doth her duke's title undertake;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And ſhows how firſt he did begin.

THE muſe from Blackſtoneedge, no whit diſmay'd at all,
With ſight of the large ſhire, on which ſhe was to fall,
(Whoſe foreſts, hills, and floods, then long for her arrive
From Lancaſhire, that look'd her beauties to contrive)
Doth ſet her ſelf to ſing, of that above the reſt
A kingdom that doth ſeem, a province at the leaſt,
To them that think themſelves no ſimple ſhires to be;
But that wherein the world her greatneſs moſt may ſee,
And that which doth this ſhire before the reſt prefer,
Is of ſo many floods, and great, that riſe from her,
Except ſome ſilly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other ſhires, that it is hard to know,
If that their ſprings be hers, or others them divide,
And thoſe are only found upon her ſetting ſide.
Elſe be it noted well, remarkable to all,
That thoſe from her that flow, in her together fall.

Nor

Nor can ſmall praiſe beſeem ſo beauteous brooks as theſe,
For from all other nymphs theſe be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the Orkes of ſea dare not to be ſo bold,
As rudely once to touch, and whereſoe'er they come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them publick room.
Now whiles the muſe prepares theſe floods along to lead,
The wide Weſt-riding firſt, deſires that ſhe may plead
The right that her belongs, which of the muſe ſhe wins,
When with the courſe of Don, thus ſhe her tract begins.

'Thou firſt of all my floods, whoſe banks do bound my ſouth,
'And off'reſt up thy ſtream to mighty Humber's mouth,
'Of [a] yew, and climing elm, that crown'd with many a ſpray,
'From thy clear fountain firſt through many a mead doſt play,
'Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram firſt begun,
'At that her chriſt'ned town doth loſe her in my Don,
'Which proud of her recourſe, tow'rds Doncaſter doth drive,
'Her great'ſt and chiefeſt town, the name that doth derive
'From Don's near bordering banks, when holding on her race,
'She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chaſe,
'Whoſe bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank:
'When Sherwood ſends her in ſlow Iddle, that made rank
'With her profuſe exceſs, ſhe largely it beſtows
'On Marſhland, whoſe ſwoln womb with ſuch abundance flows,
'As that her batning breaſt, her fatlings ſooner feeds,
'And with more laviſh waſte, than oft the graſier needs:
'Whoſe ſoil, as ſome report, that be her borderers note,
'With th'water under earth undoubtedly doth float:
'For when the waters riſe, it riſen doth remain
'High whilſt the floods are high, and when they fall again,
'It falleth: but at laſt, when as my lively Don,
'Along by Marſhland's ſide, her luſty courſe hath run,

[a] Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.

'The little wandring Went, won by the loud report
'Of the magnifick ſtate, and height of Humber's court,
'Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire:
'Now ſpeak I of a flood, who thinks there's none ſhould dare
'(Once) to compare with her, ſuppos'd by her deſcent,
'The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
'Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down doth ſcud,
'And leading thence to Leeds, that delicateſt flood,
'Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whoſe force,
'As from a luſty flood, much ſtrengthen'd in her courſe;
'But Caldor as ſhe comes, and greater ſtill doth wax,
'And travelling along [b] by heading-Halifax,
'Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's hair,
'(A martyr that was made, for chaſtity, that there
'Was by her lover ſlain) being faſt'ned to a tree:
'The people that would needs it ſhould a relick be,
'It Halifax ſince nam'd, which in the northern tongue,
'Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
'It chanc'd ſhe in her courſe on [c] Kirkbey caſt her eye,
'Where merry Robin Hood, that honeſt thief doth lie,
'Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield ſtood,
'She doth not only think of luſty Robin Hood,
'But of his merry man, the pindar of the town
'Of Wakefield, George a Green, whoſe fames ſo far are blown,
'For their ſo valiant fight, that every free man's ſong,
'Can tell you of the fame, quoth ſhe be talk'd on long,
'For ye were merry lads, and thoſe were merry days;
'When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her ways,
'Who likewiſe to her help, brings Hebden, a ſmall rill:
'Thus Aire holds on her courſe tow'rds Humber, till ſhe fill
'Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her afford.
'Quoth the Weſt-riding thus, with rivers am I ſtor'd.
'Next guide I on my Wharfe, the great'ſt in her degree,
'And that I well may call the worthieſt of the three,
'Who

[b] Beheading, which we call Halifax law.

[c] Robin Hood's burying place.

'Who her full fountain takes from my waſte weſtern wild,
'(Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are exil'd)
'On Langſtrethdale, and lights at th'entrance of her race,
'When keeping on her courſe, along through Barden Chaſe,
'She watereth Wharfdale's breaſt, which proudly bears her name;
'For by that time ſhe's grown a flood of wondrous fame,
'When Waſhbrook with her wealth her miſtreſs doth ſupply;
'Thus [d] Wharf in her brave courſe embracing Wetherby,
'Small Cock, a ſullen brook comes to her ſuccour then,
'Whoſe banks receiv'd the blood of many thouſand men,
'On ſad Palm-Sunday ſlain, that Towton-Field we call,
'Whoſe channel quite was chok'd with thoſe that there did fall,
'That Wharfe diſcolour'd was with gore, that then was ſhed,
'The bloodieſt field betwixt the White Roſe, and the Red,
'Of well near fifteen fought in England firſt and laſt:
'But whilſt the goodly Wharfe doth thus tow'rds Humber haſte,
'From Wharnſide hill not far, outflows the nimble Nyde,
'Through Nyderſdale along, as neatly ſhe doth glide
'Tow'rds Knareſburgh on her way, a pretty little rill,
'Call'd Kebeck, ſtows her ſtream, her miſtreſs' banks to fill,
'To entertain the Whafe where that brave [e] foreſt ſtands,
'Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
'Makes ſigns to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown
'The river paſſing by; but Wharfe that haſteth down
'To meet her miſtreſs Ouſe, her ſpeedy courſe doth hye;
'Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, ſo on my ſet have I,
'Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,
'Yet from my bounty I on Lancaſhire beſtow,
'Becauſe my riſing ſoil doth ſhut them to the weſt:
'But for my mountains I will with the iſle conteſt,
'All other of the north in largeneſs ſhall exceed,
'That ages long before it finally decreed,

'That

[d] See to the 22d ſong. [e] Knarſborough foreſt.

'That Ingleborow hill, [f] Pendle, and Penigent,
'Should named be the high'ſt betwixt our Tweed and Trent.
'My hills, brave Whelpſton then, thou Wharnſide, and thou Cam,
'Since I Weſt-Riding ſtill your only mother am;
'All that report can give, and juſtly is my due,
'I as your natural dam ſhare equally with you;
'And let me ſee a hill that to the north doth ſtand,
'The proudeſt of them all, that dare but lift a hand
'O'er Penigent to peere; not Skiddo that proud mount,
'Although of him ſo much, rude Cumberland account,
'Not Cheviot, of whoſe height Northumberland doth boaſt
'[g] Albania to ſurvey; nor thoſe from coaſt to coaſt
'That well near run in length, that row of mountains tall,
'By th'name of th' Engliſh Alps, that our moſt learned call;
'As ſoon ſhall thoſe, or theſe remove out of their place,
'As by their lofty looks, my Penigent out-face:
'Ye thus behold my hills, my foreſts, dales, and chaſes
'Upon my ſpacious breaſt: note too how nature places
'Far up into my weſt, firſt Langſtrethdale doth lie,
'And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleaſant Bardon by,
'With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in hand:
'Then lower tow'rds the ſea brave Knarſborough doth ſtand,
'As higher to my north, my Nidderſdale by Nyde,
'And Biſhops-dale above upon my ſetting ſide,
'Marſhland, and Hatfield Chaſe, my eaſtern part do bound;
'And Barnſdale there doth butt on Don's well-water'd ground:
'And to my great diſgrace, if any ſhall object
'That I no wonder have that's worthy of reſpect
'In all my ſpacious traſt, let them (ſo wiſe) ſurvey
'My Ribble's riſing banks, their worſt, and let them ſay;
'At Gigglewick where I a fountain can you ſhow,
'That eight times in a day is ſaid to ebb and flow,

'Who

[f] Pendle hill is near upon the verge of this traſt, but ſtandeth in Lancaſhire. [g] Scotland.

Who ſometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high
Of Craven, whoſe blue heads for caps put on the ſky,
Amongſt [h] th'Oreads there, and ſylvans made abode,
(t was ere human foot upon thoſe hills had trod)
Of all the mountain kind and ſince ſhe was moſt fair,
: was a ſatyr's chance to ſee her ſilver hair
low looſely at her back, as up a cliff ſhe clame,
[er beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
.nd after her he goes; which when ſhe did eſpy,
efore him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly,
hey hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive;
o take her he doth ſtrain, t'outſtrip him ſhe doth ſtrive,
ike one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his rape,
.nd to the [i] topick gods by praying to eſcape,
hey turn'd her to a ſpring, which as ſhe then did pant,
When wearied with her courſe, her breath grew wondrous
ſcant:
ven as the fearful nymph, then thick and ſhort did blow,
ow made by them a ſpring, ſo doth ſhe ebb and flow.
nd near the ſtream of Nyde, another ſpring have I,
s well as that, which may a wonder's place ſupply,
Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well do call,
ecauſe out of a rock, it ſtill in drops doth fall,
ear to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
Which in as little ſpace converteth wood to ſtone,
ievin, and Kilnſey Crags, were they not here in me,
any other place, right well might wonders be,
or their gigantick height, that mountains do tranſcend?
t ſuch are frequent here, and thus ſhe makes an end.
When [k] Your thus having heard the genius of this tract,
r well-deſerved praiſe ſo happily to act,
s river in her ſelf that was extremely loth,
e other to defer, ſince that ſhe was to both
ifferent, ſtraitly wills Weſt-riding there to ceaſe;
d having made a ſign to all the watry preaſe

For

[h] Nymphs of the mountains.
[i] The ſuppoſed genius of the place.
[k] Your, the chiefeſt river of Yorkſhire, who after her long courſe, by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of Ouſe.

For ſilence, which at once, when her command had won,
The proud North-Riding thus for her great ſelf begun.
'My ſovereign flood, quoth ſhe, in nature thou art bound
'T'acknowledge me of three to be the worthieſt ground:
'For note of all thoſe floods, the wild Weſt-Riding ſends,
'There's ſcarcely any one thy greatneſs that attends,
'Till thou haſt paſſed York, and draweſt near thy fall;
'And when thou haſt no need of their ſupplies at all,
'Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy followers be;
'So as you oftentimes theſe wretched wordlings ſee,
'That whilſt a man is poor, although ſome hopes depend
'Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
'A farthing to relieve his ſad diſtreſſed ſtate,
'Not knowing what may yet befal him; but when fate
'Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
'Then ſhall you ſee thoſe ſlaves, aloof before that ſtood,
'And would have let him ſtarve, like ſpaniels to him crouch,
'And with their glavering lips, his very feet to touch:
'So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in me,
'That ſpring and have their courſe, (even) given thy life to thee:
'For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
'Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatneſs there to make:
'Till then the name of Ouſe thou art not known to owe,
'A term in former times the ancients did beſtow
'On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater grace,
'Theſe floods of which I ſpeak, I now intend to trace
'From their firſt ſpringing founts, beginning with the Your
'From Morvil's mighty foot which riſing, with the power
'That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her ſomewhat more doth fill,
'Near Biſhops-dale at hand, when Cover a clear rill,
'Next cometh into Your, whereas that luſty chace
'For her lov'd Cover's ſake, doth lovingly embrace
'Your as ſhe yields along, amongſt the parks and groves,
'In Middleham's amorous eye, as wandringly ſhe roves,

'A

'At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her amain,
'Whom when ſhe hath receiv'd into the nymphiſh train,
'('[1] Near to the town ſo fam'd for colts there to be bought,
'For goodneſs far and near, by horſemen that are ſought)
'Fore-right upon her way ſhe with a merrier gale,
'To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her ſiſter Swale,
'(A wondrous holy flood (which name ſhe ever hath)
'For when the Saxons firſt receiv'd the chriſtian faith,
'Paulinus of old York, the zealous biſhop then,
'In Swale's abundant ſtream chriſten'd ten thouſand men,
'With women and their babes, a number more beſide,
'Upon one happy day, whereof ſhe boaſts with pride)
'Which ſprings not far from whence Your hath her ſilver head;
'And in her winding banks along my boſom led,
'As ſhe goes ſwooping by, to Swaledale whence ſhe ſprings,
'That lovely name ſhe leaves, which forth a foreſt brings,
'The vallies ſtyle that bears, a braver ſylvan maid
'Scarce any ſhire can ſhow; when to my river's aid,
'Come Barney, Arſke, and Marſke, their ſovereign Swale to guide,
'From Applegarth's wide waſte, and from New Foreſt ſide.
'Whoſe fountains by the fawns, and ſatyrs, many a year,
'With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not ſtay them there,
'But they will ſerve the Swale, which in her wandring courſe,
'A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Riſdale, all whoſe force,
'Small though (God wot) it be, yet from their ſouthern ſhore,
'With that ſalute the Swale, as others did before,
'At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace, the flood,
'For that her precinct long amongſt the ſhires hath ſtood:
'But Yorkſhire wills the ſame her glory to reſign.
'When paſſing thence the Swale, this minion flood of mine

'Next

[1] Rippon fair.

'Next takes into her train, clear Wiſke, a wanton girl,
'As though her watery path were pav'd with orient pearl,
'So wondrous ſweet ſhe ſeems, in many a winding gyre,
'As though ſhe gambolds made, or as ſhe did deſire,
'Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd trace,
'With marvel ſhould amaze, and coming doth imbrace
'North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,
'Whoſe liberties include a county at the leaſt,
'To grace the wandring Wiſke, then well upon her way,
'Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the ſway;
'When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Codbeck brings,
'And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,
'And Bedall bids along, then almoſt at the Ouſe,
'Who with theſe rills enrich'd begins her ſelf to rouſe.
'When that great foreſt-nymph fair Gautreſs on her way,
'She ſees to ſtand prepar'd, with garlands freſh and gay
'To deck up Ouſe, before her ſelf to York ſhe ſhow,
'So out of my full womb the Foſſe doth likewiſe flow,
'That meeting thee at York, under the city's ſide,
'Her glories with thy ſelf doth equally divide,
'The eaſt part watering ſtill, as thou doſt waſh the weſt,
'By whoſe embraces York abundantly is bleſt.
'So many rivers I continually maintain,
'As all thoſe leſſer floods that into Darwin ſtrain,
'Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming Rye,
'Foſs, Rycal, Hodbeck, Dow, with Semen, and thereby
'Clear Coſtwy, which her ſelf from Blackmore in doth bring,
'And playing as ſhe ſlides through ſhady Pickering,
'To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that divides
'The Eaſt-riding and me, upon her either ſides,
'Although that to us both, ſhe moſt indifferent be,
'And ſeemeth to affect her equally with me,
'From my diviſion yet her fountain doth derive,
'And from my Blackmore here her courſe doth firſt contrive.
'Let my dimenſions then be ſeriouſly purſu'd,
'And let Great Britain ſee in my brave latitude,

'How

'How in the high'ſt degree by nature I am grac'd;
'For tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my weſt are plac'd
'New-foreſt, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades all,
'And lower towards the Ouſe, if with my floods ye fall,
'The goodly Gautreſs keeps chief of my ſylvan kind,
'There ſtony Stanmore view, bleak with the ſleet and wind,
'Upon this eaſtern ſide, ſo Ryedale dark and deep,
'Amongſt whoſe groves of yore, ſome ſay that elves did keep;
'Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all adore,
'By whom not far away lies large-ſpread Blackimore,
'The Cleveland north from theſe, a ſtate that doth maintain,
'Leaning her luſty ſide to the great German main,
'Which if ſhe were not here confined thus in me,
'A ſhire even of her ſelf might well be ſaid to be.
'Nor leſs hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than this
'North-Alerton a ſhire ſo likewiſe reckon'd is;
'And Richmond of the reſt, the greateſt in eſtate,
'A county juſtly call'd, that them accommodate;
'So I North-Riding am, for ſpaciouſneſs renown'd,
'Our mother Yorkſhire's eld'ſt, who worthily is crown'd
'The queen of all the ſhires, on this ſide Trent, for we
'The Ridings ſeveral parts of her vaſt greatneſs be,
'In us, ſo we again have ſeveral ſeats, whoſe bounds
'Do meaſure from their ſides ſo many miles of grounds,
'That they are called ſhires; like to ſome mighty king,
'May Yorkſhire be compar'd, (the lik'ſt of any thing)
'Who hath kings that attend, and to his ſtate retain,
'And yet ſo great, that they have under them again
'Great princes, that to them be ſubject, ſo have we
'Shires ſubject unto us, yet we her ſubjects be;
'Although theſe be enough ſufficiently to ſhow,
'That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
'Yet look ye up along into my ſetting ſide,
'Where Teis firſt from my bounds rich [a] Dunelme doth divide,

'And

[a] The biſhopriek of Durham.

'And you ſhall ſee thoſe rills, that with their watery pre
'Their moſt beloved Teis ſo plenteouſly increaſe,
'The clear yet leſſer Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,
'All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the ſet,
'And look but tow'rds the riſe, upon the German main
'Thoſe rarities, and ſee, that I in me contain;
'My Scarborough, which looks as though in heaven ſtood,
'To thoſe that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin Hood,
'Even to the fall of Teis; let me but ſee the man,
'That in one tract can ſhow the wonders that I can,
'Like Whitby's ſelf I think, there's none can ſhew but
'O'er whoſe attractive earth there may no wild geeſe fly,
'But preſently they fall from off their wings to ground:
'If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found,
'And ſtones like ſerpents there, yet may ye more behold
'That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
'The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to ſet,
'Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect jet,
'And upon Huntclipnab, you every where may find,
'(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
'Stones of a ſpherick form of ſundry mickles fram'd,
'That well they globes of ſtone, or bullets might be nam'd
'For any ordnance fit: which broke with hammers blows,
'Do headleſs ſnakes of ſtone, within their rounds encloſe.
'Mark Giſborough's gay ſcite, where nature ſeems ſo nice,
'As in the ſame ſhe makes a ſecond paradiſe,
'Whoſe ſoil imbroider'd is, with ſo rare ſundry flowers,
'Her large oaks ſo long green, as ſummer there her bowers
'Had ſet up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
'Her earth with allom veins moſt richly intermin'd.
'In other places theſe might rarities be thought,
'So common but in me, that I eſteem as nought.
'Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
'By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent, who's not gone
'Far from her pearly ſprings, but under ground ſhe goes;
'As up towards Craven hills, I many have of thoſe,

'Amongſt

Amongſt the crany'd cleves, that through the cavern creep,
And dimbles hid from day, into the earth ſo deep,
That oftentimes their ſight the ſenſes doth appal,
Which for their horrid courſe, the people Helbecks call,
Which may for ought I ſee, be with my wonders ſet,
And with much marvel ſeen: that I am not in debt
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can they me lend.'

When Darwent bad her ſtay, and there her ſpeech to end,
For that Eaſt-Riding call'd, her proper cauſe to plead:
For Darwent a true nymph, a moſt impartial maid,
And like to both ally'd, doth will the laſt ſhould have
That privilege, which time to both the former gave,
And wills th' Eaſt-Riding then, in her own cauſe to ſpeak,
Who mildly thus begins; 'Although I be but weak,
'To thoſe two former parts, yet what I ſeem to want
'In largeneſs, for that I am in my compaſs ſcant,
'Yet for my ſcite I know, that I them both excel;
'For mark me how I lie; ye note me very well,
'How in the eaſt I reign, (of which my name I take)
'And my broad ſide do bear up to the German lake,
'Which bravely I ſurvey; then turn ye and behold
'Upon my pleaſant breaſt, that large and ſpacious Ould
'Of York that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
'When he beholds the ſun out of the ſeas to riſe,
'With pleaſure feeds his flocks, for which he ſcarce gives place
'To Cotſwold, and for what becomes a paſtoral grace,
'Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my ſouth,
'How all along the ſhore, to mighty Humber's mouth,
'Rich Holderneſs I have, excelling for her grain,
'By whoſe much plenty I, not only do maintain
'Myſelf in good eſtate, but ſhires far off that lie,
'Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
'To me beholden are; beſides, the neighbouring towns,
'Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the Downs,

'Hull down to Humber haſtes, and takes into her bank
'Some leſs but lively rills, with waters waxing rank,
'She Beverley ſalutes, whoſe beauties ſo delight
'The fair-enamour'd flood, as raviſh'd with the ſight,
'That ſhe could ever ſtay, that gorgeous [a] phane to view,
'But that the brooks and bourns ſo hotly her purſue,
'To Kingſton and convey, whom Hull doth newly name,
'Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard the fame:
'And for great Humber's ſelf, I challenge him for mine:
'For whereas Fowlwy firſt, and Shelfleet do combine,
'By meeting in their courſe, ſo courteouſly to twin,
'Gainſt whom on th'other ſide, the goodly Trent comes in,
'From that eſpecial place, great Humber hath his reign,
'Beyond which he's mine own: ſo I my courſe maintain,
'From Kilnſey's pyle-like point, along the eaſtern ſhore,
'And laugh at Neptune's rage, when loudl'eſt he doth roar,
'Till Flamborough jut forth into the German ſea.'
And as th'Eaſt-Riding more yet ready was to ſay,
Ouſe in her own behalf doth interrupt her ſpeech,
And of th' imperious land doth liberty beſeech,
Since ſhe had paſſed York, and in her wandring race,
By that fair city's ſcite, received had ſuch grace,
She might for it declaim, but more to honour York,
She who ſuppos'd the ſame to be her only work,
Still to renown thoſe dukes, who ſtrongly did pretend
A title to the crown, as thoſe who did deſcend
From them that had the right, doth this oration make,
And to uphold their claim, thus to the floods ſhe ſpake:
'They very idly err, who think that blood then ſpilt,
'In that long-laſting war, proceeded from the guilt,
'Of the proud Yorkiſts part; for let them underſtand,
'That Richard duke of York, whoſe brave and martial hand
'The title undertook, by tyranny and might,
'Sought not t' attain the crown, but from ſucceſsful right,
'Which ſtill upheld his claim, by which his valiant ſon,
'Great Edward earl of March, the garland after won:

'For

[a] The church of Beverley.

For Richard duke of York, at Wakefield battle ſlain,
'Who firſt that title broach'd, in the ſixth Henry's reign,
'From Edmond a fifth ſon of Edward did deſcend,
'That juſtly he thereby no title could pretend,
'Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all to be,
'The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree
'Before him to the crown; but that which did prefer
'His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer,
'Of Roger earl of March the daughter, that his claim,
'From Clarence the third ſon of great king Edward came,
'Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all other,
'Of the delapſed crown, from Philip her fair mother,
'Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
'To Edmond earl of March; this Anne her daughter ty'd
'In wedlock to the earl of Cambridge, whence the right
'Of Richard, as I ſaid, which fell at Wakefield fight,
'Deſcended to his ſon, brave Edward after king,
'(Henry the ſixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkiſts bring
'Their title from a ſtrain, before the line of Gaunt,
'Whoſe iſſue they by arms did worthily ſupplant.'
By this the Ouſe perceiv'd great Humber to look grim
(For evermore ſhe hath a ſpecial eye to him)
As tho' he much diſdain'd each one ſhould thus be heard,
And he their only king until the laſt defer'd,
At which he ſeem'd to frown; wherefore the Ouſe off breaks,
And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber ſpeaks:
'Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their ſeveral founts,
'For thirty floods of name, to me her king that counts,
'Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,
'Receive thoſe glorious rites that fame can give to thee.
'And thou marſh-drowning Don, and all thoſe that repair
'With thee, that bring'ſt to me thy eaſy ambling Aire,
'Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by thy fall
'Doſt much augment my Ouſe, let me embrace you all,
'My brave Weſt-Riding brooks, your king you need not ſcorn,
'Proud Naiades neither ye, North-Riders that are born;

'My yellow-ſanded Your, and thou my ſiſter Swale,
'That dancing come to Ouſe, thro' many a dainty dale,
'Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
'From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly doſt renown
'Th' Eaſt-Riding by thy riſe, do homage to your king,
'And let the ſea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber ſing;
'That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court maintain,
'Which either of themſelves, or in their greater's train,
'Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely name,
'From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it came;
'So ſtill I ſtick to him: for from that eaſtern king
'Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
'So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
'For as he was a king, ſo know ye all that I
'Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do flow;
'Then let the idle world no more ſuch coſt beſtow,
'Nor of the muddy Nile, ſo great a wonder make,
'Though with her bellowing fall, ſhe violently take
'The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges ſo much praiſe,
'That where he narroweſt is, eight miles in broadneſs lays
'His boſom; nor ſo much hereafter ſhall be ſpoke
'Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,
'Whoſe cataract a noiſe ſo horrible doth keep,
'That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes to the deep,
'Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
'For when my * Higre comes, I make my either ſhore
'Even tremble with the ſound, that I afar do fend.'
No ſooner of this ſpeech had Humber made an end,
But the applauding floods ſent forth ſo ſhrill a ſhout,
That they were eas'ly heard all Holderneſs about,
Above the beachy brack, amongſt the marſhes rude,
When the Eaſt-Riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: 'My ſiſters boaſt that they have little ſhires
'Their ſubjects, I can ſhew the like of mine for theirs;

'My

* The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide.

'My [p] Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,
'On Ouſe, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth me,
'My latitude compar'd with thoſe that me oppugn:
'Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them belong,
'Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon my coaſt;
'And for their wondrous things whereof ſo much they boaſt,
'Upon my eaſtern ſide, which juts upon the ſea,
'Amongſt the white-ſcalp'd cleeves this wonder ſee they may,
'The Mullet, and the Awke my fowlers there do find,
'Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the ſtrangeſt kind,
'That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,
'And caſt beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
'Fall inſtantly to ground, as though it were a ſtone,
'But put out to the ſea, they inſtantly are gone,
'And fly a league or two before they do return,
'As only by that air, they on their wings were born.
'Then my prophetick ſpring at Veipſey, I may ſhow,
'That ſome years is dry'd up, ſome years again doth flow;
'But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth
'It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.'

Here ended ſhe her ſpeech, the Ridings all made friends,
And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

[p] A liberty in the Eaſt-Riding.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH.

The ARGUMENT.

The Muſe the Biſhoprick aſſays,
And to her fall ſings down the Teis,
Then takes ſhe to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields againſt the Scot.
Then through Northumberland ſhe goes,
The floods and mountains doth diſpoſe;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not ſtaying till ſhe come to Tweed.

THE muſe this largeſt ſhire of England having ſung,
Yet ſeeing more than this did to her taſk belong,
Looks ſtill into the north, the * Biſhoprick and views,
Which with an eager eye, whilſt wiſtly ſhe purſues,
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herſelf divine)
Confining in her courſe that County Palatine,
And York the greateſt ſhire, doth inſtantly begin
To rouze herſelf: quoth ſhe, 'Doth every rillet win
'Applauſe for their ſmall worths, and I that am a queen,
'With thoſe poor brooks compar'd? ſhall I alone be ſeen
'Thus ſilently to paſs, and not be heard to ſing?
'When as two countries are contending for my ſpring:
'For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the name,
'Accounts it to be her's, Northumberland the ſame,
'Will

* The Biſhoprick of Durham.

' Will need'ſly her's ſhould be, for that my ſpring doth riſe
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wiſe,
' Could tell which of theſe two, me for her own may claim.
' But as in all theſe tracts, there's ſcarce a flood of fame,
' But ſhe ſome valley hath, which her brave name doth bear:
' My Teiſdale nam'd of me, ſo likewiſe have I here,
' At my firſt ſetting forth, through which I nimbly ſlide;
' Then Yorſhire which doth lie upon my ſetting ſide,
' Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the ſong before
' Th' induſtrious muſe hath ſhew'd; my Dunelmenian ſhore,
' Sends Huyd to help my courſe, with ſome few other becks,
' Which time (as it ſhould ſeem) ſo utterly neglects,
' That they are nameleſs yet; then do I bid adieu,
' To Bernard's battled towers, and ſeriouſly purſue
' My courſe to Neptune's court, but as forthright I run,
' The Skern, a dainty nymph, ſaluting Darlington,
' Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank,
' She chanc'd to look aſide, and ſpieth near her bank,
' Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat,
' (That from their loathſome brims do breath a ſulphurous ſweat)
' Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very ſight,
' This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in ſuch a fright,
' That with unuſual ſpeed, ſhe on her courſe doth haſte,
' And raſhly runs herſelf into my widen'd waiſt.
' In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's ſtate.'
But whilſt Teis undertook her ſtory to relate,
Wer waxeth almoſt wood, that ſhe ſo long ſhould ſtand,
Upon thoſe lofty terms, as though both ſea and land
Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, ' What would'ſt thou ſay,
' Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadſt thou ſo clear a way
' T' advance thee as I have, hadſt thou ſuch means and might,
' How would'ſt thou then exult? O then to what a height

'Wouldſt thou put up thy price? hadſt thou but ſuch a trine
'Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
'Their ſprings thee to beget, as thoſe of mine do me,
'In their conſenting ſounds that do ſo well agree?
'As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her ſire,
'A mountain much in fame, ſmall Wellop doth require
'With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.
'Thus from the full conflux of theſe three ſeveral ſprings
'My greatneſs is begot, as nature meant to ſhow
'My future ſtrength and ſtate; then forward do I flow
'Through my delicious dale, with every pleaſure rife,
'And Wyreſdale ſtill may ſtand with Teiſdale for her life:
'Comparing of their ſcites, then caſting on my courſe,
'So ſatiate with th' exceſs of my firſt natural ſource,
'As petty bourns and becks, I ſcorn but once to call,
'Waſcrop a weariſh girl, of name the firſt of all,
'That I vouchſafe for mine, until that I arrive
'At Auckland, where with force me forward ſtill to drive,
'Clear Gauntleſs gives herſelf, when I begin to gad,
'And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
'I change my poſture oft, to many a ſnaky gyre,
'To my firſt fountain now, as ſeeming to retire:
'Then ſuddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
'Now I indent the earth, and then I it engraile
'With many a turn and trace, thus wandring up and down,
'Brave Durham I behold, that ſtately ſeated town,
'That Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a deſert won,
'Whoſe firſt foundation zeal and piety begun,
'By them who thither firſt ſaint Cuthbert's body brought,
'To ſave it from the Danes, by fire and ſword that ſought
'Subverſion of thoſe things that good and holy were,
'With which beloved place, I ſeem ſo pleaſed here,
'As that I clip it cloſe, and ſweetly hug it in
'My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time ſhould win
'Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
'Hence like a luſty flood moſt abſolutely free,

'Non

'None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,
'But ſcorning a collegue, nor near me any one,
'To Neptune's court I come; for note along the ſtrand,
'From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunderland,
'As far as [b] Wardenlaws can poſſibly ſurvey;
'There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the ſea.'
Here ended ſhe her ſpeech, when as the goodly Tyne,
(Northumberland that parts from this ſhire Palatine)
Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer
Had taken up the Teis, ſo Tyne now takes up her,
For her ſo tedious talk, 'Good Lord, (quoth ſhe) had I
'No other thing wherein my labour to imploy,
'But to ſet out myſelf, how much (well) could I ſay,
'In mine own proper praiſe, in this kind every way
'As ſkilful as the beſt; I could if I did pleaſe,
'Of my two fountains tell, which of their ſundry ways,
'The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of Tyne,
'As how the proſperous ſprings of theſe two floods of mine
'Are diſtant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne nam'd
'From Stanmore takes her ſpring, for mines of braſs that's fam'd,
'How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-fell ſprung,
'Amongſt theſe Engliſh Alps, which as they run along,
'England and Scotland here impartially divide.
'How South-Tyne ſetting out from Cumberland is ply'd
'With Hartley which her haſtes, and Tippall that doth ſtrive,
'By her more ſturdy ſtream, the Tyne along to drive;
'How th' Allans, th' Eaſt, and Weſt, their bounties to her bring,
'Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how alſo from her ſpring,
'My other North-nam'd Tyne, thro' Tyndale maketh in,
'Which Shele her hand-maid hath, and as ſhe haſtes to twin

'With

[b] A mountain on that part of the ſhire.

'With th' other from the ſouth, her ſiſter, how clear Rhead,
'With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to lead,
'Through Ridſdale on my way, as far as Exham, then
'Dowell me homage doth, with blood of Engliſhmen,
'Whoſe ſtream was deeply dy'd in that moſt cruel war
'Of Lancaſter and York. Now having gone ſo far,
'Their ſtrengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'rouſly inrich,
'As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcaſtle, which
'The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
'As of thoſe mighty ſhips, that in my mouth I bear,
'Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcaſtle nam'd,
'For which both far and near, that place no leſs is fam'd
'Than India for her mines; ſhould I at large declare
'My glories, in which time commands me to be ſpare,
'And I but ſlightly touch, which ſtood I to report,
'As freely as I might, ye both would fall too ſhort
'Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things in hand:
'For, to trick up ourſelves, whilſt trifling thus we ſtand,
'Bewitch'd with our own praiſe, at all we never note,
'How the Albanian floods now lately ſet afloat,
'With th' honour to them done, take heart, and loudly cry
'Defiance to us all, on this ſide Tweed that lie;
'And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring,
'With ſound of things that Forth prepared is to ſing:
'When once the muſe arrives on the Albanian ſhore,
'And therefore to make up our forces here before
'The on-ſet they begin, the battles we have got,
'Both on our earth and theirs, againſt the valiant Scot,
'I undertake to tell; then, muſes, I intreat
'Your aid, whilſt I theſe fights in order ſhall repeat.
'When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent hand,
'(As he had oft before) deſtroy'd Northumberland,
'In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray then,
'This earldom that poſſeſs'd, with half the power of men,

'For

'For conqueſt which that king from Scotland hither drew,
'At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
'Where Malcolm and his ſon, brave Edward both were found:
'Slain on that bloody field: ſo on the Engliſh ground,
'When David king of Scots, and Henry his ſtern ſon,
'Entitled by thoſe times, the earl of Huntingdon,
'Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
'In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
'As England ever knew, the archbiſhop of York,
'Stout Thurſtan, and with him join'd in that warlike work,
'Ralph, (both for wit and arms) of Durham biſhop then
'Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,
'With th' earl of Aubemerle, Eſpeck, and Peverell, knights,
'And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,
'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,
'On David and his ſon, whilſt of th' invading Scot
'Ten thouſand ſtrew'd the earth, and whilſt they lay to bleed,
'Ours followed them that fled, beyond our ſiſter Tweed.
'And when [c] Fitz-empreſs next in Normandy, and here,
'And his rebellious ſons in high combuſtions were,
'William the Scottiſh king, taking advantage then,
'And entering with an hoſt of eighty thouſand men,
'As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
'Which aid in Yorkſhire rais'd, with the Northumbrian powers,
'His forces overthrew, and him a priſoner led.
'So Longſhanks, Scotland's ſcourge, him to that country ſped,
'Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
'And on the borders here ſuch ſpoil and havock made,
'That all the land lay waſte betwixt the Tweed and me.
'This moſt courageous king, from them his own to free,
'Before proud Berwick ſet his puiſſant army down,
'And took it by ſtrong ſiege, ſince when that warlike town

'As

[c] Henry II.

'As cautionary long the Engliſh after held.
'But tell me all you floods, when was there ſuch a field
'By any nation yet, as by the Engliſh won,
'Upon the Scottiſh power, as that of Halidon,
'Seven earls, nine hundred horſe, and of foot-ſoldiers more,
'Near twenty thouſand ſlain, ſo that the Scottiſh gore
'Ran down the hill in ſtreams (even) in Albania's ſight.
'By our third Edward's proweſs, that moſt renowned knight,
'As famous was that fight of his againſt the Scot,
'As that againſt the French, which he at Creſſy got.
'And when that conquering king did afterward advance
'His title, and had paſt his warlike powers to France,
'And David king of Scots here entered to invade,
'To which the king of France did that falſe lord perſuade,
'Againſt his given faith, from France to draw his bands,
'To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
'With war in both the realms: was ever ſuch a loſs,
'To Scotland yet befell, as that at Nevil's-croſs,
'Where fifteen thouſand Scots their ſouls at once forſook,
'Where ſtout John Copland then king David priſoner took
'I'th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was ſeen.
'When Engliſh Philip, that brave Amazonian queen,
'Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride,
'And where our clergy had their ancient valour try'd:
'Thus often coming in, they have gone out too ſhort.
'And next to this the fight of Neſbit I report,
'When Hebborn that ſtout Scot, and his had all their hire,
'Which int' our marches came, and with invaſive fire,
'Our villages laid waſte, for which defeat of ours,
'When doughty Douglaſs came with the Albanian powers.
'At Holmdon do but ſee, the blow our Hotſpur gave
'To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
'His army, and with ſhot of our brave Engliſh bows
'Did wound them on the backs, whoſe breaſts were hurt with blows,

'Ten

'To thoſe two puiſſant earls, Northumberland, who roſe
'With Weſtmoreland his peer, ſuggeſted by the foes
'To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
'Wherefore that puiſſant queen him to Albania ſent,
'Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and caſtles having caſt
'Far lower than their ſcites, and with ſtrong fires defac'd
'Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him worth carrying brought
'To England over Tweed.' When now the floods beſought
The Tyne to hold her tongue, when preſently began
A rumour which each where thro' all the country ran,
Of this proud river's ſpeech, the hills and floods among,
And Lowes, a foreſt-nymph, the fame ſo loudly ſung,
That it through Tyndale ſtraight, and quite through Ridſdale ran,
And ſounded ſhriller there, than when it firſt began,
That thoſe high Alpine hills, as in a row they ſtand,
Receiv'd the ſounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.

The high-rear'd Red-ſquire firſt, to Aumond hill it told,
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life could hold,
To Kembelſpeth again, the buſineſs but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding ſtate
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty ſtand,
Reſounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-Squire laſtly caught, and it to Berwick ſent,
That brave and warlike town, from thence incontinent,
The ſound from out the South, into Albania came,
And many a luſty flood, did with her praiſe inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance awoke,
And to her native ſtrength her preſently betook,
Againſt the muſe ſhould come to the Albanian coaſt.

But Pictſwall all this while, as though he had been loſt,
Not mention'd by the muſe, began to fret and fume,
That every petty brook thus proudly ſhould preſume

To

To talk; and he whom firſt the Romans did invent,
And of their greatneſs yet the long'ſt-liv'd monument,
Should thus be over-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreak,
In their proud preſence thus, doth aged Pictſwall ſpeak.

'Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria ſhould not dare
'To think himſelf my match, who with ſuch coſt and care
'The Romans did erect, and for my ſafeguard ſet
'Their legions, from my ſpoil the proling Pict to let,
'That often inroads made, our earth from them to win,
'By Adrian beaten back, ſo he to keep them in,
'To ſea from eaſt to weſt, begun me firſt a wall
'Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's fall:
'Long making me they were, and long did me maintain.
'Nor yet that trench which tracts the weſtern Wiltſhire plain,
'Of Woden, Wanſdyke call'd, ſhould parallel with me,
'Comparing our deſcents, which ſhall appear to be
'Mere upſtarts, baſely born; for when I was in hand,
'The Saxon had not then ſet foot upon this land,
'Till my declining age, and after many a year,
'Of whoſe poor petty kings, thoſe the ſmall labours were.
'That on Newmarket-heath [d] made up as though but now,
'Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,
'Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
'Where many a reverend book can tell you of my man;
'And when I firſt decay'd, Severus going on,
'What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of ſtone;
'And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,
'To keep me ſtill in plight, nor coſt they ever ſpar'd.
'Towns ſtood upon my length, where garriſons were laid,
'Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
'With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd,
'To watch upon the Pict; ſo me my makers grac'd
'With hollow pipes of braſs, along me ſtill that went,
'By which they in one fort ſtill to another ſent,
'By ſpeaking in the ſame, to tell them what to do,
'And ſo from ſea to ſea could I be whiſpered through:
'Upon

[d] See ſong 21.

'Upon my thickneſs three march'd eas'ly breaſt to breaſt,
'Twelve foot was I in height, ſuch glory I poſſeſs'd.
Old Pictſwall with much pride thus finiſhing his plea,
Had in his utmoſt courſe attain'd the eaſtern ſea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a hand;
For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to underſtand,
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her ſong,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Calidonian [e] Forth ſo highly had diſpleas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be appeas'd,
That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation made,
That in a learned war the foe they would invade,
And like ſtout floods ſtand free from this ſuppured ſhame,
Or conquered give themſelves up to the Engliſh name:
Which theſe Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt and terror ſtruck,
Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were to look,
But what by ſkill they got, and with much care ſhould keep,
And therefore they conſult by meeting in the deep,
To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all upon a ſolemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy-Iſle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this caſe:
For many a bleſſed ſaint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abſtinence and prayer,
Had given up themſelves, which in the German main,
And from the ſhore not far, did in it ſelf contain
Sufficient things for food, which from thoſe holy men,
That to devotion liv'd, and ſanctimony then,
It Holy-Iſle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I ſhall tell you how, and what their number are.
With thoſe the fartheſt off, the firſt I will begin,
As Pont a peerleſs brook, brings Blyth which putteth in
With her, then Wanſbeck next in wading to the main,
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in her train;

[e] The great river on which Edinburgh ſtandeth.

Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her ſuch a throng,
As that they ſeem to threat the ocean; for with her
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Uſway, which prefer
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater fame,
Hath at her fall an iſle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune ſhould take notice of her ſtate;
Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud a gait,
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to ſhow, that ſhe ſurpaſs'd them all)
The famous iſle of Ferne, and Staples aptly ſtand,
And at her coming forth, do kiſs her chriſtal hand.
Whilſt theſe reſolv'd upon their pilgrimage, proceed,
Till for the love ſhe bears to her dear miſtreſs Tweed,
Of Bramiſh leaves the name, by which ſhe hath her birth;
And though ſhe keep her courſe upon the Engliſh earth,
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland coming in,
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth win.
Though at this headſtrong ſtream, proud Flodden from his height
Doth daily ſeem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her lovelineſs to view, as on to Tweed ſhe ſtrains,
Where whilſt this mountain much for her ſweet ſake ſuſtains,
This canto we conclude, and freſh about muſt caſt,
Of all the Engliſh tracts, to conſummate the laſt.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE THIRTIETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Weſtmoreland the muſe now ſings,
And fetching Eden from her ſprings,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth diſplay
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whoſe floods and fall ſhe aptly ſhows.

YET cheerly on my Muſe, no whit at all diſmay'd,
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to him whoſe powerful aid
Hath led thee on thus long, and through ſo ſundry ſoils,
Steep mountains, foreſts rough, deep rivers, that thy toils
Moſt ſweet refreſhings ſeem, and ſtill the comfort ſent,
Againſt the beſtial rout, and booriſh rabblement
Of thoſe rude vulgar ſots, whoſe brains are only ſlime,
Born to the doting world, in this laſt iron time,
So ſtony, and ſo dull, that Orpheus which (men ſay)
By the inticing ſtrains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would pleaſe;
He might as well have mov'd the univerſe as theſe;
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,
And ſeriouſly purſue the ſtern Weſtmerian wild,

Firſt ceaſing in our ſong, the ſouth part of the ſhire,
Where Weſtmoreland to [a]Weſt, by wide Wynander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the riſing bound,
Where Can firſt creeping forth, her feet hath ſcarcely found,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town doth ſtand,
For making of our cloth ſcarce match'd in all the land.
Then keeping on her courſe, though having in her train,
But Sput, a little brook, then Winſter doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian ſea, by her two mighty falls,
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ calls)
This eager river ſeems outrageouſly to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbouring ſhore,
To which ſhe by the ſound apparently doth ſhow,
The ſeaſon foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow:
For when they to the north the noiſe do eas'lieſt hear,
They conſtantly aver the weather will be clear;
And when they to the ſouth, again they boldly ſay,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
To the Hibernick gulf, when ſoon the river haſtes,
And to theſe queachy ſands, from whence herſelf ſhe caſts,
She likewiſe leaves her name as every place where ſhe
In her clear courſe doth come, by her ſhould honoured be.
But back into the north from hence our courſe doth lie,
As from this fall of Can, ſtill keeping in our eye,
The ſource of long-liv'd [b]Lun, I long-liv'd do her call;
For of the Britiſh floods, ſcarce one amongſt them all,
Such ſtate as to herſelf, the Deſtinies aſſign,
By chriſt'ning in her courſe a county Palatine;
For Luncaſter, ſo nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
And Lancaſhire the name from Lancaſter begun:
Yet though ſhe be a flood, ſuch glory that doth gain,
In that the Britiſh crown doth to her ſtate pertain,
Yet Weſtmoreland alone, not only boaſts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind Weſtmerian earth,

Clear

[a] See ſong 27th. [b] See ſong 27.

Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend
Her grace, till ſhe her name to Lancaſter do lend.
With all the ſpeed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
(Still longing to ſalute the utmoſt Albany)
By Eden, iſſuing out of Huſſeat-Moruill hill,
And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
There ſimply takes her leave of her ſweet ſiſter Swale,
Born to the ſelf-ſame ſire, but with a ſtronger gale,
Tow'rds Humber hies her courſe, but Eden making on,
Through Malerſtrang hard by, a foreſt woe begone
In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,
Whom thus the wood-nymph greets: 'What paſſage
ſhalt thou find,
'My moſt beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
'That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked
way,
'Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged ſtrait,
'And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
'Oppoſed in thy courſe with many a rugged cliff,
'Beſides the northern winds againſt thy ſtream ſo ſtiff,
'As by main ſtrength they meant to ſtop thee in thy courſe,
'And ſend thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy ſource.
'O my bright lovely brook, whoſe name doth bear the
ſound
'Of God's firſt garden-plot, th'imparadiſed ground,
'Wherein he placed man, from whence by ſin he fell.
'O little bleſſed brook, how doth my boſom ſwell
'With love I bear to thee, the day cannot ſuffice
'For Malerſtrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes.'
This ſaid, the foreſt rub'd her rugged front the while,
Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a ſmile,
And ſimply takes her leave, to get into the main;
When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore down doth
ſtrain
To Eden, as along to Appleby ſhe makes,
Which paſſing, to her train, next Troutbeck in ſhe takes,
And Levenant than theſe a ſomewhat leſſer rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,

Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty mere
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and clear,
And Loder doth allure, with whom ſhe haps to meet,
Which at her coming in, doth thus her miſtreſs greet.

'Quoth ſhe, thus for myſelf I ſay, that where I ſwell
'Up from my fountain firſt, there is a tiding-well,
'That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
'The old Euripius doth, or in the ſelf-ſame ſort,
'The [c] Venedocian fount, or the [c] Demetian ſpring,
'Or that which the cold Peake doth with her wonders bring,
'Why ſhould not Loder then, her miſtreſs Eden pleaſe,
'With this, as other floods delighted are with theſe.'

When Eden, though ſhe ſeem'd to make unuſual haſte,
About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth caſt
Her oft infolding arms, as Weſtmoreland ſhe leaves,
Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield foreſt holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorouſly infolds
Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry ſtore,
In her dark ſhades, and ſeems her parting to deplore.

But ſouthward ſallying hence, to thoſe ſea-bordering ſands,
Where Dudden driving down to the Lancaſtrian lands,
This Cumberland cuts out, and ſtrongly doth confine,
This meeting there with that, both meerly maritine,
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleaſant gale;
As Eſke her farth'ſt, ſo firſt, a coy bred Cumbrian laſs,
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglaſs,
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-brim'd lake,
To hie her to the ſea, with greater haſte doth make)
Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that keep
In Ravenglaſs, when ſoon into the blewiſh deep
Comes Irt, of all the reſt, though ſmall, the richeſt girl,
Her coſtly boſom ſtrew'd with precious orient pearl,
Bred in her ſhining ſhells, which to the deaw doth yawn,
Which deaw they ſucking in, conceive that luſty ſpawn,

Of

[c] See ſong 5, 10, 27.

Of which when they grow great, and to their fulneſs ſwell,
They caſt, which thoſe at hand there gathering, dearly ſell.
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour brings,
From Copland coming down, a foreſt-nymph, which ſings
Her own praiſe, and thoſe floods, their fountains that derive
From her, which to extol, the foreſt thus doth ſtrive.

'Ye northern [d] Dryades all adorn'd with mountains ſteep,
'Upon whoſe hoary heads cold winter long doth keep,
'Where often riſing hills, deep dales and many make,
'Where many a pleaſant ſpring, and many a large-ſpread lake,
'Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names beſtow
'Upon thoſe humble vales, through which they eas'ly flow;
'Whereas the mountain nymphs, and thoſe that do frequent
'The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous merriment,
'By moon-ſhine many a night, do give each other chaſe,
'At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Priſon-baſe,
'With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock,
'That ſkip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock.
'Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,
'What place can there be found in Britain, that doth ſhow
'A ſurface more auſtere, more ſtern from every way,
'That who doth it behold, he cannot chuſe but ſay,
'Th'aſpect of theſe grim hills, theſe dark and miſty dales,
'From clouds ſcarce ever clear'd, with the ſtrong'ſt northern gales,
'Tell in their mighty roots, ſome mineral there doth lie,
'The iſland's general want, whoſe plenty might ſupply:
'Wherefore as ſome ſuppoſe of copper mines in me,
'I Copper-land was call'd, but ſome will have't to be
'From the old Britains brought, for Cop they uſe to call
'The tops of many hills, which I am ſtor'd withal.
'Then Eſkdale mine ally, and Niterdale ſo nam'd,
'Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale moſt fam'd,

 'With

[d] Nymphs of the foreſt.

'With Waſdale walled in, with hills on every ſide,
'Hows'ever ye extend within your waſtes ſo wide,
'For th' ſurface of a ſoil, a Copland, Copland cry,
'Till to your ſhouts the hills with echoes all reply.

Which Copland ſcarce had ſpoke, but quickly every hill,
Upon her verge that ſtands, the neigbouring vallies fill;
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,
From whom as ſoon again, the ſound Dunbalraſe drew,
From whoſe ſtone-trophied head, it on to Wendroſs went,
Which tow'rds the ſea again, reſounded it to Dent,
That Brodwater therewith within her banks aſtound,
In ſailing to the ſea, told it in Egremound,
Whoſe buildings, walks, and ſtreets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old Copland for her ſong.

Whence ſoon the muſe proceeds, to find out freſher ſprings,
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale that brings,
Doth quickly caſt her ſelf into an ample lake,
And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them two do make
An [e] iſland, which the name from Darwent doth derive,
Within whoſe ſecret breaſt nice nature doth contrive,
That mighty copper-mine, which not without its veins,
Of gold and ſilver found, it happily obtains
Of royalty the name, the richeſt of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal ſhe doth call.
Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named iſle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her courſe to ſea, and in her way doth win
Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by ſtanding at her fall,
Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there withal,
Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.

When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that doth ſhow
The high'ſt, reſpecting whom, the other be but low,

Per-

[e] The iſle of Darwent.

Perceiving with the floods, and foreſts, how it far'd,
And all their ſeveral tales ſubſtantially had heard,
And of the mountain kind, as of all other he
Moſt like Parnaſſus ſelf that is ſuppos'd to be,
Having a double head, as hath that ſacred mount,
Which thoſe nine ſacred nymphs held in ſo high account,
Bethinketh of himſelf what he might juſtly ſay,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth diſplay.

'The rough Hibernian ſea, I proudly overlook,
'Amongſt the ſcatter'd rocks, and there is not a nook,
'But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
'Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
'And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
'At very ſight thereof, immediately I make
'Th' inhabitants about tempeſtuous ſtorms to fear,
'And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
'Great Fourneſs mighty Fells I on my ſouth ſurvey:
'So likewiſe on the north, Albania makes me way,
'Her countries to behold, when [f] Scurfel from the ſky,
'That Anadale doth crown, with a moſt amorous eye,
'Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
'Oft threatning me with clouds, as I oft threatning him:
'So likewiſe to the eaſt, that row of mountains tall,
'Which we our Engliſh Alps may very aptly call,
'That Scotland here with us, and England do divide,
'As thoſe, whence we them name upon the other ſide,
'Do Italy, and France, theſe mountains here of ours,
'That look far off like clouds, ſhap'd with embattel'd towers,
'Much envy my eſtate, and ſomewhat higher be,
'By lifting up their heads, to ſtare and gaze at me.
'Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
'As ſome enamour'd youth, being deeply ſtruck in love,
'His miſtreſs doth behold, and every beauty notes;
'Who as ſhe to her fall, through fells and vallies floats,
'Oft lifts her limber ſelf above her banks to view,
'How my brave by-clift top, doth ſtill her courſe purſue.

'O

[f] A hill in Scotland.

'O all ye topick gods, that do inhabit here,
'To whom the Romans did thoſe ancient altars rear,
'Oft found upon thoſe hills, now ſunk into the ſoils,
'Which they for trophies left of their victorious ſpoils,
'Ye Genii of theſe floods, theſe mountains, and theſe dales,
'That with poor ſhepherds pipes and harmleſs herdſman's tales
'Have often pleaſed been, ſtill guard me day and night,
'And hold me Skidow ſtill, the place of your delight.'

This ſpeech by Skidow ſpoke, the muſe makes forth again,
Tow'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden entertain,
To Cumberland com'n in, from the Weſtmerian waſtes,
Where as the readieſt way to Carliſle, as ſhe caſts,
She with two wood-nymphs meets, the firſt is great and wild,
And Weſtward Foreſt hight; the other but a child,
Compared with her phere, and Inglewood is call'd,
Both in their pleaſant ſcites, moſt happily inſtall'd.

What Sylvan is there ſeen, and be ſhe ne'er ſo coy,
Whoſe pleaſures to the full, theſe nymphs do not enjoy,
And like Diana's ſelf, ſo truly living chaſte?
For ſeldom any tract, doth croſs their way leſs waſte,
With many a luſty leap, the ſhagged ſatyrs ſhow
Them paſtime every day, both from the meres below,
And hills on every ſide, that neatly hem them in;
The bluſhing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,
But that the ramping goats, ſwift deer, and harmleſs ſheep,
Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keep,
The dales do over-ſpread, by them like motley made;
But Weſtward of the two, by her more widen'd ſlade,
Of more abundance boaſts, as of thoſe mighty mines,
Which in her verge ſhe hath: but that whereby ſhe ſhines,
Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do flow,
Which in her ſelf ſhe hath, whoſe banks do bound her ſo
Upon the north and ſouth, as that ſhe ſeems to be
Much pleaſed with their courſe, and takes delight to ſee
How Elne upon the ſouth, in ſallying to the ſea
Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her way,

Her

Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
Both falling from her earth into the Iriſh main.
No leſs is Weſtward proud of Waver, nor doth win
Leſs praiſe by her clear ſpring, which in her courſe doth twin
With Wiz, a neater nymph ſcarce of the watry kind;
And though ſhe be but ſmall, ſo pleaſing Waver's mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the Iriſh ſeas embrace,
But earneſtly proceed in our intended race.

At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills among,
As ſhe for Carliſle coaſts, the floods from every where,
Prepare each in their courſe, to entertain her there,
From Skidow her tall ſire, firſt Cauda clearly brings
In Eden all her wealth; ſo Petterell from her ſprings,
(Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda creeps)
Along to overtake her ſovereign Eden ſweeps,
To meet that great concourſe, which ſeriouſly attend
That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gilſland down doth ſend
Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her courſe,
As Irthing coming in from her moſt plenteous ſource,
Through many a cruel crag, though ſhe be forc'd to crawl,
Yet working forth her way to grace herſelf withal,
Firſt Pultroſſe is her page, then Gelt ſhe gets her guide,
Which ſpringeth on her ſouth, on her ſeptentrion ſide,
She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,
And Eden overtakes amongſt the watry throng.
To Carliſle being come, clear Bruſcath beareth in,
To greet her with the reſt, when Eden as to win
Her grace in Carliſle's ſight, the court of all her ſtate,
And Cumberland's chief town, lo thus ſhe doth dilate.

'What giveth more delight, (brave city) to thy ſeat,
'Than my ſweet lovely ſelf? a river ſo compleat,
'With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,
'That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
'Of all their Naiades kind the neateſt, and ſo far
'Tranſcending, that oft-times they in their amorous war,

'Have

'Have offered by my courſe, and beauties to decide
'The maſtery, with her moſt vaunting in her pride,
'That mighty Roman[s] fort, which of the Picts we call,
'But by them near thoſe times was ſtil'd Severus' wall,
'Of that great emperor nam'd, which firſt that work began,
'Betwixt the Iriſh ſea, and German ocean,
'Doth cut me in his courſe near Carliſle, and doth end
'At Boulneſſe, where myſelf I on the ocean ſpend.
'And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
'Of all her watry kind) know that ſhe lent relief
'To thoſe old Britons once, when from the Saxons they
'For ſuccour hither fled, as far out of their way,
'Amongſt her mighty wilds, and mountains freed from fear,
'And from the Britiſh race, reſiding long time here,
'Which in their genuine tongue, themſelves did Kimbri name,
'Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland firſt came;
'And in her praiſe be't ſpoke, this ſoil whoſe beſt is mine,
'That fountain bringeth forth, from which the ſouthern Tyne,
'(So nam'd for that of North, another hath that ſtile)
'This to the eaſtern ſea, that makes forth many a mile,
'Her firſt beginning takes, and Vent, and Alne doth lend,
'To wait upon her forth; but farther to tranſcend
'To theſe great things of note, which many countries call
'Their wonders, there is not a tract amongſt them all,
'Can ſhew the like to mine, at the leſs Salkeld, near
'To Eden's bank, the like is ſcarcely any where,
'Stones ſeventy-ſeven ſtand, in manner of a ring,
'Each full ten foot in height, but yet the ſtrangeſt thing,
'Their equal diſtance is, the circle that compoſe,
'Within which other ſtones lie flat, which do incloſe
'The bones of men long dead, (as there the people ſay;)
'So near to Loder's ſpring, from thence not far away,
'Be,

[s] See to the 29 ſong.

'Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
'The victories for which thoſe trophies were begun,
'From dark oblivion thou, O Time, ſhould'ſt have protected;
'For mighty were their minds, them thus that firſt erected:
'And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
'A little riſing bank, which of the table round,
'Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table name.'
But whilſt theſe more and more, with glory her inflame,
Suppoſing of herſelf in theſe her wonders great,
All her attending floods, fair Eden do intreat,
To lead them down to ſea, when Leven comes along,
And by her double ſpring, being mighty them among,
There overtaketh Eſk, from Scotland that doth hie,
Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
Down from theſe weſtern ſands into the ſea do fall,
Where I this Canto end, as alſo therewithall
My England do conclude, for which I undertook
This ſtrange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth book.

END of the Third VOLUME.

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